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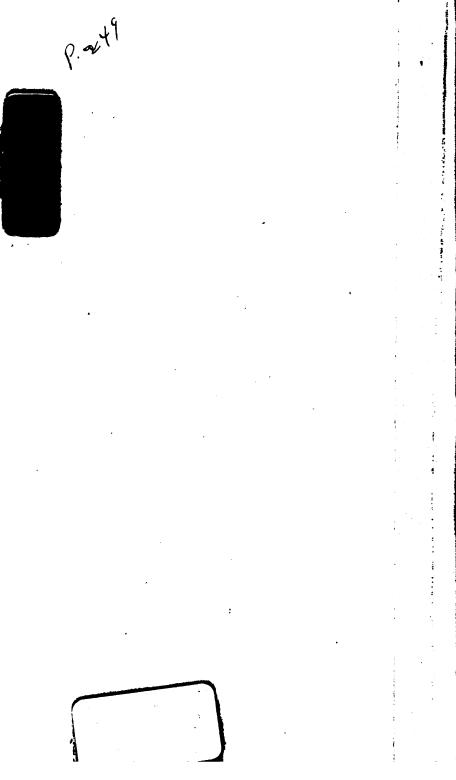
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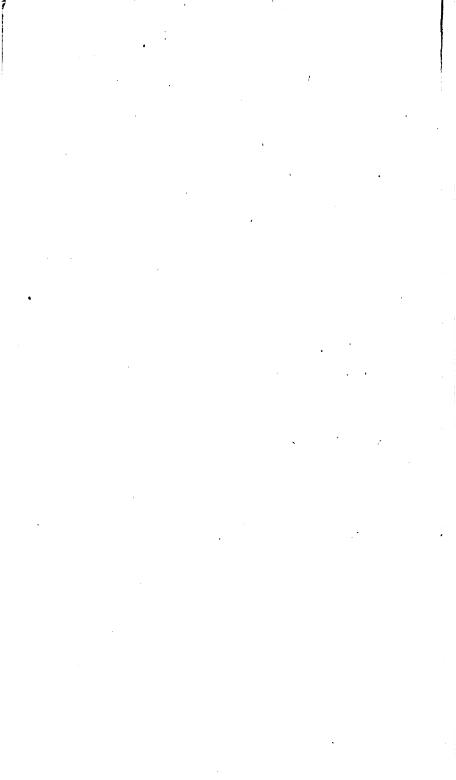
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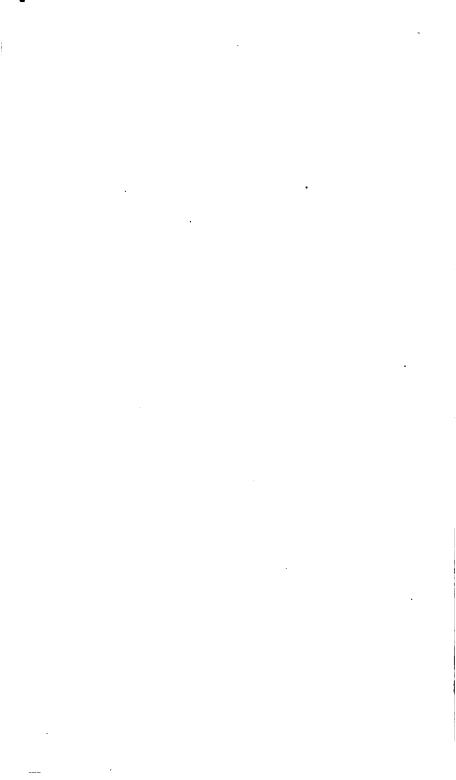
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LADIES' MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

POR 1829.

BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY PUTNAM & HUNT.

18**29.**

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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS .- to wit :

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the eighteenth day of January, A. D. 1628, in the fifty third year of the Independence of the United States of America, PUTNAM & HUNT, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

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In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS, Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

Press of Putnam & Hunt, 8 Cornhill, (late Market St.)

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LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

VOL. 11.-NO. 1.

JANUARY.

No. I.

11 (* *

THE STREAM OF TIME.

On, on, the stream will bear thee on, Nor anchoring ground appears-Yon funeral cloud—what doth it shroud? The gulph of buried years; And thither, let storm or calm betide. Thy bark's sure course will be; And there the waters of Time are lost In the sea of Eternity ! Mark yon fair sail, fanned by the gale, From love's soft wooing sighs; Like a moon-lit haze, mid the blue of heaven, O'er the dimpled stream she flies; Ah ! who but prays for the wand of power, To bid that vision stay? But see, down the dark, returnless wave, She hath passed in her light away! And now a bark comes rushing on, With the sweep of manly pride; Sails set, and banners streaming far, As dangers were defied ; Hark! he, who holds the helm, doth shout That glory's shore is won-But an eddying whirl the bark hath caught, Down, down the gulph 'tis gone ! And thus earth's thronging millions pour Their hope-built barks along ;

THE BEGINNING.

The timid only coast the shore; The bold, in ardor strong, Rush down the stream with sounding cheers, And claim the victor's crown; Yet alike in that gulph of buried years, They sink together down.
And few there be, that sinking leave One circle on the wave, For memory's eye to invest with light,
The halo of the grave; Down sinks their freight—gold, rank and power,
Pride, passions, worldly cares ! And not a wreck of all the pomp, Time's stream on its bosom bears.
Yet bubbles, rainbow tinted, rise When Genius yields his breath; And upborne on the foam, will float awhile The hero's crimson wreath; But earth's gift, that ne'er sinks, is the glorious leaf, Gathered from Liberty's tree, And charmed with the <i>patriot's</i> holy name, By the blessings of the <i>free</i> !
But few that glorious gift may win- Yet heaven's immortal crown, Its pure effulgence borroweth not From the lustre of earth's renown- And if Bethlehem's Star our course but guide, While down Time's stream we're driven, Oh! the gulph of buried years, will wear The light of our crown in heaven!

CORNELIA.

THE BEGINNING.

"We beg your hearing patiently."

PERHAPS there is no part of the duty devolving on editors more difficult to execute cleverly, than that of preparing the article which is to announce a new series of the

work under their care. They must satisfy, by promises, public expectation on the one hand, and keep within the scope and likelihood of their own abilities to perform, on the other. The rage for novelties is at present universal, and seems insatiable. New writers, as well as new books, are constantly demanded; and fashion is nearly as variable in modes of thought, as in modes of dress. What delights the world to-day, may probably disgust to-morrow; and this love of change and variety, is the natural consequence of the spirit of inquiry, invention and improvement, which so decidedly marks the age: a spirit, which is productive of much good, but nevertheless partakes sufficiently of the character of all human knowledge, to have evil mingled with the results of its speculations and experiments. One evil is, the encouragement given to a class of writers merely because they write. Many a novel is published and puffed, whose only merit is, that it is the "last new novel."

It may be thought strange that the editor of the Ladies' Magazine should censure as evil, that thirst for literary novelties which undoubtedly, was one of the most efficient causes in giving patronage to the first volume of the work under her care. But though the novelty of the undertaking, on the part of a woman, excited curiosity to see how the publication would be managed, she would be loath to think, she must owe her permanent support to the novelty of the theories she must advance or advocate. In truth, she would be very reluctant to see any extraordinary changes in the manners of our American women, any daring ianovation in female allotments. But then, no doubt, gradual improvements may be advantageously made. Whether there is, between the sexes, a perfect equality of intellect, is, in the editor's opinion, a question of small importance, while it must be so obvious to every person of reflection, that the duties of men and women are different. One motive that influenced her to endeavor to add somewhat to the knowledge of her sex, was to make females better acquainted with their duties and privileges as women. The editor has no wish to tinge all her sex blue-to make the standard of excellence in authorship, the standard of female excellenceto turn our country into a great literary Factory, and set all our young ladies to spinning their brains. No-she wishes to direct them to a far nobler and more efficient method of gaining an influence, and maintaining an importance in society. She would arouse her sex to the consideration of the vast power nature has given them over the human mind, by committing the infancy of men as well as women entirely to their care. Women, therefore, are in fact, the tutors of men; and the sentiments of a man may be appropriately quoted, to show the extent of female influence in this early training.

"There is no influence so powerful as that of the mother. The forms of a free government, the provisions of wise legislation, the schemes of the statesman, the sacrifices of the patriot, are as nothing compared with this. If the future citizens of our republic, are to be worthy of their rich inheritance, they must be made so, principally through the virtue and intelligence of their mothers. It is in that school of maternal tenderness, that the kind affections must be first roused and made habitual,—the early sentiment of piety awakened, and rightly directed—the sense of duty and moral responsibility unfolded and enlightened. But next in rank and efficacy to that pure and holy source of moral influence, is that of the schoolmaster."

Now the editor wishes to unite the perfection of these two characters, namely, that of excellent mothers and excellent instructresses, with the name of woman. She believes that women are capable of the task; that the business of instruction, except in the very highest seminaries, might with propriety be committed to females; that it would be a business suited to their talents, congenial to their character, and appropriate to their station. She intends, therefore, seriously to urge it upon the consideration of parents whether, in this practical age, the education of young ladies cannot be directed to some aim besides that of mere display. And this is the greatest innovation which will be advocated in the Ladies' Magazine.

Of the literary character of the work, perhaps the present number is a tolerable specimen. But it is intended to have one copperplate engraving as a frontispiece. It will be given in February or March. Should the patronage equal the hopes of the publishers, there will be more ornaments introduced; but it is not wise to promise too much, because our promises are made, not with an intention of gaining subscribers, but of gratifying them—and they will not be gratified with a disappointment.

It must be borne in mind, that this periodical is not a compilation, a mere "omnium gatherum" of the shreds and clippings of all the old newspapers in the nation. The work is to be wholly original articles; but then, that an article is original, will not form the only grounds of its acceptance. Though all due attention will be paid to the efforts of young writers and casual contributions, yet such do not form all the resources from which the materials of the Ladies' Magazine will be drawn. Several of our most popular poets are engaged to write for the work; and the editor will devote herself, with all the industry in her power, to its arrangement. But she cannot do this without pecuniary remuneration. She does not write for fame. She is animated by the hope of a far higher reward, that of being enabled to support and educate her children. She asks patronage, because she intends to deserve it; and the public has the surest guaranty on earth, that she will endeavor to redeem her pledge—the guaranty of a mother's affection.

A THOUGHT.

THERE'S a glorious light at the gates of the west, When the summer sun passeth through to his rest,— 'Tis bright on the lake where the moonbeam slept, And the tear is pure which the dews have wept; But there shines no light beneath the sky Like that which beams from a mother's eye.

The harp is sweet at its dying close, And the hum of the bee from the breast of the rose,— And the song of the bird when she rises high From her chirping nest, through the vernal sky;— But earth hath no sound so sweet to hear As the voice of a babe to its mother's ear.

L. H. S.

ENGLISH POETRY-No. I.

It is hardly possible for poetry to be more read, or less understood, than at the present day. It is regarded as an effeminate sort of art, with which the mind has no particu-Whatsoever glistens in the corners of a newslar concern. paper, is considered as giving a sufficient idea of the extent and power of an art, which is doubtless, in some respects, the most elevated in which the mind can be exerted. The rage for writing has spread far and wide; and those whose taste inclines them to reading poetry, find such masses of it directly before their eyes, that they never think of searching into its neglected treasures-for such, are certainly the older English poets, with whom it is a shame to be unacquainted, though we fear, that by a large proportion of ladies, they are almost unread, or unknown. The consequence is, that as these light productions soon weary the reader, the art itself, loses its charm ; because the reader is not fortunate enough to know poems of a higher and more enduring character.

We would not advise our readers to go back to Chaucer, for beside that his antique spelling, and the want of harmony in his numbers render him unattractive, there are more substantial reasons why his poetry should have no interest for a lady, and why it should be impossible for a lady to read it. Much of the charm of his poems consists in the associations which cling round the early efforts of the mind, as they do round old monuments of architecture, however rude and tasteless their construction. Thus the reader furnishes an attraction for himself, which the works do not possess, though they abound in traits of nature.

We would recommend the chivalrous Lord Surry. Let any one who can find the book, look for his portrait in Birch's heads of illustrious Englishmen, where his melancholy countenance, shaded by the dark plume, seems to say, to one who does not know his history, that he died unfortunate and young. It is well known that after commanding under his father at Floddenfield, and gaining the name of the just warrior, and poet of his country, he was executed by the tyrant, Henry VIII., at the early age of twenty-seven. Among his misfortunes, we do not place his love for the fair Geraldine, so well known from Fitztrave's lay. It seems pretty evident to us, that this lady, instead of dwelling in Ireland, where critics have placed her, actually resided in the regions of imagination; and being indebted for existence, solely to the poet's fancy, was not so ungrateful as is generally supposed, in not returning his love. The whole strain of chivalrous devotion to the sex, was heartless and artificial; the compliments of knights much resembled those of men of the world at the present day, intended to show their own accomplishments, not to pay respect, nor give pleasure; and we cannot but wonder, that a system which degraded the sex from companions into idols, and served them with incense, instead of intellectual homage, can be so much admired and sighed for, by the ladies now. The principle of chivalrous devotion to the sex, is nearly the same which in savage tribes makes them hewers of wood and drawers of water. The savage wants a slave, the knight an idol; and we are persuaded that the savage form of degradation is the more tolerable, the less comfortless of the two. The tone of Lord Surry's poetry is delicate and pleasing, but a life so short and active, afforded little time for quiet and contemplative employment of the mind.

In the succeeding reign, flourished two poets of no little renown, Sternhold and Hopkins, who labored with great power and effect, to degrade the sublimest passages of the Hebrew Scriptures. They did, as they professed, take place of the ungodly ballads of former times, and others were fired by their example; among the rest, one Tye, who converted the Acts of the Apostles into verse. We would have thought such a labor would have been uninviting even in those times, but the taste has descended to a later age; we remember to have seen Washington's farewell Address turned into rhyme by a similar process, which was that of breaking up the sentences at equal distances. The fame and perhaps the works of these two burlesque psalmists, are so well known, that we will not refer to them further than to say that we are indebted to Puritanism for these refinements in the poetical art.

As Shakspeare belongs more properly to the reign of James I., we may say that Spencer was the first poet of Elizabeth's reign. But he is now much more admired than read; a certain class who have affected great admiration of antiquity, have

professed of late, to study the Fairy Queen with delight; but their number is likely to be small: few will be fascinated by the doubtful charm of antiquity; and those who really admire the fertility of imagination and beauty of language which the work displays in every part, will read but few pages before they lay it down, perhaps forever. Campbell speculates concerning the cause of this want of interest, and thinks it does not necessarily belong to wiredrawn allegory, because the Pilgrim's Progress is still a favorite with the world. It is plain, however, that this work is not read as an allegory: it possesses a charm simply as a narrative, apart from its purpose of instruction. This is not the case with the Fairy Queen, the separate fables of which must be read as allegories, or nothing. The allegory is required by its nature, to be short and striking: such were the parables of our Saviour, which were meant to be remembered and not written down. In the past generation, Addison, and we may add Johnson, made this kind of writing popular for a time; but they have of late, declined so much in the public favor, that it would be as difficult to find Mrs. Malaprop's "allegory on the banks of the Nile," as to find the same animal in the literature of the day. The writer, many years ago, read the Fairy Queen with that admiration which genius must always inspire; but he perfectly remembers, that he heard with a kind of relief, that the last volume of the work was lost.

The name of Spencer is a fit ascending step to that of Shakspeare, who seems now to be placed at the head of the poetical world; though he does not exceed Homer in simplicity and power; and Milton was never rivalled in his own stupendous department of imagination; still for vast and various excellence, Shakspeare must have the preeminence over all. It is painful to think how often his delightful humor stoops to the taste of his uncultivated audiences; how often the immortal appears in the lowest forms of mortality: perhaps many a lady has given over the attempt to read him, in despair: but this profanation is by far too common among the English poets; and perhaps that of Shakspeare may be fairly charged to the habits of the time, when the language of polite society was such as would be utterly unspeakable at the present day.

The works of Shakspeare have a recommendation to the female sex, in his admirable sketches of female character:

a subject so difficult, that of all writers, Scott alone seems to come near him; and even when we remember Rebecca and Jeanie Deans, we cannot help lingering with delight, upon the gentle firmness of Cordelia, the broken heart of Ophelia, and more than all the rest, the wrongs of Catharine in Henry 8th. We may be misled by early partiality, but to us it seems that the imagination never conceived any thing finer than this character, in which the mild and christian submission of the woman, is blended with the native dignity of the Queen. The quiet resignation with which she hears the commands of her brutal husband-the high and queenly majesty with which she receives the cardinal-the entire absence of revengeful feeling, with which she hears of the proud churchman's fall, and the affecting forgiveness of all her injuries with which she retires to die, seem to us, to form the most impressive portrait that poetical inspiration ever drew. We do not quote Beatrice, in Much ado about Nothing, as an example of a lighter kind, because her wit is expressed in language which cannot now be read: for the same reason, Isabella, in Measure for Measure, must be banished from the parlor, though Shakspeare's works afford nothing truer than the descriptions of her grief and passion.

It is true, that in all Shakspeare's plays, there is something that repels; but the mixture of buffoonery with tragic interest, though not pleasant, is perfectly true to nature. In fact, he was the poet of nature, and this accounts for his faults, as well as his excellence—an artificial education might have saved him from his faults, but it would undoubtedly, have abridged the free exercise of those magnificent powers which have so long delighted and amazed the world.

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ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Go, Human Blossom! as the tender flower Its vermil petals opes to drink the dew, And with its beauty, glad the pilgrim's view That homeward journeys on, but ere the hour Of coming night, its leaves by wind or shower

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STANZAS.

Are swept away,—so beautifully grew The flowret here, till death's chill blast this too Hath ravished from our sight! And will the Power Beneficent that saw it thus arise In infant loveliness, permit it so To perish ? and when too with tears and sighs We op'd a resting place for it below, And placed it there,—were our desiring eyes To be deprived of it for ever ? No !

STANZAS.

"Mother, when I am merry, you are often very sad; why is it so?"

You cannot know the cause of sorrow, love, Of sorrow such as mine,

Unless some sober years you borrow, love, And deeper thoughts be thine.

Thy heart is gay as birds of summer, love, Their music's in thy voice;

Ah, could ye dream of dreary winter, love, Ye would not thus rejoice.

I do not laugh, when thou art dearest, love, The tear is in my eye;

And if I'm gay, thou often fearest, love, That bitter grief is nigh.

And when thy merry pranks thou'rt playing, love, My sorrows to beguile;

Then mem'ry wakes, my heart is saying, love, "It is thy father's smile."

MARY.

THE MANUSCRIPT.-NO. I.

CHARLES CUNNINGHAM.

" Oh, could my pen roll back the stream of Time."

It was on one of those pleasant afternoons, in the month of October, 1816,—(so says the MS. from which the editor makes this extract) when the sun seems to glow with that peculiar warmth and beauty, which characterize the smiles of a beloved friend from whom we are about to separate, and whose parting glance long dwells in memory, amid the blasts and storms of a wintry world, that I strolled down Cornhill, the most fashionable and crowded street in Boston; contemplating with silent attention, but with mingled and agitating feelings, the gay, glittering and moving scene around me. Forty years had passed over my head since I had trodden that street. Forty years-what astonishing changes had that time produced ! I never before felt the omnipotence of time. I had passed through a variety of fortune, but always accommodated myself to every change, without a perception of much alteration in myself. Indeed, I scarcely felt older, than when I used to bound with shouts of infantile joy, in the boyish procession of our potato-headed Pope, on the 5th of November, or outstrip my companions in a puffing, sweating race, down that very street, on a hot summer's day. But those companions—where were they?

I gazed eagerly at the passing throng, striving to recognize the features of some youthful associate, some sharer in those unadulterated pleasures of childhood. It was vain. No familiar face appeared; and though many gave me an inquisitive glance, from none did I receive a recollective one. The buildings also, and the streets, had altered with their inhabitants; and I felt like a total stranger, in the place of my nativity.

All my earliest and most impressive recollections, were connected with Boston. It was there I had inhaled the spirit of freedom, and that contempt of danger, when contending for my rights, or performing my duties, which had supported me under many an affliction, and animated me to many a sacrifice. Well do I recollect the destruction of the Tea. I was then about sixteen, and mingling with

the crowd that followed the pretended Indians, I succeeded in establishing myself in a near, and convenient position to observe the whole transaction. A death-like stillness reigned among the spectators, as the contents of chest after chest were dashed into the smooth sea, which appeared to receive this new offering with the utmost complacency. Near to me, stood an old gentleman, whose white locks and venerable countenance, might have entitled him to the name of "Conscript Father." He was leaning forward, with his folded hands resting on the top of his staff, and he was so evidently agitated, by deep and contending emotions that, young as I was, he drew my attention. I watched for some time, the quivering of his lip and eyelids, and that paleness, as of grief or despair, which would pass over his furrowed features, and then be followed by a frown so stern, it made me tremble; till at last, I distinctly heard him say, in a deep tone, yet his voice trembled-"' I fear this will cost more drops of blood than there are leaves of tea?"

"Ah !" remarked a young man near him—he was a tall, spare figure, with an eye like an eagle, and his whole bearing expressive of the most decided character—"Ah, but slavery is worse than death !"

"True," replied the old man..." True...but you have no son there !"

"Slavery is worse than death !" How often did the recollection of those words flash on my mind amid the fatigues of the camp, the tumults of preparation and the shouts of the battle, and always, like the sun's gleam through the black, gathering cloud, they threw a serenity over the prospect—they imparted a tranquillity to my soul, that might be called joy; because, they suggested that the prize for which we contended, was worthy of every sacrifice.

I had seen Gage parading, in cowardly triumph, the streets of Boston, exulting that he had so easily and artfully, disarmed its obstinate inhabitants—and I had seen, too, Preston and his soldiers, and the snow crimsoned with the blood of the first human offering, on the altar of American liberty. But the scene that made the most powerful impression on my youthful feelings, was the burning of Charlestown. How vivid, even now, are the awful impressions of that moment ! I was on Bunker Hill, with my firelock firmly grasped, and fully determined to give the approaching Regulars, one round of its contents. But I was a perfect tyro in arms; and my heart, I confess, beat with violence at the thought of the approaching combat and its probable consequences, and my knees trembled like an aspen. But when I saw the smoke from the burning buildings, and especially from the church, roll in columns to the clouds, while the bursting flames shot forth like fires from a volcano; every nerve was strung, every wish and feeling of my soul was concentrated in a burning thirst for vengeance.

"They'll pay dearly for this!" said a soldier by my side. His countenance and voice were perfectly calm, though the flames were then curling around his elegant and hospitable dwelling. But who could penetrate the fires of his heart?

"They'll pay dearly for this !" And they did pay dearly—and perhaps no method could have been devised, so effectually to animate the Americans for the battle, as the perpetration of that wanton outrage, on the part of the . British troops. It was like applying the match to a mine. For though my countrymen had endured grievances, injuries and insults without number, from the British government, they still retained a reverence for the land of their forefathers; they felt a love for its glory; and they felt an awe of its power.

In the conflagration of Charlestown, every tie of confidence, of sympathy, of nationality seemed destroyed. We then regarded the king's soldiers, as the most ruthless of oppressors; we felt a sentiment of anger towards them; such as is experienced, when one suddenly finds in his long cherished friend, his most deadly enemy. All our former prejudices in their favor, appeared so many aggravations of this injury; our self-love was armed against them, and the revulsion was terrible.

For myself, I had a long arrear to settle with the oppressors of my country. My father had been one of the wealthiest merchants in the town; but the derangement of his affairs, by our nonimportation agreements, which were rendered necessary by the oppressive acts of Parliament, injured his credit; and finally, the total suspension of all mercantile business by the Boston Port Bill, entirely ruined his fortune. He was, however, a firm and sincere patriot;

and he did not regard with much concern his own private affairs, while the liberties of his country were threatened with ruin. He lent all his powers and energies to the crisis; and I have no doubt, would have been distinguished as a leader in the war of our Independence, had not a violent fever, brought on doubtless by his excessive exertions and anxieties, put a period to his life and usefulness, just before the commencement of hostilities. I was an only child, and had, by my tender and excellent mother, been so indulged, that I seemed but poorly qualified to endure the rude buffetings of unsheltered life. Still my ardent imagination, and hope, ever fertile in expedients, buoyed me up, promising me fortune and happiness, so much more rich and exquisite, as it would be the reward of my own My mother consented I should enter the army exertions. when first formed, because it was my father's dying injunction, that if the appeal was made to the sword, I should be permitted to defend my country, if I wished. I did wish it, and I served in various departments, through the whole war, and was present at the glorious conclusion of the struggle,—the battle of Yorktown. My mother did not live to see this happy period, for which she had so often devoutly prayed. She had been dead two years, and as I had no relation in Boston, I had no necessity, no inclination at that time, of going thither. I turned my attention to the means of obtaining an honorable living; always intending, that when fortune had favored me, and I could return with credit to visit the scenes of my infancy, and astonish my young friends with my adventures and success, I little dreamed we should then be no longer young. I had passed much of my time in foreign countries; and had seen the propriety, and felt the justice of altering or softening many of my early opinions and prejudices. Englishmen had treated me with the most disinterested kindness and friendship; and I had found, that Frenchmen were not always the champions of the oppressed. But all these changes had never changed my fond attachment, my faithful remembrance of the scenes and pleasures of boyhood.

There is something peculiarly sacred in that indescribable affection we feel, even for inanimate objects, when connected with our first impressions of life, our first associations of earth's happiness. Many such objects were still fresh in my mind; but these familiar things had disappeared; and as I slowly wandered on, I saw not a single countenance, nor scarcely a memento which, had I not known I was in Boston, would have reminded me of "Auld lang syne."

There can hardly be a sensation more bitter than the feeling of desolation, which seemed to press cold, even with distinct perception, on my heart, as I passed amid the animated and apparently happy group, with whom I had no congeniality. They seemed like intruders, who had robbed me of my dearest inheritance-the memory of joys so long, so fondly cherished. Solitude in deserts must be joyless; but solitude in crowds is frightful---it is the penance of the anchorite without the consoling thought, that heaven is approving the sacrifice. I had reached a spot commanding a glimpse of the harbor, the sea swelling and sparkling beneath the glow of the broad setting sun, when a troop of frolicksome urchins, just liberated from the prison of their school, came shouting and bounding past me, in all the elasticity of health and spirits, unbroken by sorrow, and unsubdued by disappointment. How many times I too, had rushed down that street in the same childish glee !---and how many times, when the boy began to melt into the youth, had I stood on that spot and watched the different lights and shades, that declining day threw over the wide expanse of water! And that scene was still unaltered. Neither the hand of time, nor the vanity of man, had left a ruin or a record there. Yet my sensations were totally different. Then I was delighted with the beauty of the view,-the mere change of tint and appearance, was all on which my thoughts dwelt. I did not look beyond the surface; I did not moralise, because I had not then been taught by experience, to refer what I saw to the past, or connect it with the future. The present only was with me. The present is the child's happiness-and will not the happiness of heaven consist materially in thisthat is an ever-present felicity? But I am wandering from my theme, which is, to contrast my youthful fancies with the reflections of age. Then I gazed and admired. Now, when I saw wave curling over wave, and pursuing each other in an unbroken series-ever changing, yet ever the same-and leaving, as they dashed and were dispersed, on

the pebbly beach, nothing save a little foam or a few bubbles that immediately disappeared. "What an emblem," thought I, of the restless generations of men! Thus constantly changing, and yet ever actuated by the same passions, and pursuing the same phantoms, till, borne forward by the irresistible current of time, they are thrown on the shores of eternity, and of all their mighty plans and promises, nothing much more lasting remains, than the bubbly spray of the receding wave. Age teaches not wisdom to the world; nor do these little ones start better prepared for the race of life by their father's course. Well might the wisest of men exclaim, "the things which have been, are those which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun!"

Turning slowly and sorrowfully away, I sought my lodgings; but absorbed in so deep a reverie, that I hardly heeded whither I was wandering, till on attempting to turn a corner, I was unconsciously stepping into the open porch of a small, oldfashioned building, that projected quite into the street. A young girl was in the passage, and mistaking me for an acquaintance of the family, she respectfully opened the door of a little parlor and asked me to walk in.

Resolving to make the best of my blunder, I stepped boldly forward, and was soon in the presence of one, I supposed was the mistress of the mansion. In a spacious arm-chair, was seated a woman coeval in appearance with the dwelling she inhabited; and truly my heart rejoiced, to see her antique costume. The quilted petticoats which would have smothered a score of fashionable belles, and the buckles of her high-heeled, velvet shoes, which would so shock their delicate nerves for the taste of their grandmothers! These were displayed by this lady, on whose tall form, age had not pressed his iron hand with heaviness; she still sat unbent, and exhibited that tapering length of waist, that of vore was so essential to female gracefulness. Before her stood a round table, or rather tripod, on which lay her clasped bible and a prayer book. She hastily laid down her knitting work as I entered, and drawing down her spectacles over her yet penetrating black eyes, surveyed me with a steady and solemn gaze. I almost fancied her a Sybil, about to read and propound my destiny.

"You seem much fatigued," said she, for she might really read some uncommon agitation in my countenance without the art of divination; "Pray take a seat in that easy chair," pointing to a huge chair with a blue worsted cushion, exactly resembling one in which my good aunt Lizzy used to sit, and allow me, when a child, to amuse myself by climbing over its tall back, which I considered as great a feat as mortal could perform. How many associations of pleasure or pain do such trivial circumstances awaken; and how often is a person agreeable or disagreeable to us, merely by touching different chords of feeling, with the power and thrill of which he was totally unacquainted, and over which he had no control! This old lady, by a few words of common-place kindness, and the offer of a chair, gained more on my respect and affection, than many persons would by offering me a principality. Perhaps, too, my recent disappointment rendered me more susceptible to the tones of sympathy; for I have observed, that prosperity is not the most friendly soil for the growth or reciprocation of the charities of life.

The charity of offering me a chair, was indeed well-timed, and I endeavored to repay it by such observations as I thought would be agreeable to the old lady; and I had soon commenced a confidential conversation with this living chronicle of past times. I found her intelligent and communicative; and, moreover, she entered into my inquiries, with the air of one who thought herself obliged by the opportunity of responding. I learned from her, that but very few of my boyish playmates and school-fellows remained in Boston; and while she recounted the revolutions in many families, the dispersion or death of those I had thought to meet, and with whom I had hoped once more to be merry, I could not refrain from exclaiming-"Let no man trust to the future for happiness. I have been studying and toiling for many years, in order to obtain the means of returning with eclat, and surprising my friends and acquaintance with the good fortune of Charles Cunningham-and now, not an individual will recollect my person, or remember my name. I am far better known in India or Japan, than my native town."

"Charles Cunningham, Charles, Cunningham?" echoed the old lady; "What, the son of Thomas Cunningham, VOL. 11.—NO. 1. 3

I

who lived in Hanover street, and whose handsome wife used to wear the largest ruffles in the South Meeting?"

"The same, the very same. Did you know them?"

"Ah, that I did !" replied she, shaking her head; "and I remember them well. But after your poor father died, your mother never looked like herself again; and I verily believe, his death was harder to her, than the loss of all their property."

"I believe so too," muttered I; and then, as I perceived she did not understand the art of condolence, as indeed few do—I changed the conversation, by inquiring if she had always lived in Boston.

"Oh! no," she replied; "it is sixty-two years last March since I moved here, and I was then just twenty. I was born in Salem; my father was a physician there, Dr. —, perhaps you have heard his name."

"I don't recollect ;" said I. "But what surprising alterations have taken place in Boston, since you first settled here! I should hardly think it would appear natural to you, though the difference might not be so astonishing as to myself."

"People that have lived to our age, Mr. Cunningham," said she, "must expect to see and feel changes till our last change. If we are prepared for that, the rest matters not much."

"People of our age!" thought I, glancing a look towards an old-fashioned mirror, beneath which hung an enormous pin-cushion; "surely no one can think me old. "Tis true my voyage has bronzed me a little, but for this old woman to mention my age with hers!"

"I fear," resumed the old lady with a deep sigh, "I fear you will not find the morals of our people so much improved as their houses. They are too much intent on whitewashing the outside of the cup and platter. There are among us some, who depart sadly from the faith of our forefathers; and you will soon perceive the bitter fruits of their declension."

"Perhaps so; but you must acknowledge, that in one particular they are more wise or less wicked, for they do not now find any witches to murder or banish."

This remark was made to retaliate for her observation about my age, as Salem, her native town, was the chief seat of the witchcraft delusion. "Oh, dear!" cried she, with a look of compassionate horror, which threw an indescribable wildness over her withered features—"that was indeed a miserable day,—it always distresses me to think of it."

"Do you remember it?"

"No; but I have often and often heard my father tell over the circumstances. He was called to several of the poor wretches to examine their state of health, and whether they were in their right mind. He knew all about it."

"And did he think they suffered justly?"

"He did not tell all he thought," added she; and then she added in a low tone, as if speaking to herself; "he intended to have published something about the affair, if he had lived a little longer."

"Then he probably left a manuscript."

"Yes, a very large bundle of manuscripts, more than I shall ever read, and he wished my brother to have them printed; but he says it will cost too much; and besides, there are so many books now-a-days, he don't believe these would sell; and the things happened so long ago, that people have forgotten all about them, and many would not credit father's account of such matters; and so, my brother, after keeping the papers fifteen years, gave them to me, saying as I had always kept teazing about them, I might have them and get them printed. But I have no means of doing it, and as soon as I am gone, the papers will go too."

There was something in her sorrowful accents which enhanced the value of the papers, and raised my curiosity to be acquainted with the contents. I inquired if I might be permitted to see them.

"Yes, indeed you may, and read them, as much as you please," said she. "Here Nancy," she continued, to the girl who had admitted me, and who was busily employed in arranging patchwork; "here, take my key, and open the third drawer from the top, and bring all them papers in the two flowered pockets, and all you left in the striped pocket, if you left any."

Away went Nancy, and while she was absent, I learned, from the lamentations of the old lady, that this girl had taken some of the precious deposit intended as food for the mind, and converted it into folly for the fancy; or to speak more intelligibly, that she had prevailed on her grandmother to give her some of the neglected, and apparently useless papers, which she manufactured into pasteboard for her new bonnet.

Ah! little does the poor, pale, puzzling author dream, amid all his imaginings, what is to be the future fate of his hard-labored productions, or to what menial offices the offsprings of his brain are to be condemned!—Could he foresee it.—I had got so far in my reverie, notwithstanding the old lady had made no hiatus in her harangue, when Nancy entered, her apron filled with a quantity of papers, sufficient, as I thought, to fill all the pockets in Boston—men's I mean; but grandmother, indifferent to the ninety and nine before her, continued to lament for the one that was lost.

"I am so sorry, Nancy, that you took them papers—I had rather have given any thing, than not have had the gentleman seen them all!"

"But grandmother," said Nancy, "I am sure I thought you willing to let me have them. You gave them to me yourself."

"Well, I don't know but I did, Nancy. But I thought all the time I should be sorry," replied grandmother. "Here are enough, enough," interrupted I; "more than

"Here are enough, enough," interrupted I; "more than ever I shall have leisure to examine. But if you will perinit me to take these to my lodgings, I will look over some of them, and if I think they will be useful, and you consent, perhaps have them published."

The joy of grandmother at this proposition, seemed equalled only by her gratitude. She urged my acceptance of them all, only stipulating that I should have something published out of the contents, if it were not, as she termed it, larger than a "sermon book."

After taking a ceremonious leave of the old lady, and bestowing a smile of approbation on Nancy, for really I felt thankful she had used a part of the manuscript, I reached my lodgings without further incident, and depositing my trophy of fortune (whether good or had, the reader will hereafter determine) upon my table, made preparations for commencing a regular examination of the premises. These did not exactly answer my expectations, being instead of a "Treatise on Witchery, together with facts and illustrations," inostly entitled, "Brief Notices of the First Settlers," and containing anecdotes of the early emigrants, and explanations of many circumstances slightly, if at all, mentioned by other historians. That these "notices" are fully entitled to credit, I will not affirm; but this much I may venture to say, that they appear to be written by one, who understood somewhat of the spirit of the olden times, and who was desirous to preserve some of its remarkable traits for the instruction, and perhaps amusement, of this wonder-hunting age.

Had I one spark of the genius which so remarkably illuminates the mind of the renowned Jedediah Cleishbotham, I might easily spin a century of tales out of the rich lot in my possession; but unfortunately, having no such steam power in my imagination. I must be content with merely transcribing the "notices" of my author, only taking the liberty of modernising some of his quaint expressions, and rectifying the orthography to the popular standard. I have a presentiment, that these stories from the manuscript will be approved by the public, but should that expectation be disappointed, I have still the satisfaction of knowing that one heart, the kind, honest heart of grandmother, will beat the lighter and happier for my labors."

Such is the preface Charles Cunningham had prepared for his contemplated edition of the manuscript. Why he did not have it published, and how it came into our hands, is a matter of trifling consequence to the reader. We intend to select, from its miscellaneous contents, such articles for the second volume of our Magazine, as we hope will be acceptable to the public taste, and not derogatory to the national character. These articles will not appear in the order which the priority of events might seem to make necessary. They are intended rather to describe and explain the peculiar spirit of the first settlers of America, than as a connected series of tales, illustrative of its history. Neither will the scene of action be confined to New England. We have discovered, what Charles Cunningham probably overlooked, that from letters addressed to the learned Dr. ----, (who seems to have been the Dr. Mitchell of his day, one who delighted to gain information, whether the knowledge was of consequence or not,) many hints are furnished, which will afford materials for illustrations respecting the character of the Pioneers in the "Old Dominion," and especially in that State, which has so much reason to be proud that the name of her founder is incorporated with her own. The early history of New York has been so well managed by Knickerbocker, that any attempt of ours to display the spirit of the honest plodding Dutchman, would not only be fruitless, but foolish.

RETROSPECTION.

My heart is in my childhood's home, And by the far-off sunny braes Where musing, once I loved to roam, In early youth's romantic days. The past—the past, the dreamy past, Called up by memory's magic wand, Gleams through the halo round it cast, Bright as e'en hope's own phantom land. Oh never more in after life, Can hope itself such dreams impart As then, with breathing beauty rife, Wreathed their soft spells around my heart. The skies were brighter then, than now, More bland the wandering breezes blew, The birds sang sweeter on the bough, The wild flowers wore a richer hue. Ideal forms of classic lore, By moss-grown grot and crystal well, Seemed still to linger as of yore, And fairies danced in every dell. Bluther than Elf-land's fabled queen, I loved the green and laughing carth; While wooded cliff and wild ravine,

Were echoing to my bosom's mirth.

For care had never dimm'd my brow, Nor friends proved heartless and untrue; I ne'er had wept love's broken vow, Nor aught of life's dark changes knew.

Farewell, sweet scenes of past delight— Slowly ye sink from memory's gaze, Still beaming with reflected light, As bathed in twilight's parting rays.

I wander on my weary way, Unmindful where my lot is cast, Since wheresoe'er my footsteps stray, They cannot lead me to *the past*.

HELEN.

SCENE PAINTING.

THERE ! the fire burns briskly now. The flame has been creeping gradually round the dry beechen wood, sending up here an uncertain quiver, and there a bright and steady spire, till at length the hearth and every corner of my solitary chamber are laughing with the ruddy glow. I will extinguish the lamp;—for this heavy old volume has wearied me; and the fire-light shall diffuse its own cheerfulness over my soul. The wind comes boisterously against my window, shaking and rattling the casement as if a strong man was forcing his entrance,—or as if the spirits of the air were weary of riding on the night-blast, and would fain sit down with me by this comfortable hearth. Truly, I desire not their shadowy company.

Yet I would gladly hear some friendly step ascending the staircase; for these many hours of mental exertion and bodily inaction have left a melancholy behind them, which a kind and cheerful voice would speedily dispet. But the hour is late, and I can hope for no visiter to-night. At this moment, I feel myself alone in the world. The ball-rooms are crowded, and the theatres are full of life and light, while I sit sadly here, unable to sleep, yet weary of watching. But I will be sufficient for myself. The land of fancy is free to every footstep; and its inhabitants—the beings of the past, the present, and the future—shall appear before me like actual existence. These creatures of my own mind shall be to me in the place of friends and kindred; and having lived for a little space in a world of dreams, I shall return with a freshened heart to dull reality.

The period of time to which I will transport myself, is towards the close of the seventeenth century, when those, whom religious persecution had driven from their native land, had changed a portion of the American wilderness into a fertile field. The locality shall be a respectable mansion, situated within a secure distance of one of the most considerable New-England towns.

The apartment, in which the family is assembled, is of moderate dimensions, and its low, smoky ceiling seems calculated for inhabitants of but moderate stature. The fireplace, with its hearth extending to the middle of the floor, is almost equal in size to the room of which it constitutes a part. The huge logs, that blaze so cheerfully and throw their deepening light on the rough walls, prove that a winter evening is fast closing in; and the occasional patter of mingled snow and rain, against the diamond-paned windows, tells of a gathering storm. The furniture of the apartment is evidently of various origin. Those tall, carved chairs, dark as ebony, stood stately, perhaps for ages, in some ancient hall, before the pilgrim gathered his substance and went forth from the home of his forefathers. mirror, too, has reflected many a form and face, that has long been dust and ashes; and age has so dimmed its lustre, that the gazer's figure appears scarcely more distinct than a shadow. Other articles are of the fabric of this new land, constructed inartificially by hands little accustomed to such labor. That table, for instance, on which the marks of the axe are yet visible, was hewn from a solid block of wood :---and noble must have been the tree that supplied the material. On the walls of the apartment are exhibited specimens of Indian arms and ornaments; and over the chimney-piece hangs a steel cuirass, somewhat dimmed by rust, but glowing brightly in the fire-light. Near it, is suspended a broadsword, in its iron scabbard, and above, on two hooks, rests a carabine, with wide bore, short barrel, and match-lock.

These weapons, peacefully as they now hang upon the wall, have borne their part in the strife of death ; and their owner-that gray-haired man-has rode over many a battle He is an old Cromwellian, who fought for the faith field. through all the wars of the commonwealth; but when a profligate and popish king was established on the throne, he left his native land, and sought, in the wilderness, the freedom and the peace which elsewhere were denied him. How lofty is the old man's forehead, wrinkled deeply near his thick gray eye-brows, but smooth and pale beneath his hair ! His countenance has something of the sternness, inseparable from a firm and resolute character, when hardened by a life like his; but the mild influence of age has been at work there, and a truer sense of religion, than he had attained in his strength of manhood, has added meekness to And withal, there is a stately, martial air, yet linhis zeal. gering about his time-worn face and figure. This, connected as it is with a sort of apostolic grace, gives him a resemblance, one might fancy, to some old crusader, with whom war was religion.

His spouse,-the dame who sits on the opposite side of the hearth, sedulously attentive to her knitting-though long past the date of youth, is many years younger than her hus-Her complexion; less fresh than those of the natives band. of the old country, denotes her to be New-England born,--the child, probably, of one of the first settlers. Age has not yet been able to tame a certain quickness in her eve and in all her movements, which is generally to be observed in notable and stirring housewives. There is perhaps a little habitual asperity in her mode of addressing the inferior members of the family, but her voice, when speaking to her husband, has a subdued tone, that tells of "awful rule and right supremacy." The sway, which the good man evidently exercises, was not, it may be supposed, yielded without many struggles on the lady's part,—though the bitterness of the contest has long been forgotten, and obedience is now a pleasure.

A numerous offspring crowned the union of the pair; but the sons went forth, early in life, and chose fields and built dwellings for themselves. The daughters, also, have been drawn one after another from the parental roof; and there now remains, by that broad fireside, only one demure little

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maiden, in her eighteenth year. How prim is her dress ! How ungraceful, on a less graceful head, would be that small, stiff, unornamented cap! From beneath it, only one of her brown, silky locks has been able to find its way, and even that, at her mother's command, she endcavors to return to its hiding-place. But still, as she withdraws her hand, the wilful lock of hair is sure to follow; and at length, blushing beneath the gaze of one who watches to meet her downcast eye, she ceases from the attempt. The personage, whose observation thus discomposes the simple maiden, is next to be described.

He is a youth of some twenty years, tall and dark-cheeked, with free and bold features, and a frame that has acquired early strength from habitual toil. There is little of polish in the young man's manner; but its place is well supplied by a natural grace and freedom,—and such, it is easy to perceive, is the opinion of the little maiden, whose glance, almost against her will, is continually mingling with his. How pleasant it is to watch the intercourse of these youthful lovers, artfully concealed, as they believe it to be ! The father, though apparently wrapt in his own grave thoughts, has his eye upon them, -- not in anger or disapprobation, but with a gentle feeling of inward mirth, manifested, occasionally, by a half smile on his calm old countenance. The mother, also, throws a knowing glance towards her husband, and then, with an assumed gravity, bends her eyes on the youthful pair, endeavoring to frown when a whisper reaches her ear, or when the casual meeting of hands occasions a momentary pressure. But the lovers see nothing very terrible in the matron's frown ; for virtuous affection is a sight which woman delights to look upon.

As the evening advances, the gray old sire, partly at the request of his companions, and partly from the influence of 'narrative old age,' becomes fruitful in stories of other days. He speaks of the warfare of his youth, and describes the battles in which he fought, so distinctly that the young man's heart beats high. He paints the mien and lineaments of Cromwell, whose sword was more powerful than the sceptre,—and of Charles, as he beheld him, when, the son of a hundred kings, he stood upon the scaffold, ready to lay his head upon the block. As the old man alludes to this deed —terrible, even if just—his voice falters and its tones are saddened. A feeling of awful reverence for the name of king has never been extinguished in his breast, though duty and an unbending spirit armed him against royal oppression.

To all these tales, though many times repeated, his auditors lend due attention; but most earnestly do they listen when he describes the country of their fathers,---the 'merry England,' which, though natives of a far distant soil, they long, with filial hearts, to behold. He tells of old, halfruined towers,---of fields more deeply green than those of New-England, --- of palaces, compared to which our proudest dwellings are but hovels,—and of the wide, enormous city, over which the smoke hangs in an eternal cloud. And the old man's countenance is changed, as he remembers the time-worn mansion, standing beside the little silver stream, where he first drew breath, and where his careless childhood fled blissfully away. He sighs to think that his bones must be laid so far from that unforgotten spot; he scarcely deems that he can rest, except in the church-yard and among the gray tomb-stones of his fathers. But this brief cloud of sadness passes away, and he now turns the conversation to the country which he has adopted, and to which he has transferred the strength of his affections. They speak of the wild Indian, and of the warfare, the sound of which comes sometimes to their very doors. And here the young man's eye is kindling, while the maiden's cheek grows pale, and her little hand almost unconsciously resigns itself to her lover's eager grasp. And next they talk, with an unwavering belief, of ghosts, and witches, and all the machinations of the evil one. How fearfully they cast their eyes towards the darker portions of the apartment, half dreading that some horrible shadow may meet them there! Even the old soldier, who has so frequently looked death in the face, now confesses a portion of the mysterious terror, which is one among many proofs of another state of existence.

But the hour of evening prayer, more welcome because in that holy exercise they find a refuge from every fear, has now arrived. The family and their youthful guest listen reverently to the old man's words, simply but strongly eloquent, and unite in his petitions.

And thus passed away the winter evening, in the early days of our country. But, alas, how chilling is the thought! That gray old sire, and the matron, strict but not unkind, and that youth, so full of strength, and the dark-eyed maiden whom he loved,—all are but the bodiless fancies of an idle mind. I sigh; for I had begun to love them; but our affections are often thrown away on vanities, less harmless than these of mine.

And now will I betake me to bed. My fire is waxing low, and the wind finds its way into some cranny of my apartment, with a shrill and ugly whistle, which sends a shiver like an electric shock through my frame. How distinct, and then again how faint, are the accents of the church clock, borne onward by the rising and falling breeze.

Twelve o'clock! Good night.

L. V.

ECHO TO THE DEAD.

I KNOW ye-shadowless dwellers of night

By the misty forms ye wear :

I have gazed on those brows and those eyes when the light, And the freshness of earth was there.

I have been where your steps had a joyous bound,

I have been where your mirth had a ringing sound.

But a shadow hath passed o'er the smiling brow, It gleams not with light, as of yore ;—

And the eye glance is glassy and dreamless now And sparkles in gladness no more:

And the joyous limbs have a soundless tread And that mirth from the echoes of earth hath fled.

I know thee—thou pallid and sea-drenched form ; Thy home is the glistening main :

I heard thy last drowning scream rise through the storm And I screamed from the clouds again :

Dost mind it,—sailor,—that cry of fear ? Did its mockery startle thy sinking ear ?

And thee—thou young mother—I saw thee laid In a grave by a woody glen;

And I leapt at the sound of the murderer's spade, And he trembled to hear me then:

He washed his hands at a running stream ; But thou liest at his heart like a fearful dream. Pale shadows i-you slept amid Indian bowers, Long-long ere your manhood's prime ; Where your homesick hearts turned away from the flowers. And the odours of that bright clime : And you strayed to the sea-shores at close of day To dream of the friends that were far away. And ye went on the Zamiel's burning wing,-I cried to your cries as ye passed Where the murky billows rolled thundering O'er the Zaara's trackless waste : And my voice was heard from the hollow wave, And my voice was heard in the mountain cave. And ye went on the scented summer breeze, With voices of music and prayer, And I followed the sound over sun-bright seas, Till it died in the wilds of air : And my " still small voice" from a floweret's cell On a hill peak repeated your last farewell !---I have been where the alders their shadows fling O'er the moss gray stones of the tomb, Where the wrecks of your being lie mouldering In its chambers of silent gloom : I was startled there in my sullen sleep By the mourners who came o'er your homes to weep. I have been at the hearths where your names have passed, In whispers of terror from all Like the first low tones of a midnight blast Through a nook in some ruined wall: And as I repeated the hollow tone, They started to search for the viewless one. Oh what have ye left on the earth-ye Dead, That your shadowless forms have come From their mansions of night where the sunbcams shed Not a light on the spirit's home ? Have the perishing flowers a charm of hue ! Hath the green world a tone in its gladness for you ?

AUTHORESSES.

Home—home—ye wanderers !----my song must be Of the tones which the young birds take

When the sunbeams are coming o'er mount and sea To shine on their native brake.

Your path is in gloom—and ye have not a spell To fetter young Echo!—Farewell—Farewell!—

East Cambridge.

AUTHORESSES .-- No. I.

A. L. P.

"SHE is an authoress," has long and often been the sneering remark among ignorant withings, of both sexes, whenever they attempted to account for any seeming or supposed impropriety of behavior and inelegancy of taste, reported to characterize the woman, who had been so regardless of her sex's disqualifications for thought, as actually to allow her own thoughts to appear in print. "She is an authoress !"-how much more is meant than meets the ear, in that phrase. Perhaps there is no subject which has been so often canvassed, that is at the present time so little understood, as the capacities of the female mind, and the importance which should be attached to female education. There must, in the outset, have been some strange prejudices indulged, or wrong pretensions insisted on, otherwise the absurdity of the conclusion that has followed, could never have been entertained, as it now is, by many men of sense and reflection-namely, that learning has often a tendency to render women unamiable and unuseful. Yet why should it be so? Why, when knowledge is one of the perfections of immortal beings, should christians, who are taught that in heaven is no distinction of sex, make a distinction in the honor they pay to intelligence, to talents, when combined with piety, on earth?

In the rude ages of the world, when physical strength gave the right to be eminent, woman could have no chance of establishing her pretensions to equality, even had she advanced them. Now the scene is changed. In our Republic, especially, the lot of the weaker sex (always weaker in

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bones and muscles) is highly favored, and here, if ever in this world, appears to be preparing the theatre where the abilities of woman are to be developed, and where the full influence of her powers of mind, when prepared and polished by education to act with effect on society, are to be tested. Those of either sex, who have reflected on the subject, compared the evidences of female intellect, as they have been exhibited, under all the disadvantages and disabilities which, for so many centuries, seemed sufficient to annihilate thought, and mind too, could that have been destroyed, in the female, to such there can exist little doubt but that the trial will fully sustain the credit of those candid writers who have occasionally appeared as advocates of the weaker party. A party whose reputed inferiority of mind exposed them always to that pity which is so nearly allied to con-tempt, and yet from which they were not permitted even to attempt an escape, without encountering a greater evil ;--for was pity or contempt so much to be dreaded as the ridicule or fear, the hatred or envy, which learned women, bas blues, as they are contemptuously styled, have usually had to encounter? But should the trial be thus decisive in favor of woman, should she, no longer considered an intruder in the fields of science, be permitted to take an honorable seat in the temple of learning, the next question will be, what portion of the labors and laurels of knowledge are to be assigned her? The settlement of this question involves, in my opinion, not only much of the happiness and permanent respectability of my own sex, but it will, also, materially affect the happiness and order of society, and even the character of our country.

It should always be borne in mind that our form of government is dependent on public opinion, that this public opinion is only the expression of a majority of private opinions, and that if the majority of our citizens are not honest, and well instructed in the knowledge of their rights and duties, our republican institutions will surely become corrupted ;—and the licentiousness of a lawless democracy, without virtue or intelligence is, we learn from history, (may we never know otherwise) more terrible than the oppressions of despotism. The great desideratum, therefore, to be sought, as the only probable means which will make the experiment of national self-government successful and permanent, is national education. Not the enlightening of the minds of our people merely, but the culture of the heart, the discipline of the passions, the regulations of the feelings and the affections. And education thus radical in its operations, and important in its consequences should never be committed to incompetent or inferior agents. What father, wishing his children to be wise and good, would willingly entrust them, while receiving their first impressions and first lessons, usually the most influential on their future characters, to an ignorant or a feeble minded person? Yet to women always did and always must belong this province of early education. And may not most of the ignorance and consequent misery mankind have suffered be traced to the neglect and undervaluing of the agents by whom this early training has been carried on? Women were long thought incompetent to share the knowledge of good imparted by the tree that

"Brought death into the world, and all our wo,"

though they had to endure their full share of the evil. The consequence was that darkness prevailed more than light, because while one half of the species was in blank ignorance, it were as vain to hope that the remainder would attain to their full capacity of intelligence, as to expect that the perfect effulgence of day would be poured over the earth, while the sun was shorn, by an eclipse, of half his beams.

When the religion of the Son of Mary was introduced it gave woman an exalted triumph. In establishing the immortality of the human soul, it established, between the sexes, an equality of promises and duties, of hopes and joys, that no christian dared dispute or disbelieve. This equality, and the consequent improvement and elevation of the mind of woman and her influence on society, were doubtless among the most efficient causes in promoting the civilization of those nations that embraced christianity. But still the sphere of woman was incomplete, because her powers were not yet half developed, neither were the application of her talents defined or honored as they ought to have been. This happened partly because her physical strength and delicacy of constitution forbade her to engage in those pursuits to which men had decreed the awards of merit; but mostly because the importance of early education was neither understood or appreciated,

"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer,"

as that satirist of women, who nevertheless sorely envied the talents of Lady Montague, asserted, was supposed to be the amount of the duties and usefulness of the female, when divested of the factitious importance imparted by her appearance in society and her influence on manners and fashions. This disposition to be little, to represent as insignificant the domestic employments of females, and above all, the attempt to throw ridicule on the almost holy office of the mother, has had a very injurious effect; indeed it will be found, by those who carefully examine, to be the chief cause of all the evils, and they are neither few nor small, which threaten society, on the one hand, from the ignorance of women, which render them unfit to discharge their duties properly, and on the other hand, from that pride of learning which leads them to despise their duties and neglect them altogether. For it is to escape the imputation of this insignificance that has induced many women, who felt conscious of their own powers, to devote themselves to studies and researches which would otherwise never have engrossed their attention; / and they have neglected those cares and concerns which would have been their choice and pride, had not the opinion of the world, (meaning the opinion of the men) stigma- /tized such employments as trifling, as unconnected with the exertion of mind, as only to be imposed on those whose capacity, as well as station, was subordinate.

Here then is the root of the evil.—Females have never been thought entitled to respect from their station as women, for the fulfilment of their feminine duties merely. Admiration and adulation have followed their personal charms, but still this flattery was to their foolishness; not one of their admirers ever thought an improvement in knowledge, which of course supposed an increase in years, would be to the advantage of those he pretended to love. Folly was synonymous with the name of women while in youth —she was then adored;—ignorance was her appellation in age—she was then abhorred.—And can rational beings be contented to occupy a station where reason is denied them? where the faculties of the mind are never to be exercised, or never to be considered as adding to their worth and respectability?

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But is it necessary to the peace and comfort of society that women should be ignorant, or that they should be considered inferior? Is there no scope for their abilities without entering into a competition for masculine honors, and engaging in masculine employments? Was the Creator when forming his "last work" certainly, if not his "best," so improvident or unjust as to bestow powers which were above the station she was designed to hold, and, which, of course, it would be wrong, perhaps detrimental to the world, to cultivate or display? Who that worships the "God of order" can believe this? And yet, for nearly 6000 years has the female intellect been suffered to remain a blank, either neglected or derided.—In her assuredly

-----" The faculty divine,

" Is chained and tortured,-cabined, cribbed, confined !"

No wonder the few who escaped such thraldom sometimes use the liberty of their faculties unguardedly, improperly, even dangerously, if you will, to the happiness of their own families, perhaps even to the disturbance of society. But what then ? The abuse of reason does not prove that women have no use for reason. Neither does the little they have as yet ostensibly contributed to the stock of general knowledge demonstrate that they are incapable of such exertion, or that it would be, under different circumstances, o'erstepping the modesty and privileges of their sex, should they actually become co-workers with the lords of creation in the fields of science and national improvement. How this may be accomplished, without endangering in the least that supremacy in all that properly belongs to the government of earth-which, believing as I do, that it was by the Almighty delegated expressly to the man, (mark me, not deserved by any superior strength of mind, except what may be derived only from the superior strength of physical powers,) I have no wish to controvert or undervalue,---I shall in my next number attempt to show.

FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

TIME doth glide to Beauty's bower With a thief's intent and a monarch's power, The frosted tress, and the faded rose And the furrow'd brow, his deeds disclose,— From the sparkling eye its diamond ray And the lip its ruby, he beareth away.

But a casket there is, which he views in vain With an eagle glance, and a miser's pain,---He gazes long at its golden key, Spoiler, away! it may not be, "Tis the *wealth of the soul* and bound for that shore Where thou and thy wrecks shall be known no more.

L. H. S.

TO S****.

THE crimson west—the crimson west—how gloriously it shines! How flash upon the raptured eye its ever-varying lines! While sinking fast beyond the verge of yonder mountain's brow, The setting sun is gilding it with living beauty now.

The silver moon—the silver moon—how mellowly it gleams ! How full upon yon ocean-waves its merry-sparkling beams ! And dancing on in beauty now beneath its gentle light, The rippling waters covered seem with diamonds flashing bright.

Yon twinkling star—yon twinkling star, far in the fading west, That gently shines as if it were the pilgrim's isle of rest— A haven from the storms of life—where happy spirits dwell— What lyre—but one of angel's touch—its loveliness may tell !

The stilly night—the stilly night—how peacefully it falls ! While homeward from the hill and vale, his flock the shepherd calls, Come—all is hushed—now let us forth to roam in yonder dell, While beams so pure and clear light up the scenes we love so well. T. C. O.

CRITICISM.

Notwithstanding all that has been urged by our kind friends to persuade us to shake off our fears and boldly take up the truncheon of criticism and smite all, who we deem for their literary transgressions, deserving of punishment, we must still beg permission to decline the experiment. But in courtesy to those whose judgment we value, and of whose sincerity we have no doubt, we will explain more particularly than we have yet done, the motives and principles which have led to this decision.

In the first place, I (pray pardon the individual for appearing the pompous, ne always sticks on our pen,) do think, there are certain paths in literature which a woman, who would act with the propriety her sex prescribes, will never attempt to tread. For instance, she will never attempt the satirical. Wit she may possess and display, but to write a satire requires more than wit, or it must be wit edged with a certain caustic severity of ridicule, which no female would gain reputation by possessing. Let us give an illustration. Tea, as every lady knows, is a pleasant and exhilarating beverage, yet from the leaves of tea may be extracted a poison so deadly that one drop will kill a dog. Now satire is to wit, what poison is to the ten, though both may be originally from the same source, yet the one promotes joy and vavacity, the other inflicts pain, if not death. Let ladies then be contented to offer only the exhilarating and innocent beverage to the public, and leave it to the men to prepare the extract, if such terrible medicine, to use the follies of the age, should really be necessary. The inference is obvious. I think criticism when the critic lays aside every consideration except those of speaking his opinion of books, and correcting the faults of authors must, at times, approach too near the satirical or sarcastic to be an appropriate province for ladies.

In the second place, I do not feel qualified to perform the task. I cannot believe that when the art of writing well is so very difficult of attainment, that the art of judging accurately the writings of others is an intuitive faculty. Yet it would seem that such an idea is entertained, else why are so many struggling for a seat on the bench of criticism, calling for the public to hear and allow their literary awards, who

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would not dare show their hand-writing, among the applicants for justice, or even favor, before the tribunal whose decision they are endeavoring to direct.

One of the best of English poets and critics has declared that

"Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss,"

and surely the proverb, for proverb it certainly is, was never more fully exemplified, than at the present time. A new book is published, the production of one writer, and forthwith a dozen critics shall set to work, and analyze, compare, select, reject, praise, condemn, and each individual feeling himself entitled to be considered a Sir Oracle, in the opinion he offers on the volume before him. It will be a real lucky coincidence should two, out of the twelve, perfectly agree in judgment, and it will be thinking very favorably of the talents and literature of the dozen, if we concede there are two qualified, as scholars and gentlemen, to decide truly on its merits. Which then deserves most reprehension, or is most likely to act injuriously on public taste? dull authors, or ignorant critics;foolish stories;-or false principles? Some who set up for reviewers, seem to think that the whole art of criticism consists in writing an article which shall be what is significantly termed piquant. Like one who, revising a book written by several writers, dealt to the three first an enviable share of praise, and then was proceeding to ridicule the fourth, most unmercifully, when a person, to whom the criticism was read, objected to this unqualified abuse-" no matter," replied this sapient judge of literature—"I have praised three and it is now time to begin to pepper. We must have some rule about these things, as it is impossible we can read all the books. My rule is to cut up every fourth." So much more disgusting and unbearable do ignorance and bad taste appear to my feelings and reason, when I meet them in the dogmatical form of a criticism demanding the surrender of my judgment and professing to teach me, than when they come in the welcome shape of a new book, soliciting my attention, and humbly hoping (preface) to please me, that I confess I did, not long since, with the former, what I have never done with the latter. I took a criticism, and sat down with the purpose of dissecting it, discovering every fault, and exposing them all with the raillery and remark so fashionable and so forcible. I think my attempt was successful, and for a short time I exulted in the thought that my

critical skill would be felt. But then came other reflections. Though I was confident my remarks would be, by people of good taste, allowed to be just, and that my readers would generally be pleased with the humor, yet how long would this applause last? Some ten minutes perhaps. An article in a Magazine must be very long or very good to occupy and give pleasure to the reader for a time exceeding ten minutes. But the person whose criticism gave occasion for mine would not so soon forget it. Perhaps anger, enmity for life, would be the consequence. And what good would be effected by my criticism? Not the improvement of the writer 1 condemned, because a lack of judgment so palpable, can never, no never, be remedied in one so conceited. It is useless to check the vain dunce who has caught the mania of scribbling, whether prose or poetry, canzonets or criticisms,—let such an one go on till the disease exhausts itself. Opposition like water, thrown on burning oil, but increases the evil, because a person of weak judgment will seldom listen to reason, but become obstinate under reproof and write and " print it to shame the fools" who dared question such abilities ! "Blackmore's line" would not, in all probability have merited the term "everlasting" had he never been noticed in his poetic career. Have my readers any curiosity to see the criticism named, or know the selfstyled reviewer whose infallibility I presumed to question ? They will never be gratified. I burned the paper, and here shall be an end of the matter. But I feel better satisfied with myself, and consider it more of a triumph that I burned my criticism, than though I could receive all the critical honors which were, during the past year, awarded to all the critical writers in this critical Emporium.

The course intended to be pursued in the Ladies' Magazine is doubtless anticipated by my readers. They are not to expect in the department allotted to new publications anything more learned or spirited than "Literary Notices." These however, will not be thoughtlessly written, nor will praise be indiscriminately bestowed. To guide those readers who are inclined to pay deference to my judgment in their selections will be my aim, rather than to enumerate all they should reject. I prefer giving directions where the young may find what will improve their minds and confirm them in the love of virtue, rather than occupy their time

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with disquisitions on the structure of sentences or the rhythm of poetry ; and I believe they will derive more moral, indeed mental benefit from such a course, than though I could discern and expose all the literary defects of every book I shall name during the year. But should false principles or erroneous sentiments, such as judging by the rules which christians are bound to obey, we must believe would have an injurious effect on the morals of the community appear, I shall not hesitate to condemn. In short it will be my aim to do justice to those who, possessed of talents, deserve , praise for their culture and employment—leaving the stupid and the vain as much as possible to their own reflections, which cannot be a light punishment: and may be the most efficacious one in correcting their folly.

Should this course subject me to the imputation of the want of discrimination, of firmness, of penetration, of consistency and of many other wants-why-so let it be. I do not pretend indifference to public opinion, or to the judgment of those who I believe are sincere in wishing me success. But I do not think such have considered the subject with reference to all the consequences that may result from the attempt of a woman to establish her claim to the character of a critic in literature. Charity is a virtue so peculiarly feminine that not the brightest star in our crown of fame should be permitted to dazzle us and render us blind to that humble but eternal light. I have not yet learned that authors, by the act of writing, have forfeited their claim to a participation in that charity which " hopeth all things," and "covereth a multitude of faults;" nor that when a writer appears before the public, every error that can be discovered in his productions, is to be "set in a note book," and "cast into his teeth." This would not be so intolerable a grievance if those only sat as judges who were competent to give a just decision; if those whose talents, learning, research, independence, candor, and good taste would guarantee that, as far as human frailty permitted, we might trust to their opinion as an infallible guide. But as my attainments do not qualify me to offer myself as such a guide, I shall, I trust, be excused from assuming such a responsible office-responsible because it acts intensely and immediately on human feelings, giving much pleasure, or inflicting pain beyond what almost any other species of writing can inflict. It may be inquired how the public taste is to be improved, directed, &c. without the interference of literary censors. No fears need be entertained; there will always be critics enough, and more skilful ones than we could be, were we ever so seriously inclined to undertake the task. But though we do not intend to teach much by precept, we hope our example will have some effect, (on the ladies we mean) as we intend to pay particular and critical attention to our own productions, and write with all the purity, perspicuity and propriety in our power.

BENEVOLENCE.

" In faith and hope the world may disagree, But all mankind's concern is Charity."

REAL benevolence of feeling will always prompt to benevolence in action, and the person who professes an anxiety for the eternal felicity of men may be doubted if he does not strive, as far as his power extends, to promote their earthly happiness. No one virtue was so often inculcated and insisted on by our Saviour, as that of almsgiving, and to none other was promised such sure and rich reward. It is just as much the duty of the rich christian to give alms to the poor as to pray to his God. It is not at the option of such an one to say he will do as he pleases with his own. The "earth is the Lord's," and he has commanded those to whom he commits its stewardship "to distribute," liberally; and he, who does not obey, has little reason to believe himself animated by the spirit of that religion which is "pure and undefiled before God." But of all methods of bestowing our charity to the relief of temporal want, none seems so perfect as that which has a prospective operation, not only removing or alleviating the present evils of poverty, but having a tendency to prevent their return. In this class of charities we may unhesitatingly place that of Infant Schools, for educating the young children of the Poor. This system which has been for several years successfully pursued in England, has lately been introduced into some of

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our cities, and from appearances, must become of incalculable importance in our country, where so much depends on education, and on the moral character of the people. As every thing relating to the subject of improvement is here a matter of public interest, we have thought a brief history of the establishment of the Infant Schools in this city would be acceptable to our readers, especially as this is a field of improvement where ladies must labor, and therefore ought to seek every opportunity of ascertaining how, and by what means they may make their exertions most beneficial.

Every person, at all acquainted with American history, knows that New England is the land of schools, and especially the metropolis, Boston, has always been famed for its free schools, where children of every class might be received and taught. To this cause must be attributed a consequence which could scarcely otherwise have occurred among a people hitherto foremost in whatever related to early education, namely, that other cities of our Union have taken the lead in this "march of mind." The truth is, our citizens thought (what some still think) that enough had already been done for the educating of the children of the poor, and therefore inquiry was not awakened till others bad begun to act. There is now no way but by energy and industry to repair the negligence.

The Infant School Society of the city of Boston was formed "April 8, 1828—to promote," as the preamble sets forth, "the establishment of Schools for the children of the Poor who have not attained the age at which they can be received into other schools," viz. children of both sexcs from eighteen months to four years of age.

It is well known that such children generally prove a heavy incumbrance on parents who are obliged to toil hard for a subsistence. One of the objects of this Institution is to lighten the pressure of this inconvenience, and leave the mother more at liberty to pursue her necessary occupations for the benefit of the family.

The primary object is to instil right sentiments into the infant heart while still soft and tender; to draw it, while yet scarcely resisting, to the side of religion and virtue, and to introduce its possessor into "that way in which it should go."

The above is a clear and concise exposition of the objects vol. 11,-100 J. 6

of the Society, and those who reflect and examine will see that such an Institution is needed here, that it promises to do much good; and what is better, to prevent much evil. It was the intention of those ladies who first engaged in this charity to unite all the religious denominations in the city to support it. There seemed nothing in the plan that could awaken sectarian feelings-it was designed for the benefit of those only whose time of life rendered little of their religious creed necessary to be taught except the love of And in the expediency of teaching that, surely all God. christians can agree. Yet notwithstanding appearances at first promised a union of all parties, from some cause, hitherto unexplained, there was a separation. The School in Bedford-street was opened in July under the superintendence of ladies belonging to what is called the orthodox party, uniting Congregationalists, Baptists and Episcopalians, and soon after (we are not positive as to the time however) the ladies of the Unitarian societies established a school on a similar plan in Salem-street. With that school we are yet personally unacquainted, and cannot therefore describe its operations, though presuming they have been judicious and successful. This conclusion is drawn from the fact that at the late fair held in this city for the benefit of these Schools, the one in Salem-street received the largest share of the profits arising from the sale of articles, viz. the latter \$1519 -the former \$600. The school in Bedford-street we have repeatedly visited and should we describe our own feelings on witnessing the performance of the little group we are aware they might be termed romantic. But why should the enthusiasm that confidently exults in the hope of good effects while witnessing efforts to do good be ever banished from real life? We do not believe any person can visit those children without feeling happier for the spectacle, yes, and wiser too. There have been about 90 infants admitted into this school though the usual attendance is not probably more than 60. These children are kindly attended, kept in good order, by gentle means only, employed constantly and apparently delighted with their employment. They learn the alphabet, and to spell in the first lessons, but it is not designed to teach them to read so much as to reason, and accordingly what they learn is mostly explained to them by sensible objects and in a manner which they appear fully to

comprehend. In this way, by the aid of balls, diagrams, models, &c. they are taught the first elements of arithmetic, grammar, and geometry; they also learn natural history from the pictures of animals, and by the same means to understand and relate the most interesting portions of the These employments are varied by occasional sing-Bible. ing of hymns and little songs written purposely for them, and designed to teach some rule of conduct or morals suited to their age, in which all can join. The effect of this untutored, artless chanting on the spectators is not easily defined. It will often bring tears into eyes that do not seem much addicted to "the melting mood." The children are also amused with the exercises of marching, clapping their hands, and stamping their feet in regular ordinary time. This playing, as it may be called, indeed all their exercises appear like play to them, is accompanied by their little voices, all simultaneously heard, counting, enumerating, adding, multiplying, or singing as they are directed by their instructress, whose example they follow, not commands. Who that sees them thus busy and happy, and reflects, (and their mean and scanty clothing will bring the reflection) that these little ones are the children of very poor parents, that if at home they would be neglected, perhaps abused---kept in ignorance, if not exposed to wickedness, but must rejoice that a class of such innocent, helpless sufferers have at length found pity and relief? And who that witnesses their quick perception and application of what is taught them by this method of interesting the mind through the medium of the senses and affections, the avidity with which they seem to seize on knowledge, and as it were seek for truth, but must confess that the spirit within us, is capable of greater exertions and deeper researches and holier aspirings than man has yet made? We do not hesitate to say there is not a person in this city so wise but may learn a new and useful lesson by attending, at least once, the exercises of those little children. To the ladies belongs the credit of establishing the Institution, but the gentlemen, by the patronage they afforded at the fair for the benefit of these Schools, have shown that they approve the charity. Such unexpected liberality will doubtless stimulate the ladies to greater exertions the present year. But it is not a light labor they have undertaken. They have put in operation a system which, if found beneficial, and there remains little doubt on that subject, they are bound, by every law which can operate on the minds and hearts of rational and religious women, to use their efforts to perpetuate. The work is now novel, the pleasure and popularity excited by that circumstance will soon be over; but the obligations to duty can never be annulled—though their observance may be enforced—by fashion. The opportunities now enjoyed by ladies to cultivate not only their taste but talents, render it indispensable to their character that those talents should be employed to the improvement of society. And in no way or manner can the sex so surely, so appropriately do this, as in exerting themselves to promote the cause of education, especially of infants and children. The power of woman, if rightly exerted here, would be to the world beneficial, beyond human calculation.

The present management of the school is committed to one instructress, who seems capable and faithful, and two assistants. There is likewise a board of overseers consisting of twelve ladies, whose duty it is to attend the school one week each, in rotation. This arrangement it will be seen, must subject the overseers to much exertion and fatigue, but the patient in well doing will have their reward.

We intend often to recur to this subject, and present to our readers whatever information we obtain that will interest them. We hope soon to be able to notice more particularly the operations of the school in Salem-street.

LADIES' LITERARY ROOMS.

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WE learn arrangements are making to provide rooms where Ladies may have an opportunity of meeting with all the best periodical literature of the day. English and French publications as well as American, are to be punctually and liberally furnished, in addition to a Library already respectable and which is to be continually augmented by copies of every new work, which shall be deemed deserving a place in a lady's library. We have had little opportunity of learning public sentiment on this novel project; but after deliberating quite seriously on the matter, we have come to the conclusion that it promises many advantages; that it will augment the innocent pleasures and may conduce to the useful information of our sex, and therefore we recommend its consideration to other ladies. Whether they will patronise it ought to depend on the decision of their own good sense, or the opinions of those interested to advise them judiciously. We hope, however, that the plan will be so far popular as to be allowed a fair trial. If the gentlemen will be *liberal* and disposed to make it their chief good, it may succeed.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"DOMESTIC DUTIES."-J. & J. Harper, N. York. Our American presses are too often sending forth the trash of British literature. And while their disgusting pictures of profligacy wear the gloss of fashion and high life, we are called upon to admire the display; at least to read, that we may thus have an opportanity of comparing the character of our own people, with that of other nations, and thus exult in our own purity. But we are not of the number who deem such books useful, or innocent, or proper to form the reading of American youth. There is contamination in their descriptions of vice ; and moreover, it seems a shame that Republicans, who have thrown off the trammels of kingly rule, and pretend to despise the mummery of courts, should be thus hankering after descriptions of the intrigues and extravagances of lords and ladies---or eagerly poring over the minutize of routs and revels because they were given by a dutchess or attended by a prince. These reflections, though awakened by the volume before us, have no necessary connexion therewith. They arese from considering how much more eagerly this book would be sought after were it a novel, with some enticing title, than, in all probability, it will now be-and yet, were the sentiments it inculcates but understood and practised by our ladies, it would be of more real advantage to them than all the fine theories to be deduced from the collective wisdom of all the novels that have appeared since the days of chivalry. Domestic Duties ! The book verifies the title-it is an explanation and enforcement of the duties incumbent ' more especially on married ladies, as to them, in a peculiar manner, are committed those arrangements on which the domestic happiness of families must depend. It is the production of an Englishwoman, and the fact that it has already passed through three editions in that country, is a pledge that its merits are there appreciated. It will not probably be quite so popular here, because it is not as well adapted to the fashions and manners of our society ; yet the American reader, in following the prescribed rules for Housekeeping, &c. can easily vary according to the customs of our country and the circumstances of the individual. But the rational advice on subjects connected with the mental and moral character of women is applicable to females of every country, and in every station. These reflections occupy a large share of the book, and we know no better method of recommending it to our fair readers than to state, in the words of the publishers, that in our opinion, "this work cannot but be interesting to all young people who are, or who intend to be married," and then making extracts to show the manner in which the authoress has explained and enforced her ideas on many subjects, necessary to be considered

by all ladies who are ambitious of deserving the eulogy, more to be coveted by a married woman than the loudest pean from the trump of fame. "Her children arise up and call her blessed ; her husband also, and he praiseth her." "ON TEMPER.

"Mrs. B.—A good temper is indeed a blessing, not only to the individual who possesses it, but to every being and object within its influence. It is like a healthy atmosphere :—it promotes cheerfulness and elasticity of spirits in all around ; and even gloomy and discontented dispositions can scarcely resist its happy power," p. 46.

"One of the agreeable consequences which she will find to result from good temper, is the influence it gives her within the domestic sphere. It is a virtuous influence, honorable to herself, and beneficial as far as it extends; and very different from that love of power, which, the sarcastic say, is inherent in woman. Good temper in a wife is indispensable to conjugal happiness. A man may posses every advantage which the world has to give, and may have talents that render him a valuable member of society; yet, if his wife be contentious, fretful, or discontented, his sum of happiness is most incomplete.

"Every man, whether employed in the duties of public, or of professional life, meets with numerous circumstances and disappointments which harass and distress him. For the painful effects of these, a happy home provides an instantaneous antidote, and its powers renovated for future exertions in the world, by the healthy air of cheerfulness which he breathes in the domestic circle. How different when home is a scene of ill humor and discord! Into such a home ne one can retire from the harassing business of life, with any hope of comfort and relaxation, but must seek elsewhere to dissipate the weight upon his spirits ; though nowhere can he find relief so effectual, as that which, under happier auspices, his home might have afforded him. The desires which he might once have entertained to cultivate domestic tastes and to seek for happiness in domestic enjoyments, are turned from their course, and directed into channels which can give him no permanent satisfaction, but in which by too eager a pursuit, he may be brought into situations destructive to his peace of mind.

"The world corrupts; home should refine : the one, even in the sober transactions of life, presents examples of craftinees, self-interestedness, and freedom in moral principle; while in its more alluring scenes of pleasure, it only nourishes folly and vanity. By the contemplation of these, even without participating in them, the mind is injured : it contracts a rust which nothing can better remove than home, when it is properly organized. When that presents an opposite picture of virtue, innecease, and peace, none but a depraved mind can withstand its influence, which tends to purify the heart, and to restore to the mind its moral lustre. How important then is it, that the wife should obtain that influence over her husband's mind which will prompt him to turn frequently from the world to her society, for happiness and refinement." pp. 47-49.

"ON DRESS.

"Mrs. L.-Do you not think that a husband has reason to complain, if his wife become negligent of her personal appearance ?

"Mrs. B.—Certainly; and she is deserving of censure if her aim to please him, as her hushand, be less than that which she exerted to secure him as her lover. That effort which was an act of inclination before her marriage, she should consider as a point of duty afterwards; nor should inattention to any thing agreeable to him, give rise to the mortifying suspicion, that the desire to please him is not so impelling a principle of action, as he had perhaps flattered himself it might always have been. Few hushands are indifferent to the personal appearance of their wives : and still fever there are who do not regard negligence in dress with evon more disgust than it perhaps deserves : though when it arrives at its most aggravated state of slovenliness and want of cleanliness, it becomes a vice, and can scarcely be too much contemned. When this is perceptible in the married female, it needs no augury to foretell the approach of want of order and regularity in her family, and the loss of the esteen and affection of her husband." p. 92.

"FOLLY OF NEGLECTING ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

" I can scarcely think those persons too severe, who assorting that women, after marriage, suffer their talents to fall into disuse, conclude that they have previously cultivated them rather for the purpose of attracting notice and admiration, than from the higher view of acquiring powers, by which domestic life may be gladdened and adormed. Many sensible people consider it a grievous mistake in female education, that the most valuable years of youth are spent in acquiring and cultivating arts not essential to the fulfilment of the chief duties of this life; and which are certainly totalfy useless in what regards our interests in a future state. Yet, when once this precious time has been given to them, why,—when they may be employed to obtain some desirable end,—when they may attach a husband to his home and family circle, or promote the innocent annuement of young people and children, why abandon them, and thus render of no account the hours and the years which have been devoted to their acquirement ?

"Accomplishments, too, may be of considerable value to their possessors, independent of the use which they may serve within the social circle. The greater part of a woman's life ought to be, and necessarily must be, passed at home; the more sedentary resources, therefore, she possesses by which her time may be innocently and cheerfully occupied, the less will she suffer from any occasional privations of society or even of health." p. 320.

"SHOPPING.

"The practice, which almost from time immemorial has chiefly characterized the female sex as frieolous and even selfah, is that of entering a shop, more for the purpose of looking over every material displayed there, than of making'a necessary purchase. To ask for a variety of articles, to criticise, abuse, or praise them, and then quit the shop, without purchasing any thing, seems to be the delight of many women, while it is considered as the privilege of all. Disgraceful custom ! which establishes a kind of right to treat those with meaness and selfahness who dare not offend us : which hinges on a principle of impertinence, the slightest shadow of which would not be endured by our equals : and which tempts many a female purchaser into extravagance, weries the patience of the tradesman, and excites contempt and disapprobation almost universal." p. 322.

"THE CASKET." Bowles & Dearborn. Those who have selected New Year presents are undoubtedly familiar with the tasteful binding and very pretty plates of the Casket. Therefore, nothing that we could say would be of consequence to such as have seen the book; and to those who have not, a description of silk, and gold, and pictures would be only the Souvenir echo which has been circulating through our literary journals these three months. Indeed, we do think there are too many of these works; and we fear the publishers of at least some of them will subscribe with a sigh to our opinion. And truly sorry would we be, should those who are laboring to improve the public taste, and add to the stores of useful knowledge, or even the stock of fanciful literature, meet with disappointments in their experiment. But this Casketsurely it will not remain among the unsold annuals, and like an almanack, lose all its interest and value with the year for which it was issued! The story of Undine, that so ingeniously unites the romantic and the rational, will insure for the work it graces a longer date. And then there is Aglae, that so forcibly reminded us of those days when fairy tales were our delight; when the little "Glass Slipper," told by a beloved mother, was listened to by a happy group that can never again be assembled till the dead shake off their sleep. But aside from the partiality such recollections inspire, there are sentiments in Aglas which every female ought to grave on her heart. We will quote a few sentences.

"If women would, in early life, give themselves occupation; if they would consent to forget themselves, to fear praise, to make friends, and not to confound the desire to shine with the wish to please, every season of life would be happy. Let this be the lesson of your life. To be happy, we must be loved. You are beautiful while you avoid ostentation: at the same time never let your toilet be too much neglected; whether you are in the city or the country, always take that care which, without being a passion for dress, proves so well the propriety of mind in a female. Cultivate your mind; add every day to its extent; but remember that the conversation of the woman who knows the most, should still leave the impression that she is seeking information. Hamility consoles the ignorant, and flatters those who think they can enlighten us. But above all, have *charity*, if you wish to be loved with an enduring affection. To find charity in others is the daily wish of all; to possess it is the charm of every age; a charm, without which, no virtue is complete; a charm that covers a multitude of faslts."

The stories already named are translations: one from the German, the other the French. The next in our estimation is the two portraits. Perhaps the beautiful engraving accompanying it had some share in deciding our taste; for the story is not certainly as interesting as might have been wrought from such interesting materials. We think the translations better than the original articles. Neither can we say what we would wish to say in favor of the poetry. The only poem that pleased us much is "Stanzas. Suggested by a painting." Yet there are several others that may be called respectable.

"THE VISITOR." Another annual, and though differing somewhat in its literary character from those already noticed in the Magazine, it bears sufficient resemblance in appearance, to be classed with the Souvenirs. It is a very neat little book (the engravings are not included in this eulogy) and taste-The contents are mostly selections, and inculcating fully executed. moral or religious sentiments. We think the plan of this work good, and that it is, in many respects, preferable to make a book for children thus, of selected pieces which have been approved by experienced judges, than trust to original sources for all the materials. It gives, moreover, a scope for greater variety, and short articles are much better relished and oftener read by children than long stories will be-and thus, truths intended to be illustrated and enforced, are more striking. A proverb will teach more wisdom, than a page of diffusive exhortation. Credit ought to have been given to authors whose writings are inserted.

We have quite a number of books on hand, particularly those designed for children and youth, but are compelled, for want of space, to defer the notices till next month. We have also several excellent poetic communications on hand, which the writers probably expected would appear in this number, a similar want of room has delayed their publication.

LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

FEBRUARY.

No. II.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH.

SPIRIT of the frozen North, Where the wave is chained and still, And the savage bear looks forth Nightly from his caverned hill! Down from thy eternal throne, From thy land of cloud and storm, Where the meeting icebergs groan, Sweepeth on thy wrathful form. Spirit of the frozen wing ! Dweller of a voiceless clime, Where no coming on of spring Gilds the weary course of time ! Monarch of a realm untrod, By the restless feet of men, Where alone the hand of God, 'Mid his mighty works hath been ! Throned amid the ancient hills, Piled with undecaying snow, Flashing with the path of rills, Frozen in their first glad flow,-Thou hast seen the gloomy north, Gleaming with unearthly light, Spreading its pale banners forth, Chequered with the stars of night. 7 TOL. 11.-NO. 11.

CONVERSATION.

Thou hast gazed untrembling, where Giant forms of flame were driven, Like the spirits of the air, Striding up the vault of heaven! Thou hast seen that midnight glow, Hiding moon and star and sky, And the icy hills below, Reddening to the fearful dye. Dark and desolate and lone, Curtained with the tempest-cloud, Drawn around thy ancient throne Like oblivion's moveless shroud— Dim and distantly the sun, Glances on thy palace walls, But a shadow cold and dun Broods along its pillared halls. Lord of sunless depths and cold! Chainer of the northern sea-At whose feet the storm is rolled, Who hath power to humble thee?

Spirit of the stormy north! Bow thee to thy Maker's nod—

Bend to Him who sent thee forth— Servant of the living God.

1st month, 1829.

CONVERSATION.

"But talking is not always to converse."

THE faculty of speech is one of the proudest prerogatives of man. He only, of all earth's inhabitants, is able to communicate his feelings and express his wants and wishes in a language perfectly intelligible to his species.

We are not however about entering into a learned disquisition concerning the structure of sentences, or an investigation respecting the formation of words, not even so far as to guess

CONVERSATION.

whether the first spoken were interjections or nouns. Such profound and useless inquiries should be left to those philologists who have time, if no other requisite, for the task, and who can therefore prepare a long article which, if it do not convince by its arguments, confounds by its intricacy. It is not the use but abuse of language we were intending to notice. And seldom has the latter been described in more appropriate language, or illustrated with greater skill and truth than in a poem entitled "Conversation," from which the line standing at the head of this article is extracted.

Truth is, in a remarkable manner, the essence of all Cowper's poetry. He wrote not so much to please as to reform; but yet while propriety in the descriptive, purity in style and piety in sentiment, have an admirer or an auvocate. Cowper will be read, and what is better, esteemed. We may follow the flights of a bolder or more empassioned writer with deeper interest, but we shall ever recur to his moral page as to a kind and good friend, whose advice, if followed, would have made us happier. Cowper is one of the few bards who has no stain on his poetic escutcheonhe never wrote a strain, or breathed a sentiment which virtue would condemn. And even when his censures are deservedly incurred, by folly or vice, they are breathed in the spirit of pitying reproof, and not like the angry execrations of misanthropic hate, or disappointed vanity. His only aim in attempting to make the world "sadder" appears to have been to make it better.

"Conversation" is the most satirical of all his poems, and yet the reader, who reflects for a moment on the incongruous gossip which makes up the noise of this talking world, will acknowledge its severity not only just but generous. There are few "peaceably disposed" persons but what have sometimes felt they could join with fervor in the following invocation:—

"Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such there are,

"And make colloquial happiness your care,

"Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate !

"A duel in the form of a debate,

" The clash of arguments and jar of words,

"Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords."

Nor can such rules as the following fail of meeting with approbation, even from those who do not take the trouble to follow them. Indeed it is much more difficult to prac-

CONVERSATION.

tice that habitual deference to the feelings and opinions of others which is the charm of politeness in conversation, than to praise politeness. The one requires only honied words, the other kind feelings and right principles. But hear Cowper's advice to disputants

> "Discourse may want an animated-No ! " To brush the surface and to make it flow-"But still remember, if you mean to please, "To press your point with modesty and ease; "The mark, at which my juster aim I take, " Is contradiction for its own dear sake."

Story-telling is a very pleasing art in conversation if judiciously managed. Yet but very few succeed happily in/ that apparently easy department. What effort of the colloquial powers can seem easier than merely to relate some-thing that we have seen, heard or read? No mental exertion is required, except that of the memory, the most simple of all our faculties of mind. But manner, manner is to the story-teller, "the first, second, and third requisite." And the possession of that manner in its perfection belongs only to those of a highly cultivated mind and taste, combined with a certain quality of intellectual acumen which can be defined by no single word except that of tact. The following are some of Cowper's rules and remarks on stories in conversation—and they are well worth remembering.

"A story, in which native humor reigns,

" Is often useful, always entertains; "A graver fact, enlisted on your side, " May furnish illustration, well applied,

"But sodentary weavers of long tales "Give me the fidgets and my patience fails, "A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct; "The language plain and incidents well linked:

"Tell not as new what every body knows, . "And, new or old, still hasten to a close;

"There, centering in a focus round and neat, "Let all your rays of information meet."

We do not ask pardon for thus introducing quotations from a poet whose works are supposed to be familiar as household words to all those intelligent ladies who profess a taste for the chaste and refined in poetry. The truth is such supposition is incorrect. The flood of modern literature is overwhelming, if not annihilating the interest with which the bards of the last century used to be read. Yet few poetic writings are a more appropriate study for young ladies than the works of Cowper. In one particular excellence he has hitherto been inimitable, or at least, in a great degree, unimitated. We allude to his power of awakening tenderness of feeling without exciting the passions. It is the charm of his effusions, and moreover the delicacy of the sentiment will always admit of quotations and allusions without scruple or restraint. This, to young ladies, who sometimes wish to ornament their speech by the mode of conveying their own opinion through the medium of the poet's words, is an advantage which they should by no means neglect. To converse well is a very important part of female education ; and that course of reading which furnishes the best topics for conversation as well as the best materials for thought should be carefully pursued.

TO THE SEA.

GRANT me thy company thou solemn sea! Earth speaks of man,-her trimly, trellic'd walks, Her groves, her gardens, and her gorgeous domes, All speak of man. Even the pure, lofty sky With all its change of garniture,---its robe Of morning purple, and its garb by day Of blue and silver tissue, richly wrought, Its mantle for the eve, of nameless dies, Oft seems to me (may Heaven forgive the thought!) Like some fair woman in her coquetry. -But thou dost speak of God,-thou holy Sea! Thou wonder-working, mortal-mocking One. Alone upon thy shore I rove, and count The crested billows in their ceaseless play; And when dense darkness shrouds thy awful face, I listen to thy voice, and bow me down In all my nothingness to *Him* whose eye Beholds thy congregated world of waves But as a noteless dew-drop.

THE MANUSCRIPT.-No. II.

PROVIDENTIAL, OR THE FIRST WEDDING.

----- " Thou didst not leave them, mighty God !

"Thou wert with those that bore the truth of old

" Into the desert from the oppressor's rod,

"And made the caverns of the rock their fold,

"And met when stars met, by their beams to hold

"The free heart's communing with Thee,-and Thou

"Wert in the midst, felt, owned."-----

"How did you say the young man was named ?" inquired Mr. Zechariah Long, gently touching the elbow of Governor Winthrop, and directing him by a glance of the eye to the object of his curiosity.

"His appellation is master Oliver Temple," replied the Governor.

"A kinsman of Sir John Temple of Devonshire?" pursued Zechariah Long, raising his forefinger to his nose.

"I do not know his family," returned the Governor. "The young man was introduced to me by the worthy Mr. Johnson, who said the youth had letters of recommendation from a pious friend of his, as one who wished to leave all for righteousness' sake. And truly, since he hath been on board, his conduct hath been very seemly."

"I saw he showed the courage of a true soldier of the cross when we were preparing our ship to give battle to the Dunkirkers," observed Zechariah. "I never noticed him before or since except he had a book, before his face, or was otherwise leaning on the railing of the vessel as at this moment, and looking as if he was watching the clouds or counting the stars. But when the word was given that the Dunkirkers were at hand how he bestirred himself! I think he must have been a soldier, Governor. I marvel Mr. Johnson does not communicate to you who the young man is."

"It may be such course would not be prudent, Mr. Long," said Governor Winthrop calmly. "The young man may have reasons for not wishing to have his family known. This is the time when a man's foes are often those of his own household; when great sacrifices must be made for conscience' sake. You know who hath said—'he that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.'" "Ah! Governor,"---responded Mr. Zechariah Long, again raising his finger to his nose, "you are a learned man --learned to expound the law spiritual as well as the law temporal---but there are signs of the times and signs of the heart which those who are like myself but as babes and to be fed with the milk of knowledge may nevertheless understand."

Though the countenance of Governor Winthrop was mild it had usually an expression of deep gravity that many mistook for sadness; but now, in spite of his apparent efforts a smile curled his lip and the spirit of mirth glistened in his eye, betraying that the infantile comparison of Mr. Zechariah Long was not, even to his accustomed ear, wholly divested of the ludicrous. Zechariah boasted that he was the tallest man in the company's service, being six feet four inches in height—and seldom was the point disputed as his upright and rigid air gave him the appearance of being even taller than he asserted. He was long-limbed, and large jointed, with a spare, sinewy frame that looked as if it would have required a ton of flesh before the sharp angles would have been rounded into any resemblance to the dimpled Then his face, it was long, lank, beauty of an infant's form. lean, and covered with a skin of the color and apparent toughness of parchment; his features were large, the nose in particular standing out with a curve as bold as Cæsar'sand his evebrows thick, black and overhanging, beneath which his small gray eyes gleamed out with a brightness that gave animation, indeed somewhat of interest, to a face otherwise repelling.

The smile of Governor Winthrop seemed checked involuntarily as he met the glance of Zechariah Long's eye, and with a tone of more deference than even christian humility would seem to prescribe to one so much inferior in station he inquired what might be his opinion of the person in question.

"If you ask my opinion, Governor, I am bound to answer faithfully," responded Zechariah, drawing himself up to his greatest attitude, and speaking very slowly,—"I have observed the youth carefully ever since, as I told you, I noted his bold bearing when we prepared for the battle that by the goodness of God was not to prove unto our hurt, but the rather to our joy, inasmuch as we found friends where we expected enemies; but had it fell out otherwise, I am persuaded the young man would have been of great assistance, and therefore I would that he was truly as we are."

"Wherefore would you cast suspicions on the stranger?" inquired the Governor, regarding Zechariah rather sternly.

"I am not prone to evil speaking, Governor," replied the other in a tone so calm and assured that Mr. Winthrop actually felt rebuked. "I am not one who watches for matters of accusation; but I confess I have watched that young man, and this is my judgment, that his motives for joining us were not all dictated by duty or conscience."

"What then did induce him—or perhaps your vision does not extend so far," observed the Governor, rather dryly.

Zechariah's small, quick eye shone with the Justre of a certain triumph as he replied; "His passions, Governor, -his earthly passions have prompted him to go forth in search of a resting place, but verily, unless he does become more heavenly-minded, I fear he will be of little comfort to us, or enjoy little comfort himself." Zechariah then walked slowly away towards the steerage, and soon the deep peculiar twang of his voice was heard joining in a hymn which some of the passengers were singing. Governor Winthrop was left alone standing on the larboard side of the deck, nearly opposite the young man who had been the object of the colloquy; and who was, by the conclusion thereof, represented as obnoxious to those suspicions which are not the less forcible for being indefinite. The longer he pondered on the circumstances, that had hitherto come under his observation respecting the said Oliver Temple, the more mysterious they appeared. And yet the sagacious Governor could not believe that the young man would be found a deceiver. There is something in the countenance of an ingenuous youth that so ill accords with the subtlety of the crafty manager intent on stratagems or crimes, that the heart of a good man will be slow to tax such an one with enormous guilt. Folly may be predicated of the young, but vice seems too gross to be harbored in the soul so simple as to receive pleasure from the thought of a flower, or the sight of a bird. And Governor Winthrop had seen young Temple smile, and it was the only time he had seen him smile, while assisting the Lady Arabella in arranging some flower pots containing specimens she was carefully transporting to the new world, but which had been nearly destroyed in the preparations made to give battle to the Dunkirkers. And he had heard him, too, remonstrating with a passenger who wished to shoot some of the birds that were continually flitting around the vessel.

"He showed a merciful spirit, and such shall obtain mercy," thought the Governor. "And yet I wish I knew his history. The Lady Arabella can perchance inform me. She once observed that she thought I would like him, and that she thought he looked like me. He is not a wicked youth. Zechariah Long is a zealous saint, but he is sometimes prone to be suspicious—a fault for which he must be reprimanded. I will seek the Lady Arabella and endeavor to learn who Oliver Temple may be." Thus resolving he descended to the cabin appropriated to the ladies, purposely passing in his way thither near the place where Oliver was leaning on the railing of the deck, his gaze steadily fixed on the setting There was a calmness on his countenance that seemed sun. more like resignation than happiness; yet no one would have called him miserable; nor was he, though he had endured, in his short career, more real distresses than a novel writer would invent, unless his imagination were very prolific of horrors, to prove the fortitude of his hero.

The history of Oliver Temple was briefly this. He was the only son of a gentleman of ancient family, but small fortune. His father was a younger brother, and the title and a large estate were expected to descend to Oliver, as his uncle, a decrepit old bachelor, seemed as unlikely to seek for a partner as the man in the moon. So his nephew was bred with the expectation of becoming in due time Sir Oliver Temple. He was a gay youth, but nevertheless possessing a good deal of that decision of character which is imparted by a consciousness of integrity of purpose. He was also an excellent scholar, fond of poetry, and, as his father often boasted, an adept in history, particularly in what related to ecclesiastical polity. This mood of mind was no doubt fostered, if not engendered by the character of the times, as religious opinions were then, and had been for many years the grand lever by which the whole christian world was moved and agitated with a power that shook the foundations of civil society, and threatened to overturn or

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alter many of the most important forms of the existing governments. Oliver's relations were all loyal and orthodox defenders of the kingly prerogative, and priestly habiliment. Yet Oliver sometimes, in his own mind doubted the expediency of punishing men because they did not wish to wear a square cap, a scholar's gown, a tippet and a linen surplice. And as Oliver grew in stature and reason he doubted still more, and all the arguments and invectives he heard urged against nonconformity only confirmed him the more in thinking the puritans a very unfortunate if not injured people.

Till he was eighteen, he had never heard them mentioned except with contempt or execration. At eighteen he saw Rebecca Welden. The seeming chance that first introduced them to each other, was one of those events, which, appearing casual, perhaps trifling, have yet an influence on the fate of the individuals concerned which in those days was recorded as providential.

The parents of Rebecca Welden were nonconformists, and had died martyrs to their religious belief. They were not literally burnt or beheaded; but fell victims to the thousand tortures which a persecuting spirit, when armed with arbitrary power, has the means of inflicting. Fines, stripes, imprisonment, and the confiscation of their once ample estate they suffered, till finally their hearts were broken, and they both died within a few days of each other, leaving two children, Robert and Rebecca, who had been for some time under the care of an aunt. This lady, though a puritan, was a very prudent woman, and she managed to compromise the matter between her creed and her conscience by reflecting that if she boldly avowed her principles and suffered in consequence the poor orphans would lose their only So she attended a regular church on the Sabbath, stay. and spent the week in praying that her sin of lip worship might be forgiven her. But as if to atone still further for her own lax observation of the tenets she believed, she labored to instil them, in their most-severe and uncompromising spirit, into the souls of her nephew and niece. She succeeded, and when Oliver Temple first became acquainted with Rebecca Welden, and her brother, they were as strict and stern puritans as the Rev. John Robinson would have desired. With a young man of Oliver Temple's feel-

THE FIRST WEDDING.

ings and temperament, the persecutions these young people had endured in the persons of their parents would make an impression favorable to Their cause; and Robert Welden was, like most of his sect, well versed in the theory of his religious opinions, and above all well acquainted with the history of the corruptions and oppressions of the hierar-It would be impossible, without more speculations chy. than we have time to pursue, even to guess whether Rebecca's virtues and beauty, or Robert's zeal and eloquence, had the most effect on Oliver Temple. Be that as it may, he soon became a thorough convert to the peculiar creed of the nonconformists, and what would of course be foreseen, a suitor for Rebecca's hand. An application to his father for consent to the union revealed to his parents not only the state of his heart, but his faith. The quotation that "the course of true love never did run smooth," would but poorly portray the storm, the tempest, the whirlwind that seemed loosened to work its fury on the devoted heads of these young sufferers. This result is all that can be told. They were separated. Oliver was sent into Northamptonshire, there to abide with a friend of his father's, as was reported. But he was carried to a castle and kept in the close confinement of a prisoner, not being permitted to see or speak with any one except his bigoted gaoler, who thought the crime of daring to differ from the established form of church government, was the most heinous and impious, a subject could commit, except to question the divine right of his king.

Young Temple was confined in his apartment, which might very properly be styled a dungeon, nearly a year, as he could not escape, and would not purchase his freedom by the only alternative offered, which was that of taking a solemn oath to abjure forever the abominable heresy of nonconformity and puritanism in all their forms. This oath he was resolute in rejecting, although threatened with a worse punishment than imprisonment. But at last his father, as if convinced that severe measures were of no avail, wrote to him very kindly, and after telling him of the illness of his uncle, who was not expected to continue long, and hoping that the time he had spent in solitary reflection had convinced him of his errors, &c. informed him that a carriage had been sent, in which he might return to his home and his friends, who were anxious to see him.

To the poor youth who had so long been detained from all intercourse with the world, the privilege of returning to his family appeared such a favor that for a time all the resentment he had felt for the wrongs he had endured was nearly obliterated. He almost resolved to take the oath his father had prescribed, and probably would have voluntarily offered such a pledge of obedience to his parent,—so much more easily is a generous mind subdued by human kindness than by threats of human vengeance,—had not the recollection of Rebecca, and the hope that they might meet, and be one day united, operated to make him resolve still to hold fast the faith which was dear to her.

His parents received him with every demonstration of gladness, and no allusion was permitted to be made to the unhappy subject of his banishment. But Oliver was not long in discovering that though he was ostensibly at liberty, yet a strict watch was kept to prevent him from holding any communication with the obnoxious party he was supposed to favor. His solitude had not been idly or unprofitably spent. He had been furnished with books and writing materials, and then the daring plans he had formed, and once or twice nearly executed, to obtain his freedom, had given him the habit of depending on himself, which his father considered as a very dangerous sentiment for a young gentleman to entertain. So he took him up to London that he might acquire the tone of flattery and obsequiousness so necessary to those who would shine at court.

Oliver had made repeated inquiries concerning Rebecca Welden and her brother; but had never been able to find a person who could give any information respecting them. He learned their aunt was dead, before he left his confinement; but what had become of her heretic nephew and niecc, none of the loyal and true believers could be supposed interested to know.

In London, Oliver Temple passed several months, occupied with the usual pursuits and recreations of his age and station, apparently seeking happiness in society, but in reality searching for some clue whereby he might discover the place where Robert Welden and his sister had retreated. He did not dream that retreat was the grave! This truth was at last revealed to him. He saw accidentally in London, a gentleman whom he knew was acquainted with the Weldens. After several unsuccessful efforts, he at length obtained an interview with the man, who told him that Robert Welden, in a desperate attempt to escape from a prison where he had been thrown for his religion, had wounded his jailor, as it was thought dangerously, and that to avoid an ignominious death, which he knew awaited him, he committed suicide.

"And Rebecca, what became of Rebecca!" exclaimed Oliver, clenching his hands and drawing in his breath with the deep gurgling sound of a drowning man.

"She died the day after her brother."

"A self-murderer was she?"

The gentleman looked at Oliver, the veins of his neck and temples were swelling with the tide of passionate emotions which he could scarcely restrain from bursting into the violent paroxysm of insanity. He went to him, took his hand and said in a soothing tone, "Mr. Temple, this is a sorrowful business, but to the Lord we must resign ourselves and all that we hold dear. Remember the Lord doth not willingly afflict."

"Then she did not kill herself."

"No, no—she died of a fever, calmly as an infant falls asleep, and is now an angel in heaven."

Oliver's joints relaxed, his countenance lost its stern expression of passionate grief, his lip quivered, his eyelids drooped-one moment he struggled to suppress the outbreaking of his sorrow—but it might not be ;—nature triumphed over manly pride, he sunk into a chair and covered his face, wept and sobbed as audibly as a child. From that time Oliver Temple was a changed man. There was a solemn severity in his countenance that announced, without the form of words, the puritan in spirit. He considered himself as dead to the pleasures and hopes of this life, and the intensity of his thoughts and affections were directed how to secure the heavenly inheritance. To advance the cause for which Robert and Rebecca Welden had suffered was, as he believed, the only motive that induced him to wish to survive them. But in his own family, he could hardly hope his efforts would be of any avail. He heard of the expedition to the New World, that was to be undertaken by godly men who went forth in the faith and strength of the Lord of hosts, to found a nation where man should be free to worship according to the commands of scripture

and the dictates of conscience. In the mood of mind Oliver Temple then cherished, the expedition of the puritan colony was just the one he would have chosen to join, rather than have been proclaimed ruler of the whole earth. He wrote to Mr. Johnson, of whom he had heard much good, and communicating the most important events of his life, besought his aid to enable him to escape from the temptations by which he was surrounded. In short, he wished to join the expedition unknown to his father or family. Mr. Johnson, though he would not have advised this step, did not think it his duty to oppose it. The young man was, by the civil law, of age to act for himself; and though the parental authority was highly venerated by our ancestors, among themselves, yet like all who have a particular creed to support, involving what they consider, the eternal welfare of its believers, they were sometimes too intent on advancing their master's kingdom, to attend to the minor point of earthly claims. 'He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me,' was a favorite text with the puritans.

"Oliver Temple is willing to leave father and mother, yea, and houses and lands and title, for Christ's sake—shall I discourage this zeal, or throw obstacles in the way of its immediate accomplishment, which may in the end, prove a stumbling block to this young christian, even to the peril of his soul?" said Mr. Johnson to his wife. She agreed with him that such would be sin for those who professed to he willing to endure every cross rather than disobey God.

Oliver Temple was accordingly admitted secretly on board the ship, in which Mr. Johnson and his wife, with Governor Winthrop and others of the most important members of the emigrating company sailed.

There was no point of faith in which our ancestors were more fully established, than in the firm belief of an overruling providence, which watched in a particular manner over them. In all their conversation, this belief was apparent. Neither was it, as some may suppose, the language of cant, or mere form of words. The faith that enabled them to endure unrepiningly the terrors and hardships of the wilderness, was that of the soul. The thought that God demanded the sacrifice of every selfish consideration animated them to endure privations; and though now, in these days of peace and plenty, liberty and liberal principles, we may sometimes feel inclined to smile at what we are pleased to term the credulity of those primitive christians, yet the energy and consistency of their conduct, and the glorious results that have followed those labors they endured for their faith, should awe us from ridicule.

Indeed if we would but call up the scene when those selfexiled men bade adjeu to their homes in that pleasant land, where their fathers had dwelt, and severing the ties of soul, which seem the sinews of our life, embarked on a wide and gloomv ocean in search of a resting place in a new and almost unknown world, we should feel that they needed the high and holy excitement of a "faith that could remove mountains." They were not driven forth by the necessities of temporal want. They moved in obedience to the dictates of what they felt assured was the spirit of God ; and no wonder therefore, that their language should be imbued with those thoughts which filled their hearts. Hence arose their frequent inference that Providence, in a particular and especial manner directed their path. A sentiment, which if it cannot be deduced from philosophical principles, was, in their opinion, far more conclusively proved than mere human reason could have established it-it was taught in the Bible.

"All things shall work together for good to them that love God !" was pronounced in a triumphant tone by Governor Winthrop when he would animate the ship's crew for the battle which was expected momentarily to begin. The odds were fearfully against the puritans, yet the band of Leonidas was not more determined on victory or death. "It is the will of God that we should be tried," continued the Governor, "if our faith faint not, the crown of victory, either of life or of death, will be ours."

There was not a pale cheek or lip among the men, nor a tear seen, or a cry heard among the women and children. That Providence would direct the issue for their best good, all believed, trusted,—and when they discovered those they. had mistaken for Dunkirkers were indeed their own countrymen, the good Providence that had sent the trial, and yet shielded them from injury, was still more apparent. And it was thus every event that marked their passage to America was interpreted. Did fair weather and fair winds prevail ?—how providentially it was ordered that they might have a quick voyage when so much depended on their arrival early in the season ! If they were retarded by storms and contrary gales—God had seen that it was good for them to be afflicted—and by a dispensation of his Providence was testing their patience and submission.

And thus, when Governor Winthrop had, from Mr. Johnson and his wife, learned the particulars of Oliver Temple's history, did he discover, in every misfortune, which had befallen that young man, some particular bearing on his future destiny, on the part which Providence was fitting him to perform. And he felt persuaded that Oliver was to become a distinguished christian, a shining light in that sanctuary from persecution, that pure church, which was to be founded in America. Yet the Governor was not a visionary,—he calculated with the shrewdness of worldly prudence when worldly things were under discussion,-and he calculated that Oliver Temple would be a more active, and consequently a more useful man, could he be aroused from the torpor of sorrow which seemed to benumb his faculties, and was evidently preying fast on his health. But the sagacious Governor did not trust to arguments merely to effect his purpose. He knew that words were never more idly used than in endeavors to combat by reasoning the indulgence of those griefs which the mourner's heart has consecrated as sacred. But he calculated that if he could interest the young man's affections, those sensibilities which bind the human heart in fellowship with its kind, he would soon appear soberly cheerful as became his age and character.

The Governor communicated his views and feelings on the subject to the Lady Arabella and her husband. They both agreed it would be judicious.

"If it is practicable," said the Governor, "what do you think of promoting a match between this young man and your friend Lucy Perry?"

The Lady smiled with that kind of meaning which argued satisfaction.

"I have marked her modest deportment and pious attention to religious duties with much approbation," continued the Governor, "and I own I have felt that the young lady must make a great sacrifice of inclination to duty in going thus solitary to a strange land. I know she has excellent and dear friends in your ladyship and Mr. Johnson, but still I do think a kind protector, one of our strong and firm sex, is peculiarly necessary for the support of a delicate woman who ventures to be a sojourner in the wilderness."

The Lady Arabella looked on her husband with that expression of trusting love that told on whom she depended; the smile that answered her appeal spoke how fondly her confidence was appreciated. The Governor raised his handkerchief, as if clearing his eye of some mote that pained him —but the pain was at his heart; for at that moment the thoughts of his own wife, whom he had left, perhaps never to be united again, rushed so tumultuously on his mind, that, firm as he was, it unmanned him, and he strove to conceal the tears he could not restrain.

"I think Lucy Perry will make an excellent wife," observed Mr. Johnson.

"And I have no doubt Oliver Temple will be a kind busband," said the Lady Arabella.

"I believe their meeting thus together on board the vessel was providential; and that we shall be in the way of duty to endeavor to promote a marriage between them," said the Governor.

So the affair was settled—and though nothing like a modern match-making was undertaken by the Governor or his coadjutors in the plan, yet they contrived sometimes to bring the young people together, either to join in singing a particular tune in which it had been remarked their voices harmonized wonderfully, or else Lucy sat by the Lady Arabella as a listener, while Oliver was persuaded to read a chapter in "Precious Consolations for weary Souls," or some other of those quaint and devout books that formed the light reading of our ancestors.

Day after day thus passed, and though Oliver Temple had paid no more attention to Lucy than the ceremonious civility of those days, which was most conspicuous in the frequency and flexibility of the bows of a gentleman required, yet the Governor was firmly persuaded of the success of his scheme. He conferred with the Rev. Mr. Wilson respecting it, and his approval seemed still further to stamp it as

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designed by Providence. And Zechariah Long's opinion was a coincidence that appeared almost miraculous, or at least prophetic.

The Governor had thought it his duty to confer with that somewhat stern and peculiar, but yet esteemed and pious man, concerning Oliver. He found the suspicions of Zechariah were first awakened by hearing Oliver sigh and groan repeatedly in his sleep, as if his mind was burdenedand then he overheard him one day lamenting in bitter terms, to the Lady Arabella, for the death of some person. "And so," said Zechariah, "I found his sorrow was for the decease of some one, and I thought it could not be a relation, as he was not clothed in mourning garments, and he had come on board privately, and no person knew him save Mr. Johnson and his lady, and so I inferred that he was a son of some of their friends, and that he had in a guarrel, such things happen among the children of this world, and are called honorable, slain a man, a friend perhaps-especially as I thought he showed guilt with his grief."

"You judged hardly," said the Governor.

"I do repent me of it, since you have told me his history. And I wish we could devise something whereby the sadness of his countenance might be changed."

"I can join in your wish," said the Governor.

Zechariah raised his finger twice before he spoke, as if the weight of his subject required deliberate pondering then he came close to the Governor, and said in what he meant for a whisper—it might have been heard three paces,

"I have a thought, if it may be spoken, Governor, to you I will say it.—Would it not be well if the young man should find among us a companion who would comfort him for the loss of his first love? There is Lucy Perry—the maiden is comely and seems heavenly-minded."

Zecharish paused, fearing he had said too much on so worldly a subject, but the smile of the other reassured him.

" If such is the will of Providence it would exceedingly rejoice me," replied the Governor.

And from that time he felt assured it would be the will of Providence, and even spoke confidently to Mr. Wilson respecting the marriage which he might hold himself ready to solemnize.

Their long voyage at length drew to a close.

The cold winds of spring that hitherto had chilled the passengers, were exchanged for the warm breath of a summer gale laden with the perfume of fruit and flower, as if to welcome them to the shore where such treasures of the earth abounded. It was the season when the approach to our then wild country was the most inviting. The forest foliage was sufficiently expanded to conceal the rudeness and desolation that a leafless mass of trees presents, and it had not that dense, dark aspect which in its full maturity and verdure, made it look frowning and almost impenetrable. Some of the wild trees, the dogwood in particular, were in bloom, and their blossoms contrasted beautifully with the bright green of the young leaves, thus softening the majesty of the scene. They had been, for more than two months confined on board a crowded ship, and the idea of liberty to range abroad on the shore before them was of itself sufficient to bring rapturous exclamations from almost every tongue. But there were higher and holier considerations that called for rejoicing. They had been preserved amid the perils of the deep -the land they had sought as their place of rest was reached-their home!

"There, my Arabella, must be our home;—can you be contented to dwell there?" said Mr. Johnson to his wife, as he pointed to the sea of forest that stretched in the distance, far as the eye could penetrate.

The tear that was gathering in her dark eyes did not fall, it only brightened their expression, as she met her husband's gaze and calmly replied—" It will be home to me wherever you dwell, my husband."

"I wish the young man had better improved the opportunity that so providentially placed him in her society. But we must be content. It is, however, impressed on my mind that you will shortly be called to bless his nuptials," said Governor Winthrop to Mr. Wilson. They were both regarding Oliver Temple, who seemed, as he stood gazing on the shore, so rapt in the contemplation of the new and strange scene before him, that he was totally unmindful of the questions and exclamations his companions were pouring forth, as a boat from the harbor approached the vessel. Mr. Endicott and some others were in the boat.

"Welcome, welcome to Salem," was the greeting.

Oliver did not regard it. His eye was caught by a young

man who remained in the boat—the cry of "Robert Welden! is it you," burst in a shrick from his lips—and the next moment they were in each other's arms.

Robert and Rebecca had escaped. The tale of their death was an invention of Oliver Temple's father, to efface as he hoped effectually, the romantic dream of his son, that he should ever obtain the sister.

"How providential it was that this young man and Lucy Perry did not fall in love," said the Governor to Mr. Johnson a few days after they had landed. "We may see by this how easy it is for the wisdom of man to be turned into foolishness. I thought I had laid a mighty prudent plan, but lo! I now see my folly. We must submit ourselves and all that we have to God. He will in his good providence order events for our best happiness."

When the fleet, that brought over the colonists, had all arrived safely, a day of thanksgiving was appointed. This was July 8th, 1630—and on that day of rejoicing Oliver Temple and Rebecca Welden were married.

This was the first wedding celebrated in the colony that laid the foundation of Boston. There was great joy and many congratulations, and none of the guests appeared more disposed to kindly feelings on the occasion than Mr. Zechariah Long. His suspicions were all removed, and he stood so erect that his superior altitude was never afterwards a matter of question.

"How beautifully every thing is ordered by providence," said the Governor,

E. B. C.

I saw her in her youthful grace! She seemed like one not born to die, For hope was in her radiant face, And rapture sparkled in her eye. Her voice yet lingers in my ear, Now warmly gushing, full and free, Now gently flowing, calm and clear As music on the silent sea.

How high her beautiful disdain Would rise at some ungenerous deed ! How soon at sight of human pain Her quick and tender heart would bleed. The changes o'er her brow came fast As colors on the seraph's wing; Nor ever from her spirit passed The glory of her opening spring. I saw her when the robes of death Were lightly folded round her form, And leaned to hear some lingering breath, To learn if still the heart were warm. The morning light was o'er her spread, And all was life-like in its glow; As glistening in the eastern red The frozen fountain seems to flow. This is death's mercy-thus he throws A living calm-a thoughtful shade-A mournful beauty of repose Round the dark ruin he hath made. But when the snowy hand I pressed, And felt the deep mysterious chill, It flashed conviction to my breast, And all my busy hopes were still. I see her yet-she cannot die! When evening brings the pensive hour, And day hath closed its weary eye She comes upon my heart with power, And spreads through all my troubled breast The spirit of immortal dreams, That gild the dreary hours of rest And fleet not when the morning beams. I see hear yet-I see her now A tenant of the brightest sky Where sorrow never clouds the brow

And tears are strangers to the eye, I see her standing with the blest; And now her heavenly years begin,

My weary heart retires to rest

And mourns not for what once has been. March, 1828. Å

MRS. HEMANS' POETRY.

MRS. HEMANS' POETRY.

IF our journal had been in existence at the time of Mrs. Hemans' greatest popularity, we are not sure that we should have joined our voice to the general acclamation; not from want of admiration of her talents, but because it was evident to all who reflected on the subject, that such excitement was not of a kind to endure. Accordingly the tide has now turned a little; she is as deserving of applause as ever, but readers have grown weary of her unvaried excellence, and it is not in the nature of critics to persist in giving praise. We are glad therefore to take this opportunity to declare, that in our humble opinion, she keeps on steadily improving : and the passing shade under which she labors, is owing to the public caprice, which, if it admires rapturously to-day, grows ashamed of its enthusiasm to-morrow.

This is no reproach to Mrs. Hemans; and before we condemn the public, we should ask if it is not perfectly natural. We admire the grand and beautiful scenes of nature, which she delights in representing; but they are not calculated to afford a source of interest that excludes every other : they are intended to afford relief from care, to rest and exalt the mind for other exertions; and any one who retires to live in perpetual communion with nature, soon discovers that it cannot, of itself, always fill and employ the mind. Mrs. Hemans' writings have met us on leaves as numerous as those of the forest, and it is not to be expected that we should feel a constant excitement like that they first awakened. The interest however does not so much lessen, as change : the new star which stood out before the rest, ceases to be a wonder, but quietly takes its rank in the sky : and since we may see the effect of this familiarity every day in common life, it seems strange, that when it operates on the fame of distinguished persons, it should occasion so much anger and dismay.

Mrs. Hemans has written much : and this also has aided to produce the effect just mentioned. She must gain this command over her treasures like Aladdin, by means of her lamp : but the natural effect of their abundance is to reduce their value. We know none of her writings which we would willingly spare : but unquestionably, had she written less, her fame at this moment would have been greater, because the public are always louder in their demands for what is withheld, than in their gratitude for what is given. This misfortune she shares in common with Scott; but many years will not pass, before the distinction of old and new in their works will be forgotten, and their writings be considered as a whole ; then their fame will no longer be affected by the chances of public feeling.

Something of Mrs. Hemans' loss of popularity is owing to her imitators, who have followed her in a procession that has not yet passed by. We do not accuse these worthies of imitating by design; such is generally their opinion of their own powers, that they would hardly pay that homage to Milton : the resemblance is doubtless unconscious, and caused by their naturally falling in with the tone and manner they admire. But the peculiarities of a writer are much more easily copied than his genius : they have therefore given us her Lime and Chestnut groves without their solemn beauty; and her children, with nothing of the originals but their "fair hair" and "sunny brow." We have been so often imposed upon with the counterfeit, that we suspect the merit of the true : and we charge her with all the dullness of those who affected her manner without any of her inspiration.

We shall now take the liberty of giving our opinion of Mrs. Hemans' writings.

We are most surprised at her imagination. It is wonderfully active and fertile; and seems to gain in vigor by exercise, instead of being exhausted by repeated demands. She abounds also in delicate and affecting sentiment; but the images are certainly the principal charm in her writings. We do not speak of figures meant for illustration, but of the scenes and pictures she continually brings before us. She takes some incident she has noted down in her various reading, and gathers round it a profusion of rich and appropriate images, all judiciously selected to heighten the force of the description. The "Song of the Curfew" is an instance of this : it is a collection of pictures, each striking and beautiful, but all in perfect harmony, and so well blended as to produce a single and deep impression. Her answer to the question "Where slumber England's dead ?" is another: in this, by a few happy words, the images of the many regions

in which the armies of England have fought, are brought at once before the mind, in a single magnificent view ;---but the heart which thrills at the pictures of navies bearing their thunder to the utmost limit of the deep, is made thoughtful as it should be, by the sight of seas and deserts which have been covered with the dead—the seals of the nothingness of Sometimes a simple excitement is thus brought in glory. with great effect, as in the "Traveller at the source of the Nile:" but it will be found that the sentiment owes its effect not to its point or originality, but to the scene of weariness, distance, and solitude, which she brings at the same time before us. It may interest Americans to observe how she has brought all the power of her imagery to bear on the "Landing of the Pilgrims;" an event which apart from its interest to ourselves, is doubtless one of the most impressive recorded in the history of man. This facility of imagination sometimes leads astray; and though she has no great faults, we think the principal one in her writings may be traced to this. Every reader has probably been struck with an occasional brilliancy which did not seem in place: and which though she has very little except genius in common with Moore, sometimes reminds us of the more sparkling of his writings. As an instance of this, we may mention the "Wreck" where she describes the attitude of the dead with a gracefulness which is by no means in keeping with so wild and fearful a scene. This too is the reason why her longer pieces are far from being the most successful, particularly the "Siege of Valencia," in which the various pictures of a mother's agony and love, though always beautiful and natural in themselves, are painful almost to weariness, and as has happened in many other cases, the lighter pieces will float down the stream of time, when these are sunk beneath We prefer her enamel painting-but this we sometimes it. admire, like the crystal casing of the trees a few weeks ago-glad to see it once or twice no doubt, but having serious fears for the vegetation to which it clung.

We know not that we could find any other considerable fault in Mrs. Hemans' if we were so disposed; but it is a much easier and pleasanter employment to point out her merits; and these are not a few. We are most of all disposed to praise the moral character of her writings. We could not of course expect to find her page stained like many

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others of the present day, with allusions which the poet would not dare to make in familiar conversation; purity was a thing to be expected; but Mrs. Hemans claims a higher praise than this, for her constant endcavor to inspire sentiments such as poetry has not always recommended by its teaching or example. All the impressions given by her various writings, are such as tend to animate her readers to perform the duties of life, rather than to lament the destiny assigned them : instead of that gloom which too many poets delight in, we find a bright light cast over all by conscience and religion. It is not intrusive in us to say, that Mrs. Hemans is known to have been acquainted with grief; and it is no small evidence of the justness of her views of duty, that she has abstained from borrowing an interest from this source, as she doubtless might have done with success. She intimates only, that there are sorrows from which none can hope to be free, but that happiness flows from fountains within the breast. To resist this melancholy tendency of the art, would in any one be a service to the cause of virtue; and it is particularly praiseworthy in those whose lot seems not to be happy.

We do not mean to speak of Mrs. Hemans as a moralist by profession: we allude to her indirect influence; for, in reading poetry, the good or evil is produced not by single sentiments, but by the whole impression which is left upon the mind. Very little of Mrs. Hemans' poetry is didactic; but the air of the whole is favorable to just views of human life and duty. Neither is this a trifling benefit; let a reader, if such an one can be found, go through L. E. L.'s writings, and then ask what impression they would give to any one who read them with interest and feeling. Would it not be, that in human life, as Orator Phillips would say, all above was sunshine, and all beneath, flowers; and that when this ceased to be the case, life was no longer a blessing; that the whole business of women is to love, and of men to dance in the ball-room or die in the field; and that so far as men are not gallant and graceful, and women not lovely and loving, they have no business in this world? Shakspeare on the contrary (and Mrs. H. seems to be much of the same opinion) calls this a "working day world;" and we fear that he has the right of the matter. We cannot help doubting whether moral and intellectual improvement would go on

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very fast under Miss Landon's dispensations; and though we charge her with no more atrocious crime than that of being a young lady, we are disposed to give our verdict for those who make the world less of a Paradise, and prepare no young hearts to be disappointed. Miss Landon may say that she does not profess to describe what really takes place in the world : but the worthy class who are most likely to study her writings, are tolerably sanguine, and will endeavor to make the world what, in their opinion, it ought to be.

Again, Mrs. Hemans surprises us in all her writings, with her varied attainments. In her earlier writings, we find translations from almost every modern language; her acquaintance with history too, appears to be intimate and large; not so much from the historical incidents which form the subject of so many of her pieces, for these might have been sought out for the occasion, but from the bold and familiar manner in which she treats them. And here we must say, that by these little sketches, she is doing a service to her readers : we have no fear lest this embellishment shall produce an aversion to historical truth in general;---to us, the effect seems precisely the reverse; it gains many readers to history, who never would have gone to the volumes in which its treasures are locked up, if their curiosity had not been thus excited. The same remark will apply to Scott, though so far as there is any substance in the charge of perverting historical truth, it bears much harder upon him. Where history affords mere diagrams, Mrs. Hemans' works them up into rich and beautiful pictures, assembling in them all the recollections; we venture to say, there are some who never would have read the history of Henry 1st, had they not read "He never smiled again." Mrs. H. as well as Scott, has given an interest to the name of Richard, which makes readers interested in an age which, as it brings England into contact with the continent, with Asia, with Egypt, and the declining Greek Empire, leads on to an extensive acquaintance with history; the dullest reader becomes curious to trace the Saracens along the northern coast of Africa into Spain, and to follow the vast crusading coalitions through the Mediterranean to Syria, as they go to carry back a retribution.

Not the least remarkable thing in Mrs. Hemans, is her

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entire absence of display. With learning enough to fix the reputation of an elegant scholar, she only discloses it incidentally, and when she cannot avoid it. She does not, like too many a great example, heap note upon note to illustrate, not the author's text, but his learning; and she is resolutely silent on the subject of her own attainments, except when a word in explanation is required by the reader. This forbearance deserves all praise; it is a necessary submission to the prejudice of the world, which admires a woman for possessing learning, but makes it a capital offence in her to glory in it after the manner of men.

Mrs. Hemans has done as much as any writer to keep up the respectability of female talent. Feminine she certainly is, in all her appearance and pretensions. She never suffers her reader to forget, in his surprise at her genius, that she is a "tender and delicate woman," who has more reserve than ambition. There have been female writers who unsexed themselves as completely as Lady Macbeth: but thanks to Mrs. Barbauld and others, the generation is passed away. Few writers have been more extensively read than Mrs. Hemans; in this country her works are familiar from St. Augustine to the Lake of the Woods; and yet what is known of her in America, except that she is an accomplished woman? Had it been a man, how often his biography would have been written, and his visage engraven; but Mrs. Hemans has never published her own history, nor, so far as we know, has she ever opened her window to listen to the sweetest of all sounds-the echoes of well earned applause.

Our limits do not allow a particular criticism of her writings. We can only mention that we are sorry to see how the "Dirge of the Highland Chief in Waverly" is altered from its original form. It seems to show that she is not always happy in revising—but possibly she might have been influenced by others. Campbell, whose best works bear marks of labor, was equally unsuccessful in altering "Lochiel's Warning." We give the original dirge as it was offered to Scott, from memory, and our readers who have the volume of her earlier writings, may compare it with the revised copy.

Son of the mighty and the free! Loved leader of the faithful brave! Was it, for highborn chief like thee, To fill the nameless grave ? Oh! hadst thou slumbered with the slain, Could glory's death have been thy lot, Even though on red Culloden's plain, We then had mourned thee not.

But darkly closed thy morn of fame, That morn, whose sunbeam rose so fair; Revenge alone may breathe thy name, The watchword of despair. Yet oh, if gallant spirits' power Hath e'er ennobled death like thine, Then glory marked thy parting hour— Last of a mighty line !

O'er thy own towers the sunbeam falls, But cannot cheer their lonely gloom: Those beams that gild thy native walls, Are sleeping on thy tomb! Spring on thy mountains laughs the while, The wild woods wave in vernal air; But the loved scenes may vainly smile----Not even thy dust is there !

O'er thy blue hills no bugle's sound Is mingled with the torrent's roar; Unmarked the red deer sport around, Thou lead'st the chase no more! Thy gates are closed—thy halls are still! Those halls where swelled the choral strain They hear the wild winds murmuring shrill, And all is hushed again.

Thy bard his pealing harp has broke ! His fire, his joy of song is past: One lay to mourn thy fate he woke, The saddest, and the last. No other theme to him was dear Than lofty deeds of thine : Hushed be the strain thou canst not hear, Last of a mighty line !

We are strongly disposed to look upon Mrs. Hemans as the first of a new order of poets; we cannot help believing that an age of poetry is at hand, when the moral excellence of man shall be celebrated with more enthusiasm than oppressive power or unhallowed affection; when the poets shall look down into the depths of the soul for the principle that nerves the martyr, that sustains the philanthropist, and trims the secret lamp of long-suffering affection; and shall breathe it to the world, not in "dark sayings on the harp," but in language simple and fervent, such as man uses in speaking with deep interest to man. We see nothing discouraging to poetry in the aspect of the times; neglected, for any length of time, it cannot be; the thirst for what is excellent and enduring, the admiration of what is truly great, the earnest desire of a purer state of being, will find a voice in man, and the language it speaks, will be poetry, whatever name it bears.

THE LEAVE-TAKING.

Addressed to a very young and beautiful Boy.

FAREWELL, my Boy! when I am gone, as soon I must be, I shall think o'er all thy charms, Thy innocent prattle, and thy angel face, And every feature stampt with beauty there; And thou wilt think of me-but oh, not long! Pass some few days, and then a flitting thought, A recollection vague of him on whom Thou'st lavish'd thy caresses day by day, Will come across thy soul; and thou will straight, With marvellous eloquence, discourse of all The mimic wonders of thy little world,-The rude creations of a hand unskill'd To please a nicer judgment than thine own,-And then I am forgot! So let it be. Why should'st thou think of one whom Fortune spurns, Whom Care oppresses, and whom friends desert? Ah me! I utter soft complaints of thee, And on the instant I forget for whom

My soul pours out itself in numbers fond, Though artless. What shouldst thou have ever heard Of that blind goddess that deludes the world? And what of wrinkled Care, or friends turn'd false? O no, bright Cherub! If the joys of life Are link'd with wealth, and Fortune's gifts alone Can make man happy, then thy cup of bliss Is full to overflowing; and if Care Disdain companionship, except with Age Or dark Remorse, thou yet art free to roam Among the flowers of life, and lightly tread Them under foot, or artless shower them on Thine innocent head. And then can Friendship e'er Prove recreant to thee ?--- a basalisk To kill thee with a look? Oh, God forbid! Yet art thou not in danger? What if in The silken folds of fond Indulgence thou Art lost? I startle at the unbidden thought. And wish, with seeming cruelty, that fate On some rude mountain's side thy lot had fix'd; That thou might'st breathe the buxom air, and knit Thy sinews in the gale, and know no joys Save those which health and liberty confer. But I will not believe it. Friends thou hast That never will deceive; and thou, if prayer Is heard in heaven, shalt grow in beauty still,-By either hand, remote from danger's paths, Led on by Virtue and by Wisdom,-while With her own roses, Health shall tinge thy cheek And wreath thy comely brow. And when the years Of frolic youth, that flit like light beneath The vernal clouds, are o'er,-and thou hast run Thy manly course with honor and renown,-Thou like the sun on some warm summer's eve, That slow departing sheds his genial beams, (Even to the very last, diffusing good) Shalt gently sink upon thy couch of rest. Lov'd one! such prayer is mine; 'tis all that I Can give—'tis all that thou canst want of me. And now, one passionate embrace, and then We separate! thou to partake of joys That never tire nor satiate-I to seek In solitude that peace which flies the world. So the fond bird that sees its young well fledg'd, By instinct prompted, uses every art

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To lure them to the fields—there shows them how To spread their wings, and poise themselves in air ;— This done, offspring and parent soar at once Toward heaven, then part, nor know each other more !

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" Alas ! they all are in their graves-the gentle race of flowers, Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours."

THE interesting month of October has again arrived, with all its sad and decaying beauty-all its poetical imageryand its moral sentiment. It is with me a favorite season. I welcome its pure air, its clear distant sky, its cold dark clouds, that float so rapidly as if eager to fly to a sunnier clime; its short rich twilight, and the calm bright evenings that succeed it; for these are in themselves sources of enjoyment; they are associated with joys that are past, and they tell too of joys that are yet to come, of mirth and frolic, and of sober intellectual enjoyment around the winter's hearth. But there are feelings of a holier nature, which the season is calculated to awaken, in every susceptible heart. The silent flitting of the seared leaf to the ground, conveys a lesson the most touching, and important, to every mind, that is not dead to moral impressions. It reminds us that "we all do fade as a leaf."

To those who feel that the autumn of their lives has commenced, hastened by the withering touch of sorrow, the season has a deep, perhaps too affecting a sympathy. It speaks to them of those attachments and hopes, which like the foliage, and the flowers of summer were once their glory and their joy; but which are now withered and scattered by the blasts of adversity; while they remain, like a tree, stripped of their brightest blessings, and feeling as if *all* that remained to them of earthly good, was fluttering in the chilling gale, ready to fall, and leave them utterly bereft.

This season has for me a peculiar interest, as it brings to my mind, recollections connected with an interesting and

endeared family, in whose pleasures and sorrows, during one bright autumn, like the present, I intimately shared. There is a feeling nearly allied to happiness in sympathizing in the afflictions of the good. Their sorrows are indeed sacred, and the consolations that attend them are at once soothing and sublime. Though many years have passed away since the event which so deeply afflicted this family, and made an impression on my mind which time can never erase, all the circumstances of it are now vividly before me, and I find a melancholy pleasure in retracing them.

The evening after my arrival I spent in walking with them in their beautiful garden. It surrounded the house, and the flowers and shrubbery were disposed around it with the most perfect taste. The pretty white parsonage house, embowered, as it was, in tall elms, and woodbine, and honeysuckle, looked, as it was like a bower of peace, in a little world of fragrance and beauty. The scenery around it was no less charming. It combined almost every variety of the beautiful, with much of the sublime. On the north and east the prospect was bounded by an irregular range of lofty mountains, their summits rising against the clear sky, into a thousand fantastic shapes, and their sides clothed with patches of verdure, and here and there shaded by clusters of tall pines. Though the shades of evening were gathering about us, the last rays of the sun were lingering among those cliffs, and edging their summits with gold. Mountain scenery was new to me, and this was more beautiful and impressive than any I had ever imagined. Anna's heart was overflowing with joy and kindness. She pointed out to me objects and views she thought delightful; and expatiated with enthusiasm on the many charming scenes which lay

hid among those mountains, and the extensive and rich prospects they commanded.

"I am glad," said she, "that you have come just now, as Henry is soon to return home; he is familiar with every spot of interest about us, and we shall have many a fine excursion with him."

Henry was her only brother; he was to graduate the next commencement, at the university of ——, and he was coming to pass the few weeks previous to it at home.

The evening and the scenes around me were enchanting, but the conversation of Mr. and Mrs. W. was what prolonged the charm. They seemed to behold every object, not only with the eye of the poet and the painter, but with the deep fervent gratitude of the christian. Their conversation was taste and feeling, blended with grateful and pious sentiment. They saw every thing as the work of an indulgent father, whose love has made "the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice," and all nature to be " beauty to the eye, and music to the ear" of his intelligent children. As Mr. W. observed, it had for them an interest and a language which those can never understand, who regard it merely as the work of chance; or of a being distant and undefined, with whom they have no connexion.

I had heard much of Mr. W.'s excellence. I now found that but a faint shade of it had reached the world beyond him; its full force and beauty was felt and appreciated only in the midst of his beloved parishioners, and in the bosom of his own family.

He was eminent not only for his talents, but he was beloved for his piety and the unbounded benevolence of his heart. To live within the sacred sphere of such a man's influence, (his own family) and to watch the hourly exercise of his goodness, is indeed a privilege. I esteemed it so, and was happy. To the faithful discharge of his ministerial and parochial duties, his heart was wholly devoted. From the pulpit his exhortations to his flock were full of pathos and power; and his voice and manner, which were ever the exact and forcible expression of his feelings, produced even more effect than his words. The deep, tremulous tones of his voice, and the melting expression of his dark, and usually flashing eye, while he exhorted them to repentance, or encouraged them to persevere in the path of holiness, and

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the intensity of his supplications in prayer, evinced how ardently he desired their spiritual welfare. His visits among them were frequent, and it was evident by their devoted attentions, and tearful eyes, whenever he appeared, that they loved him with enthusiasm as their best friend, and revered him as a christian—" the highest style of man."

Mrs. W. was elegant in mind and person, and was every way worthy to be, as she was, the bosom friend of her husband. She was devoted to him, and consequently entered with zeal into all his feelings, and pursuits, and duties. But in the exemplary discharge of those duties peculiarly devolving on her in her family, and among her people, she was actuated not only by a sense of duty to her God, and her husband, but by the dictates of her own kind and gentle heart.

She was indeed one with him in every good word and work, a softened and more elegantly pourtrayed reflection of himself, and she reposed beneath his protecting tenderness, and walked in the light of his talents and piety in confiding happiness, and seemed almost unconscious of a separate being.

Their cordial and interesting characters had drawn around them a circle of attached, and admiring friends. In this congenial atmosphere, Mr. W. shone preeminent; all the latent energies of his mind expanded, all the tenderness of his heart burst forth. In conversation he was always animated, and he never failed of exciting the feelings, and awakening the energies of those who conversed with hima. His comprehensive mind embraced an almost unbounded range of intelligence; all that is beautiful in nature or sentiment, in art or science, he understood and felt; and his views and feelings as a christian, were so beautifully blended with those of the classic scholar, and the calm philosopher, that there were few so insensible as not to be affected by it.

From Anna I learned that he was a poet too, though he seldom "penned his inspiration;" but it spoke in the flashes of his dark penetrating eye, and infused itself into his language, giving it a richness and glow, that charmed while it edified.

One day, as we were sitting at dinner, a boy entered, and handed Mr. W. a letter. It was from Henry, saying that since he last wrote he had been sick of a fever. He was fast recovering, when by too carly an exposure he had a relapse; but as he was now able to ride, they might soon expect him home. This intelligence awakened the most painful anxiety in his parents; but Anna thought only of his return. For many days she was busily employed in arranging every thing in the garden, and about the house, in the most tasteful manner for his reception. As we returned one evening soon after, from a long walk, a stage stood at the gate. "It is Henry," exclaimed Anna, and sprang, in an instant, into the house.

It was indeed Henry, and when I entered the parlor, Aana was folded in his arms.

"I was right," said she, as she turned her swect face glowing with joy towards me, "and I now have the happiness of introducing you, E. to my dear brother."

"I am so happy to look upon you again, Henry," she continued; "I have expected you so impatiently—but you look very ill."

"You do indeed," said Mrs. W. anxiously; "I fear your strength was not sufficient for the journey."

"I am not so ill as you imagine, dear mother," said Henry, "though not perfectly recovered; but I shall be well now," he added, as he cast his eye around upon every well known object in the room, "sickness, and all its attendant evils, I know will vanish before the "spells of home."

"They are very powerful, my son, and may you find them effectual," said his father, with a sad smile, as he bent an anxious and searching glance upon his pale countenance.

Sickness had indeed laid its hand heavily upon Henry, and its hue still lingered upon his fine and noble features, giving them a more expressive interest. His pale and lofty brow formed a striking contrast with his dark hair, and his large and soft black eyes, whose calm and deep expression no one that once met them could ever forget. They now beamed with the brightest lustre, as surrounded by his devoted family, he spoke to them of the sickness and sorrow he had experienced during his absence ; of the kindness it had called forth from his friends and classmates—and in his turn listened to Anna's glowing description of the few events that had broken in upon their usual quiet; and of the many enjoyments which had been but half enjoyed without his participation.

The return of Henry gave additional interest to every

thing connected with the parsonage. Though weak and languid, he was able to take short walks with us every day for the first week. The season was uncommonly mild and beautiful, and nature then exhibited only the first gentle touches of decay. Every thing without spoke to the heart of Henry, and awoke all the poetry of feeling that lived in the hidden recesses of his soul. There was a slight shade of melancholy in his character; this his illness had increased, until it tinged every object that met his view; but it served rather to chasten, than diminish his enjoyment of them. We sometimes extended our walks along the bank of the river which comes down in noise and foam from the hills, but as it approached this quiet domain, it assumed a character in consonance, and wound placidly through the meadow nearly encircling it in its arms. In one place it passed with a gentle murmur through a small copse of trees, which mingled their branches above, and formed a cool and shady retreat. This had been much improved by Henry's taste, and was the frequent and favorite resort of the family.---Here Mr. W. often came to read and study, and here we now passed many happy hours-sharing in conversations, in listening to which angels may have lingered on their wings The strong, elegant and heaven-directed mind above us. of Mr. W. presided over those of the group; as the vigorous oak, at whose trunk we were seated, towered above the trees around it, and they expanded beneath his kindly shade, • and discovered traits of retiring excellence, that would not have dared the full glare of day. It was here I saw most of the purity and elevation of Henry's mind, the clearness of his understanding, and the simple tenderness of his heart.

But these hours, so dear to memory, soon passed away. Henry became too ill to leave the house. The symptoms, which had from the first awakened anxiety, now assumed an alarming and decided character; and the physician, though he forbore to confirm their fears, gave them little encouragement.

The intense anxiety which was now felt'for him, those can best tell who have experienced it. His mother watched over him, with unremitting and unwearied attentions; and though she spoke to him the language of cheerfulness and hope, the tears that fell silently upon her changing cheek, when some new form of his fatal disorder appeared, told that grief was wringing her heart.

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The powerful struggle in the mind of his almost idolizing father, was apparent from the agitation of his manners when he watched the deep flush on his son's pallid face; from his increased earnestness when he spoke of our need of affliction, of the power of heavenly consolation, and from the intensity of his supplication when Henry was remembered at the family altar.

Anna, sanguine and inexperienced, though she wept to see him suffer, constantly cherished the hope of his speedy recovery, and exerted every power to cheer the depression that preyed upon him. He conversed cheerfully with the few friends who called to see him; but when they left him, he would relapse into settled despondency; and when Anna or his mother strove by some gentle act to cheer him, or to relieve his sufferings, he would fix his eyes, full of mournful tenderness upon them, and if he spoke, the tones of his voice were like mournful music, which thrills through the heart, awakening all that is tender and devout within us.

It was not that he was a stranger to religion, that he sank at the prospect of death. It had long been a living principle within him; and to its holy influence he was indebted for the strength and purity of his character. But this trial passed like a dark cloud over his mind, and for a time excluded every ray of light and peace. The thought that he must be taken from those he loved only less than God, that he must close his eyes forever on this beautiful earth, —that those bright prospects upon which he had dwelt so fondly, must be blighted,—that his earthly course, which he had marked out to be so useful and so happy, was to terminate so suddenly in the grave ! Could he be resigned ?

He was distinguished as a scholar, and held a high place in the affections of his classmates. His talents, the firmness of his principles, the warmth of his attachments, and his unaffected piety, had made him a favorite. As the time drew near when he should have returned to receive the highest honours of the university; the struggle, between religious feeling and the long cherished wishes of his heart, was distressing. He even proposed the possibility of being conveyed by short stages to ——, and after sufficient rest, of performing his part at the commencement. But his mother, pressing his hands warmly in her own, said to him, " all is right, dear Henry; every event of your life is directed by your Father in Heaven; and can you, my child, doubt his love ?"

This kind reproof melted him in tears, and the subject was never again mentioned.

Sometimes he would sit at the hour of sunset, by the parlor window, which commanded a full view of the setting sun and of the rich landscape on either side of the river, and while contemplating the calm beauty of the scene, a glow of happiness would spring up in his heart, and diffuse itself over his languid countenance. The spirit of the past came over him, and he would speak with enthusiasm of those happy days, when in the full glow of fancy and feeling, he had, with Anna, enjoyed such a scene from some one of the irregular summits of those distant hills, or from the banks of their own quiet river, engaged in conversation until the gathering shades of evening warned them to return to their happy home. At such times he would seem to forget his pain and weakness, and was the same ardent, affectionate being his friends had known him in the days of health, and they could not but indulge hopes of his recovery. But a sense of weakness would soon recall him to himself; and he would turn from a view so full of the past, and sink back in his seat, with a heavier weight of depression at his heart.

At length the fatal symptoms of consumption became too apparent for mistake, and he was wholly confined to his chamber.

As the fluctuations of hope and fear subsided, and settled into a solemn certainty of death, his mind became calm and happy; and he wondered that the things of earth could ever have had such power to affect him. It was when he first felt the golden chords of his attachment to life must be riven, that his agony was extreme; as they loosened, his hopes and desires were fixed more fervently on a higher state of existence—and he thought less that he was *leaving earth*, than that he was entering heaven !

As his body weakened, his soul shone forth with more vigour and beauty—and though he spoke but little, it was with a tenderness and force that thrilled us.

With Anna he conversed whenever it was in his power; in her intellectual and religious improvement he had always taken a lively interest. Ile now felt it more strongly than ever; and he strove to allay the anguish she suffered, at the idea of his death, by imparting to her his own peace-inspiring views of it.

She came in one day from the garden with a beautiful rose, just opening, and presented it to Henry. He admired it for a moment in silence, and then raising his eyes with animation towards her, said, "I thank you, dear Anna, for Its opening petals beautifully remind me of my this rose. own happy change. Like this, my spirit will soon burst from the frail covering that confines it, and my better hopes -my purest desires will expand forever in a state which knows no obstruction. I now contemplate it with unmixed joy. I feel it a 'glorious boon to die.' Dearest sister, dry your tears, and participate in my peace and hope. Think not that our love and our intercourse is at an end. Oh no-all that you have really loved in me will still live. Remember my influence will ever be about you; to connect you with another world-and gently to withdraw you from the love of this. Let me be associated with all that is elevated and happy within yourself-with all that is delightful in nature, and which we have loved so well. Our Heavenly Father has ordered this transient separation for your good-to reveal to you your close connexion with the world of spirits; and to prepare you for it. You have lived far too much for yourself; too well satisfied with the enjoyments of earth. O! let my departure be the means of making you all you might—all you should become; and you will soon join me, when we shall be united forever."

Although at first his decline had been unusually rapid, towards the last

"He sank by slow degrees away, "So calmly from his sorrows borne; "That like the opening blush of day, "So softly spread—ye scarce can say "Which is the twilight—which the morn."

It was one of those soft and dreary afternoons, so peculiar to the month of October, when the gentle zephyrs hardly fan their wings, as if fearful of hastening the fall of those seared leaves and blossoms, which have so often waved in gladness at their approach, that Henry became unusually restless, and requested to be placed in a chair near the open His mother feared he was too weak; but he lookwindow. ed up imploringly to her, and said, " Do, dear mother, let me look once more upon the objects I have loved-upon the

places that have known me-but shall know me no more." He saw her tears and was silent. His wish was gratified; though we feared the trembling thread of his existence would part in the exertion. He sat with his head supported on his father's shoulder; and his eye fixed on the distant blue of the cloudless sky. A yellow leaf, from the woodbine that clung round the window, loosed and fell silently upon the casement. A faint flush passed over his face as he started, and looked wishfully towards it. Anna placed it in his hands, and he raised his eyes, which now beamed with unearthly brightness, to his father, and said faintly-" My spirit was lingering too fondly over the things of time;— this frail emblem of my mortality came, as a messenger, to recall me-I obey its summons." Tears prevented a reply. He was soon replaced in his bed in a state of extreme exhaustion;-and before the evening, his angelic spirit was gently disencumbered of its "house of clay."

A. B. E.

THE VALENTINE.

"Have you offered the Valentine gift ?" she cried, "And welcomed the day's return ?" Her eye was bright with maiden pride, But her check grew pale—and then was dyed With a blush that seemed to burn.

"In truth I knew not, what to choose," Said the youth with a modest bow, "And I fear my favorite girl might refuse, And then hope's blessed light I should lose; The charm that cheers me now.

But would you, Mary, name to me Some gift of holy power, Which, speaking my fond fidelity, Would win the smile were heaven to me,

I'd seek the gift this hour."

His soul might be read in his enger eye; Her downcast glance was mute, But there was heard a gentle sigh Mingling its breath with her gay reply, Like soft tremblings of a flute.

"O the flower is dead, and the bird is flown, That move the heart by a sign; So suppose you speak in the true-lover's tone, And offer your heart and hand?"—'tis done ! And they blessed the Valentine.

INFANT EDUCATION.

INFANT EDUCATION.

THE interesting subject of Infant Schools is becoming more and more fashionable. Intelligent writers are, in our public Journals, giving such information as cannot fail to interest all who feel the importance of education. We have been told that it is now in contemplation, to open a school for the infants of others besides the poor. If such course be not soon adopted, at the age for entering the primary schools those poor children will assuredly be the richest scholars. And why should a plan which promises so many advantages, independent of merely relieving the mother from her charge, be confined to the children of the indigent? It is nearly, if not quite impossible, to teach such little ones at home, with the facility they are taught at an infant school. And if a convenient room is prepared, and faithful and discreet agents employed, parents may feel secure that their darlings are not only safe, but improving.

Some have expressed their fears that if children at so early an age are thus made happy by strangers, and abroad, that they will lose that fondness for their mother which constitutes so much of her happiness, and of the charm of domestic life. But why apprehend such consequences? If they have been happy at school, how joyful must they be to prattle of that happiness at home? And how welcome, after a short absence, which the mother has probably spent in preparations for them, to her eye and ear, will be their sweet faces and chirping voices!

Every parent knows that the best infants have hours of uneasiness, perhaps crossness. This arises from the same causes as the ennui of grown children-sometimes from disease, much oftener from idleness. If infants are employed in a manner that amuses them, they will neither be mischievous or cross. Send them then to a school, where the *play* that is making them happier, will be making them wiser. The money paid for expensive toys, that in the end cause children more vexation than pleasure, would provide apparatus for a school-room. And then while the mother found her task of educating her little ones so greatly assisted, the father would have equal cause for satisfaction in the proficiency and conduct of his babes. When he came from the countingroom or the shop, fatigued with the cares of business, he need not fear being saluted with complaints, how bad the children had behaved, by their mother, or clamors for sugar plums or rocking-horses from the discontented urching. Would there not be, even with the mirth that such infantile efforts awaken, a feeling of confidence that his son would become a useful and respected man,

when with his yet scarcely formed accents he hears him singing our national air, (which the editor of the Yankee observes, is sung at the Infant Schools in England—a proof that liberal principles are gaining ground,) to the words:—

> "Five times five are twenty-five, And five times six are thirty, And five times seven are thirty-five, And five times eight are forty."

Or that little song which teaches not only to measure time, but to improve it, beginning,

> "Sixty seconds make a minute, Time enough to tie my shoe," &c.

The same writer calls Infant Schools "the chamber of power," —"the generator of a miraculous energy, to the most beautiful and extensive system of moral machinery that was ever set up on our earth." This power may be put in operation by the efforts of women. Will they not exert themselves in a cause which promises so many advantages, and which is so decidedly within their province? It is far more to the honor of a woman's name to be active in promoting education, than to shine as an author.

A little work entitled Infant Education, compiled by a lady of New-York, from English publications, is the only book on the subject we have seen. A small volume, by Mr. Holbrook, is said to be in the press. Such a work is very much needed.

LEARNING TO READ.

It is reported that an art has been discovered by M. De Laforre, a French gentleman, by which children may be taught to read in any language, in from nine to forty hours. For the art of teaching the Deaf and Dumb we are indebted to the French; the achievement of M. De Laforre, (if successful) will be far more important than that of L' Abbe Sicard, because there are such multitudes, who, without some similar discovery, must live and die in ignorance of letters. It will act on the improvement of the mind like the discovery of the power of steam on mechanicssave human labor. There is more time and labor required in the acquisition of the art of reading, than are bestowed on all other literary acquirements. Could the hours devoted to learning words be employed in acquiring a knowledge of things, the "march of mind" would indeed be astonishing. But there is one difficulty which has not been mentioned as being overcome. Will the learning to read a language by knowing by the eye the sounds of the

LADIES-POETS OR TEACHERS.

letters, also impart the capacity of writing that language? Or, in other words, shall we know how to *spell* what we read? If not, a good share of the old-fashioned drilling will yet be necessary.

LADIES—POETS OR TEACHERS.

OUR favorite project, which is that of making the office of instructress one of the most fashionable amusements or employments in which a young lady can engage, is never lost sight of—and sometimes, in private letters, more earnestness is expressed than perhaps the occasion would justify. A short time since we received from a young lady, accompanied by some very pretty lines, a letter, in which she exhibited so much enthusiasm for poetry, that it seemed a little check would be advantageous—and so we wrote her quite a sober; business-like reply, expressive of our views on the subject. An extract from her letter will show the effect, and at the same time, serve to introduce our own observations without the formality of writing another epistle.

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"Since receiving your letter, I have tried to elicit some means of doing good. 'Instructing the ignorant, (you observed) would give to a young lady that praise which was more to be coveted than the fame of a poet.' I am emulous of your approbation, and one sunny morning last week, I sallied out, with the earnest hope of encountering some few little ignoramuses who might be edified by my instruction. Alas! my search, like the search after happiness, was vain. For though I found many who needed instruction, yet they, like their parents, were too proud to acknowledge ignorance or poverty. I attempted persuasion with some, and some I sought to bribe. I offered one washerwoman (with four girls) that I would give each child a frock and pinafore, (by the way, I did not offer to make them) but her offspring preferred "picking chips" to being immured in "the lady's chamber," conning a spelling book. I returned quite out of patience with "our lower world," and their smoky rooms, determining to tell Mrs. Hale of my charitable adventures and their issue. Were they not laughable? I could hardly restrain my risibility, even in the presence of the parents. I hope, Mrs. Hale, that you will insinuate some other new idea. Perhaps you will hint that after a repulse like the one I received in my humble anticipation of forwarding the education of "that lowly circle," I ought to quit the hope forever." Why quit the hope ? What marvellous things did you expect

Why quit the hope ? What marvellous things did you expect to accomplish at one effort, and with half an hour's exertion ? The age of miracles is past, but the effect of miracles may now be wrought by human patience and industry. It is by these means that the sealed ears of the Deaf, and the sightless eyes of the Blind, have both been opened to instruction. One effort would have been of no avail; but perseverance conquers all but the impossible. Perhaps the next trial will be successful. What if you should take with you a "pinafore" nicely prepared for them to sew, and then perhaps one of the "four" might be persuaded to return with you and work on the garment. Poor people rarely take thought for the future. They have been too often disappoint-Their seeming indifference to the improvement of their chiled. dren is caused by their own ignorance. It can hardly be expected that the parents will, even with our best arguments, be much enlightened; our sim should be to save the children from a like stupidity and wretchedness. The ladies who form the committee for superintending the Infant Schools in this city, find their greatest obstacle in this indolence and ignorance of the parents. Those ladies are obliged to call on some of the poor mothers, again and again, and urge and persuade, and take unwearied pains to have the children sent to school, seasonably and suitably. It is thus by perseverance that difficulties must be met and overcome.

So we hope no young lady who engages in a scheme of doing good, which has the sanction of her parents, of her own heart and of true piety, will ever be discouraged at one repulse. Another walk may accomplish more. Exercise is an excellent thing for the health and the complexion; and bright eyes never look more lovely than when they beam with the light of benevolence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must apologise to our poetical correspondents for the delay of articles. Several intended for this number are omitted for want of room. Were there a portion of short, amusing articles in prose, written with vigor and spirit, among the contributions sent us, we should be much gratified. But poetry seems the rage: Talk of the skies of Italy, the cline of Greece, or the neighborhood of Parnassus as being necessary to the inspiration of the Muses ! No such thing. New England is, or soon will be, their true home. We have received of late a number of poems, which will be published in due order; but cannot, unless we make ours a poetical miscellany, insert them so soon as their authors often request.

We acknowledge the receipt of a prose article signed "Columbia." We concluded from the signature, it was written by a lady, but on looking it over, the spirit of the piece convinced us it was from one of the "lords of creation." The article will not appear, and should Columbia live two years, (if time makes him wiser) he will thank us for this hint.

Why is it that persons, who can doubtless converse with propriety on many subjects, when attempting to place their ideas on paper, fail so miscrably? Because they will not write as they would speak. They imagine they must have a lofty theme, and long words and pompous descriptions. We never read such, without feeling inclined to use Burchell's exclamation—fudge !

LITERARY NOTICES.

"DRAKE ON INTEMPERANCE." Cincinnati, Ohio. This book was prepared for that portion of our country where Intemperance has been most prevalent, and the fact gives much reason to hope that the progress of that degrading vice is soon to be checked in every part of our land. The West is uniting with the East—public opinion is every where stamping the vice of drunkenness with the degradation it merits, and which, if it do not reform, will deter.

The Discourse of Dr. Drake was prepared at the request of the Agricultural Society of Hamilton County, Ohio, and delivered before a public meeting of that body. Soon after, it was again called for, and repeated in one of the churches of the city to an audience of gentlemen and ladies—and then a resolation was adopted for organizing a society for the "promotion of Temperance." The following is an extract from the constitution of the society.

"The Society regards itself as being, de facto, an auxiliary of the "American Society for the Promotion of Temperance." Its objects are praiseworthy in the highest degree; and it ought to be able to attract within its pale, every philanthropist in the city. It is in vaim, however, to hope that a vice, which prevails throughout the land, can be corrected by efforts at a single point. We might as well expect to see a hostile army driven out of a whole country by the artillery of one of its fortreasos. The other towns of the West—and, indeed, of the whole United States—ought, therefore, to follow the example which has heen set in the East. If that were done, the exertion would be co-extensive with the evil to be vanquished, and could not fail to make many important achievements, though it might fall short of a perfect conquest."

The book was published in obedience to a vote of the association before which it was first pronounced. But the author needed not that apology for giving it to the public. Though the subject has of late been much canvassed, yet few if any have done more justice by matter and manner than Dr. Drake. He gives reasons for his opinion. The chymical nature of ardent spirits, and their operation and effects, he explains clearly and rationally. This is a far more efficient method of checking the practice of drinking spirits, than mere philipics against intemperance. His style is plain, vigorous and lucid, and his arguments such as reason must approve. Among the correctives of Intemperance he names female influence as very important. We think with him, that women have not hitherto done what is incumbent on them respecting the checking of this vice. Why do they not institute societies for the promotion of Temperance ? Why, when so much of the misery attending the crime falls to their share, do they remain such supine witnesses of the progress of the habit-perhaps even accessaries to the riveting of the chains, that will drag them, as well as those they ought best to love, into the depths of earthly wo, if not to perdition ? We will give an extract from the opin-

ion of Dr. Drake on the subject. A man would not surely recommend to women to assert more than their just rights.

"The young wife, however, rests under the heaviest responsibility. It is she who has the deepest stake in her husband's habits, and may exercise over them the greatest power. She ought, therefore, to study this subject thoroughly, and take her stand at an early period in a spirit of mild but dauntless resolution. Her motto stand at an early period in a spirit of mild but dauntiess resources. The motto should be that of the Roman moralist: Resist *lhe beginnings*: the custom may be broken up, but the *habit* is nearly indestructible. Whatever is done, should be done quickly; but it must be done skilfully. It is necessary that she should retain her husband's affection, while she opposes his propensity to intemperance,—a deli-cate, but in many cases not an impossible task. In proportion as she discovers an increasing necessity for her interference, she should display a deeper affection,—as her object is not to punish but to preserve. She must render home more and more her object is not to punish, but to preserve. She must render home more and more attractive to him; and seek to establish with him a closer and dearer companion-ship. She must not withdraw from her female friends; but by every practicable means unite her husband with herself, in the enjoyment of their society : for no man would desire or dare to become a drunkard in the midst of virtuous women. But while she does all this, and much more, she ought not, even for a single moment, to forget the object in view: nor so speak or act, as to make her husband suppose her indifferent to his failing. She must never, by word or deed, sanction the daily use of morning drams : nor look, as, I am sorry to say, she too often does, with levity, on his first frolicksome indulgences in company. Under every aspect it can assume : by whatever name it may be called, in spite of all his plausible pretexts, and in the face of the most honorable examples to bear him out, she must frown upon every excess. When he comes home, in season, but inebriated, she should receive him with sadness and reserve; and let him, if he choose, revenge himself by returning to the scene of his dissipation ; he will at last make his re-appearance sober. At other times, when he remains away, she should not retire to rest : but, in a feeling of desperation, watch out the longest nights : that he may be touched by the anguish of her spirit, and dismayed by the firmuess with which she has resolved to make no compromise with his failing. If no amendment takes place under this simple method, the case is obstinate : and she should prepare for every thing, but early and silent acquiescence. It will be due time for this, when all the means within her reach have been employed without avail. Before that state arrives, her activity should be ceaseless, and her efforts directed with all the sagacity she can summon into her service. She must not be discouraged at the inefficacy of one attempt, but pass to another, trying all things, and holding fast to that which is good. Thus rising in her energies with the growth of his vice, and adapting her means, as far as possible, to his peculiarities of temper and disposition, she must, at different times and under various circumstances, entreat him with exhortations,—confound him with arguments, —alarm him with consequences,—reproach him with injuries,—overwhelm him with the tears of embittered love ! Let her not be alarmed at this advice. She has nothing to fear, and something to hope, from a determined course. Her husband, knowing her to be right, and being conscious that he is wrong, will be compelled to respect her in the midst of his irritation ; and, while he might turn with contempt from the sighs of weakness, may cower beneath the remonstrances of indignant love. There is power in the stern virtue of a woman's heart ; and no husband, not brutal by nature, or from vice, can set at naught her firm resolves in the cause of duty. When pressed to extremity, her re-action has stricken terror into him, who till then never felt alarm. Endowed by her Creator with this peculiar power, the sustaining principle of her sex's dignity, it is her duty to exert it. What ! is she a bondwoman, or a beast of burden ? Is she to cater for his appetites, and waste her days in servitude to his stormy passions ? Was it for this she departed from the mansion of her ancestors, and relinquished the endearing protection of her father and brothers? Was it for this she stood before the altar, and exchanged vows of fidelity and love ? Is she not rather in many respects a co-equal, with rights and dignities not dependent on the will of her husband ? If her sphere of action be more limited than his, is she not a free agent within her proper circle, and should she not fearlessly maintain her interests ? God has given her a desire for happiness, and the liberty to

LITERARY NOTICES.

parsue it, according to certain laws; and should her hashand's vices obtrude upon her narrow and rugged way, she must effectually dispel them, or relinquish every hope, save that of Heaven."

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

"BIOGRAPHICAL SEETCHES OF GREAT AND GOOD MEN."----" JUVE-WILE MISCELLANY, Jan. 1829." Boston, Putnam & Hunt. Seldom has so unexceptionable a book been written for children as the one first named. The fine powers of the author are here employed in a manner which must ensure her the gratitude of parents and the love of children ; and judging by the commendations bestowed by our best literary critics, men who have sufficient penetration to discover great merit, even though concealed in a small book, she will also secure the fame which a woman should most covet-the fame of employing her genius judiciously and usefully. Some objections have been arged against the title. It has been suggested that children should never be tanght that men can be great without being good. We are of the same opiniea ; but the fault must not be charged on the author. The title was selected by the publishers, who probably thought great and good would be more intelligible to a child than eminent, which was the meaning intended to be conveyed. We recommend the book to parents. Every boy that can read ought to have it in his library.

The Juvenile Miscellany still maintains its reputation. The last number contains several excellent stories, particularly that of Berquin, and the Shepberd Boy. The poetry is very appropriate. The Thanksgiving Day will interest others besides children. It will awaken recollections of those household feasts when we "were very gay."

"THE BLACK VELVET BRACELET.—PROCRASTINATION.—By a Lady." Boston, Bowles & Dearborn. The first named book contains one of the best stories for little girls we ever recollect reading. The process of subduing the impetuous, violent temper of a girl of ten, who, as it appears, had been hitherto very injudiciously managed, is displayed with so much skill, that in the seeming artlessness and fidelity, we can hardly recognise the impress of fiction. This we consider of much importance. Children always prefer to read what they can believe. Tales of fairies and giants are not so interesting to the young mind as stories of children, and among such we consider those the best which best portray the feelings of childhood. But there is one particular in which, we think, the writer might improve. We do not like the manner in which the children are made to converse. A well-educated boy of twelve, as James is represented to be, should not use such language as " cross as ever was," " going to be good all so quick," " there's what you've got by it," &c. Children, if properly taught, will use as good language as adults. They ought to be so taught; and books designed for them, though they may be simple in style, should be pure in orthography and correct in grammatical construction.

"ISABELLA, OR FILIAL AFFECTION." Boston, Bowles & Dearborn. There is considerable ingenuity displayed in the plot of this unpretending story. The lady who wrote it might undoubtedly succeed well were she to attempt novel-writing for "children of a larger growth." In the present instance, though we think favorably of her talents, we do not exactly like this specimen of her authorship. We are decidedly opposed to the plan of introducing lovemaking or marriage as necessary to completing the happiness of those children or youth, who are exhibited as patterns for young readers. Why not give them novels at once, if this species of catastrophe be judicious? Then Isabella is represented as so very beautiful!-And that we do not approve. The loveliness of virtue, and the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit, should be praised and described--but personal charms, or splendor of apparel, should not form the attraction of those models by which children are to be won to love goodness and follow after righteousness. These are the faults of the book. It has many excellencies, and we have arged our objections more strongly than we should have done, had we not frequently observed the same errors in other writers for children, and often thought the practice should be corrected. When instructing children, we should aim to touch the heart and teach the understanding, but never, if possible, awaken the passions.

"STORIES FROM ROMAN HISTORY.—By a Lady." Boston, Munroe & Francis. A little volume that will undoubtedly have a beneficial effect, by giving children a relish for the reading of history. Such stories are, in many respects, more useful than abridgments of history, as they embody the spirit of the olden time, and delineate the character of the people better than a continued narrative. It is very well written.

"THOMAS MANSFIELD."-" 'JAMES COLMAN." Boston, Bowles & Dearborn. These books were the productions of different authors, both young ladies. The first story has the advantage of simplicity of plot, which never should be neglected by those who write for children.

James Colman, though on the whole well written, is not a very interesting story. There is too much attempted. The benefits of perseverance, which is the moral intended to be inculcated, would have been more usefully impressed on the minds of children, had they witnessed its good effects on the character of a child, rather than a man.

"THE HAPPY VALLEY."—" HAPPY DAYS." Boston, Wait, Green & Co. Very happily done. The author is a lady of judgment as well as genius. The second book named, we would recommend as a model for the Juvenile department of literature. Instruction is conveyed from the works of nature, and every object has its moral. Such lessons, appealing to the senses as well as feelings of the child, will seldom be forgotten or misapplied.

LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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No. III.

THE GRAVES OF PAYAIS.

WE tracked the wood path by the river's edge Breathing the incense of the tamarind flowers That clustered overhead like beds of pearl Shining as through green waves. We might have dreamt We were in Arcady, and that our path Would lead us to some haunt where nymphs and fawns With pipe and reed and joyous roundelay, Filled all the groves with music. Here and there Were glimpses of the river, peeping through Dark colonades of woven boughs and leaves, From whose green apertures the mid-day sun Winked feebly on the scarlet lotus beds, That blushed by the stream's edge. The moist land wind Grew drunk with calm, and fainted on the flowers. The timorous lizard, with its diamond eyes Shining like winter stars, beneath some leaf Lay heaving up its emerald sides, as fed On perfume like a Peri. Glorious birds With plumage of the hundred hues of morn, Flashed through the leaves, like meteors. Sometimes too We saw bright groupes of painted moths, that met-And battled in the air-or stooped to the earth As if they stole their colors from the flowers.

All—all was bright and beautiful; and yet A sadness mingled with the deep delight With which I gazed around me. There lay mounds. VOL. 11.—NO. 111. 13 -

Wrapt with a turf of fresher green-and marked Each with a myrtle bush-eight lonely graves ! 'Twas such a place as broken hearts would seek To moulder in at last. The open space Was walled by lime and mango trees, that hung Their drooping blooms, like banners o'er the dead. A narrow tract, arched overhead with leaves, Led downward to a little shaded cove; And through its arcade the broad sunny stream Shone like a vigil lamp. But all was still And peaceful. He that looked upon those graves Might feel his frame thrill with the quick warm tide, That rushes to the heart with thoughts of home. There Death had masked his gorgon face with flowers. I sate me down under a lime's broad shadow; And my young Indian guide, in broken words, Told me the story of those lonely graves.

One was a sailor's bed,-a blythe light heart Forever singing. He had travelled far,-And had been wont to set for hours at night On the river's bank, filling his listener's cars With wonders of the deep :--How he had heard Voices upon the gale, as of doomed souls Dragged onward to their prison house; and how Green glassy eyes shone through the midnight waves, Mocking his terror, as he sadly leant Over the ship's side, dreaming of his home :---How he had seen the phantom lights that gleam O'er the wrecked seaman's lair, and the "doomed ship" That sweeps the seas of Afric. Many a tale Had he beside at which the maiden's wept ; And then he laughed and broke away in mirth To some old song with a blythe burthen round. But best he loved to tell them of the strains That stole out with the land wind from the groves And lattices of Greece ; and of glad girls, With dark eyes and wild curls, who used to fling Flowers down upon them from their balconies; And of the merry nights at vintage time, When shaded lamps were hung on the young trees, And lute and castanet kept up the dance, And the brown girls made them forget their homes.

One day some happy hearts had wandered down The sea-shore to attend an Indian fete. They returned The sailor was amongst them. At eve : the sun had sunk behind the hills. But pink clouds clustered round their opal heads Like coronals of roses; and the stream Swept onward like a flood of molten gold. The revellers had trimmed their little bark With garlands ;----and a throng of sugar canes Raised upwards for a screen-made the canoe Seem like some fairy isle floating to land. They sent glad singing for their harbinger; And groupes had gathered to the river-side, To welcome them. The sailor sate abaft. Singing to an infant: it was his own dirge! The child leapt up to seize a butterfly. That wandered overhead ; and, as he sprung Madly to save the babe, the boat upset! The child was saved, but the bright river waves Rushed o'er the sinking sailor. At the morn The stream gave up its dead : his corpse was seen Floating upon the suface, where the boughs Of orange trees drooped sadly o'er the water, They buried him And seemed to mourn the dead. Beneath this lime, and planted at his head The sprig of myrtle. One romantic youth Played a sad air on his flute, his farewell To the light hearted sailor.

By his side

A broken heart's at rest. A simple girl Had followed her betrayer from her home. For her the flowers of that foreign land Blossomed in vain. The "worm that never dies" Had coiled around her heart : and, when she saw The last blue headland of her native isle Sinking in distance-tears she could not shed Congealed around her heart, like winter brooks; And Hope and Joy grew chill, and died, and lay. Like twin babes in a charnel-grasping still, With rotting fingers, knots of withered flowers. The sun's eye seemed to look into her soul; And every innocent flower and singing bird Was her accuser. Oh what dreams were her's Of home and childhood, that came o'er her brain,

Like dews o'er thirsty sands! Oh then methought Hope was awake again, and sung so well, That she laughed madly in her sleep,—and woke Appalled at her own mirth! The syren sung Of the "long night of rest;" and marvel not That bruised heart burst at last. Who ever heard That song and wished to live? not one! she died! With her, to die was to be happy. See! The myrtle bush is fading on her grave: E'en be it so;—she wished to be forgotten.

That is a mother's grave, weep not for her; She has a rich reward in heaven. She sank Honored and full of years. Five gallant sons Stood round her grave and 'twas their pious hands That trimmed the daisied turf, and cropt the boughs, That the kind sunbeam might stream freely down Upon their mother's bed. Weep not for her!

These are four graves, marked out by Pestilence Wherein to lay her victims.—They died young. The fever smote them as the desert blast Smites the young palm trees.

Beneath this mango Slumbers a suicide—see the spot is curst! The pallid grass scarce peeping from the sand Seems as an infant strangled in its birth— The myrtle tree lifts up its thin bare arms, Like one in pain : there is not now a leaf For mocking winds to tear away. It is The monument of crime !—Thus let it stand !

East Cambridge.

A. L. P.

THE LATE EMPRESS MARIA LOUISA.

EXTRACT FROM A JOURNAL.

PARMA, SUNDAY, NOV. 11, 1827.

PARMA is interesting as the residence of Maria Louisa, late Empress Queen of France and Italy. The city contains

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30,000 inhabitants, and together with Placentia, Guastalla, and some eight or ten villages and hamlets, forms the Grand Dutchy, of which the late wife of Napoleon is the Sover-She still retains the title of MAJESTY, and it is the eign. only instance, that I know, of a Dutchess wearing the appellation : To Dukes, belongs the title of "Highness" with different degrees of augmentations, from the humble " Serene" to that of "Royal and Imperial Highness." SHE, still claims "Majesty." And her style is, "Her Majesty Maria Louisa Arch-Dutchess of Austria, and Dutchess of Parma, Placentia and Guastalla, &c. &c." But hers, no more, is the emphatic Majesty, of "Empress of the French and Queen of Italy,"-hers, no more, is the privilege to share dominion with a spirit, which swayed more kingdoms and nations, than she can now boast cities and villages,-hers, no longer, is the proud preeminence, of being looked up to, as the most exalted crowned female in the world.

She is still a Sovereign on a small scale, and has her Palaces and public Gardens : but if she partakes of the soul of Napoleon, when she looks around among her Palaces, how must she be disappointed, when she thinks of the Thuilleries, of Versailles and Fontainbleau! As she enters her Gardens, what must be her sensations when she remembers the Imperial Gardens of France ! She has also her military establishment, and as she issues from her narrow abode in her carriage, the trumpets flourish, the drums beat in salutation, and some eight or ten score of soldiers present their arms: but what are these compared to as many hundred thousand, that moved like a vast machine, at the nod of the Emperor ? What are the shouts of the scanty popula-tion of Parma, to the deafening cries of "vive l' Emperatrice,"-once heard in Paris ? Her bust adorns the Gallery of Paintings in her present Palace : it is of marble, and by Canova, and indeed an exquisite specimen of the skill of that artist : he has given the image, the features and the expression of the princess : but fortunately, the art of Canova extended no farther : could he have endowed it with animation, and sensation and reflection, it must have led a life of unhappiness, in gazing about this little Gallery, and reflecting upon the unrivalled Gallery of the Louvre at Paris. These reflections might be extended almost infinitely, and the result would be the same in contrasting every part of

this Dukedom, with the French Empire. But after all, she may be as happy as she was in her proudest days : Em. pire does not always bring contentment : if she finds it here, surely every one is ready to say, may she long live to enjoy It is a treasure that her husband never found in his most prosperous days. "I am tired of this old Europe," said Napoleon once, in the plenitude of his power : he was restless and discontented, in the possession of the homage of nearly all Europe. How vain then in reality, proved the most magnificent fabric of Ambition, that the world ever witnessed! It rose rapidly like a brilliant meteor, but satisfied not its possessor, and vanished still more suddenly, leaving mankind to wonder, equally at its rise and its fall. The Dutchess is probably as truly happy, in the sincere affections of her present subjects, as was the Empress in possession of the pompous homage of all the Imperial continent. J. T. A.

MORALIZING.

But by its loss."-----

No class of people complain more of the shortness of time than the idle. They are never ready for exertion : believing that tomorrow will be more abundant than today they procrastinate, and thus lose the moments, that, judiciously employed, might insure them success, in vain expectations of that propitious season when they shall have full leisure to perform some mighty enterprise, or greater facilities to execute some favorite project. But such golden opportunities are awarded only to the minions of fortune—the working-day world must not expect to enjoy them. The majority of those, who have emerged from the crowd, owe their elevation almost solely to the improvement of short intervals, and the employment of apparently trivial means. Perseverance will accomplish what energy alone fails to perform.

It is peculiarly necessary that those who would cultivate

a taste for literature should form habits of industrious application, and be careful to fill the *blanks* of existence. The means of education, and the rewards of education are, by our institutions, afforded to all our citizens. Were there a corresponding enthusiasm to be "learned and wise," we might, as a nation, unquestionably soon rank high in scientific attainments, and general literature, and the sarcasms of European writers, when directed against our intellectual achievements, would at least cease to be merited.

HOPE.

THERE sits a woman on the brow Of yonder rocky height; There, gazing o'er the waves below, She sits from morn till night.

She heeds not how the mad waves leap Along the rugged shore; She looks for one upon the deep

She never may see more.

As morning twilight faintly gleams, Her shadowy form I trace; Wrapt in the silvery mist, she seems The Genius of the place!

Far other once was Rosalie;

Her smile was glad ; her voice, Like music o'er a summer sea,

Said to the heart-rejoice.

O'er her pure thoughts did sorrow fling Perchance a shade, 'twould pass,

Lightly as glides the breath of Spring Along the bending grass.

HOPE.

Nine summers since, he went to sea, And ne'er returned again.

But long, where all is wrecked beside, And every joy is chased, Long, long will lingering Hope abide Amid the dreary waste !

Nine years—though all have given him o'er, *Her* spirit doth not fail; And still she waits along the shore The never coming sail.

On that high rock, abrupt and bare, Ever she sits, as now; The dews have damped her flowing hair

The sun has scorched her brow.

And every far-off sail she sees, And every passing cloud, Or white-winged sea-bird, on the breeze, She calls to it aloud.

The sea-bird answers to her cry, The cloud, the sail float on.— The hoarse wave mocks her misery, Yet is her hope not gone:—

It cannot go :--with that to part, So long, so fondly nursed, So mingled with her faithful heart, That heart itself would burst.

When falling dews the clover steep, And birds are in their nest, And flower-buds folded up to sleep, And ploughmen gone to rest,

Down the rude track her feet have worn, —There scarce the goat may go;— Poor Rosalie, with look forlorn, Is seen descending slow.

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But when the gray morn tints the sky, And lights that lofty peak,— With a strange lustre in her eye, A fever in her cheek.

Again she goes, untired, to sit And watch, the live-long day; Nor till the star of eve is lit, E'er turns her steps away.

Hidden, and deep, and never dry,— Or flowing, or at rest, A living spring of hope doth lie

In every human breast.

All else may fail, that soothes the heart,— All, save that fount alone;

With that and life at once we part, For life and hope are one.

Á. M. W.

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FRANK CULLEMORE.

Among the adventurers, who came over to Virginia in 1619, was a young gentleman by the name of Frank Cullemore. His family boasted a long pedigree, but their purse being not long enough to support their pretensions they had become in a manner rusticated, being under the necessity of residing constantly in the country. But better prospects seemed to court the young Francis. A maiden aunt of his mother's, possessing a large property in the funds, besides an estate in Yorkshire, adopted the boy, and educated him with the avowed intention of making him fit to be a Judge. Of course he was designed for the Law, and he was entered as a student; but the prospect of a rich inheritance, operat-

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ing on him as on many others, rendered him careless of pursuing any business that would qualify him to gain an estate, when supposing that he should, in a short time, be fully occupied in spending one He reckoned without his host, for his old aunt never intended her money should be spentas her last will and testament sufficiently shewed. She therein set forth that she had purposed to make her young kinsman her heir, but being well advised that he frequented boisterous company, and allowed himself to be called Frank, when he should have so demeaned himself as to have been known at his age only by the appellation of Francis Cullemore, Esq.; and furthermore that he was addicted to various extravagances, which she had signified she did not approve, and was, also, unacquainted with business, therefore, she only gave him a legacy of fifty pounds, superadded to a suit of mourning apparel, devising her whole remaining property to Mr. Scroll, her attorney, who was a discreet man, and would doubtless be careful to improve her estate, and take care of her tenants.

Thus ended Frank's dreams of heirship, and after a few unavailing complaints, threats, and exclamations, he had no better resource, when his fifty pounds were gone, and his friends fairly tired of supplying his necessities, than to seek his fortune in the new world. He was warm tempered, generous hearted, and somewhat visionary, as my readers will believe when they read the following resolution which he penned in his memorandum the day he sailed for America.

' I have good reason for believing there are rich mines of gold in Virginia, I will go thither, and there tarry till I have gained a sufficiency of wealth; and then I will return and invite all my old friends, and all those that are now jeering and gibing at poor Frank Cullemore. Remember to invite Lady Hewitt.

'I do not care to be very rich—fifty thousand pounds will answer.'

The voyage was prosperous and speedy, though Frank's cagerness to be gathering gold, superadded to sea-sickness, made him impatient, and the sight of land was almost as welcome to him as to the crew of Columbus. It was a grand sight to a man, who had never before been out of old England, to look on a new world to which discovery had then

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set no limits, which imagination represented as stretching away in measureless distance, till it reached those golden Indies, from whence the riches of Solomon had been brought. The thought had bewildered wiser people than Frank Cullemore; and it need not be reckoned a proof of folly, but of foresight, that, after he had gazed on the vast amphitheatre, that ascended regularly from the shore, towards which he was slowly sailing, in the glorious magnificence of waving woods till the green forest blended with the blue sky, and considered that but very little of the country before him had been searched for gold, he took out his tablets and noted down his intention of persevering till he had accumulated at least one hundred thousand pounds ! But the hope of finding gold was soon weakened in the mind of Frank. The appearance of the colony, after he had landed, thoroughly disappointed him. Jamestown, and the plantations around it were in that state of half-cultivation, half wilderness, which makes the complete barbarous to the eye of taste. The clearings had never been made with reference to anything save present convenience, the blackened stumps of trees remaining in their enclosures, were only partially concealed by the vegetation-the rude log buildings promised few of the comforts of an English cottage, and the palisadoes around every dwelling not enclosed within the defences of the town, plainly proved the dangers to which the people were constantly exposed.

Then the inhabitants themselves were, in the opinion of Frank, little better than savages. There were but very few women, not a single unmarried woman in the Colony, and a set of bachelors, many of them growing rather old, we can imagine, would not be much in the habit of sacrificing to the graces. He was absolutely shocked by their manners and appearance, nor could he see any reason they had to wish to live only because it was daily necessary to defend their lives. The difficulties of exploring and searching for mines, also, appeared appalling to Frank. If the Europeans could not maintain themselves on the sea coast, without being obliged to go constantly armed, even while within sight of their own town and forts, how could they penetrate into the country, unless they had an army to clear their path ? In fine, Frank was soon sick of his adventure, and wondered why the people did not, all of them, quit the

country, and return to England. He proposed such a step to several who seemed almost worn out with fatigue, but their answers were,—"We have got through with the worst,"—or, "We shall soon have better times,"—or, "I don't like to leave the country now I've done so much here, and been here so long," &c.

Among Frank's letters of introduction was one to Andrew Bates, an old colonist, who was, in the estimation of the London Company, a tried and diligent settler, to whose patronage they had especially recommended Mr. Cullemore. Frank soon sought him out. He was a dingy looking, middle aged man, with a very doubtful expression of countenance, vibrating between the simplicity with which nature seemed to have invested him, and the cunning, circumstances had made familiar to his mind. In short, he was one of those who prefer generally to gain their ends by honest means, but rather than not gain their ends, will do what is not honest.

He soon understood the bias of Frank's mind, for his eagerness to leave the country had increased his desire to discover the gold which would accelerate his departure.

"You have the name of being prosperous, Mr. Bates," said Frank, "do you gain your wealth by labor? or have you found some of the secret places where we must believe the rich ores of this country-abound?"

The wary planter shook his head and assumed an air of mystery—but after a few minutes the sincerity of his disposition seemed to predominate, and taking Frank by the arm he led him to his tobacco field, then in full flower, and very minutely began to detail the whole process of cultivating that plant, and the profits it might be expected to yield.

"I understand your meaning, good man," said Frank. "You think that successful industry will, in time, make one rich. Perhaps it may; but for myself, I despise such drivelling. I came over here to make my fortune at once."

"And then you purposed to return to England."

"Certainly. I would not live here if king James would give me the whole country."

"But you do mean to tarry here till you are rich."

"I-I-cannot say as to that. The colony does not equal my expectations. But-I have little temptation to return without I am fortunate."

"I understand it all," said Mr. Andrew Bates, placing his hands on his sides and assuming an air of great consequence. "I am glad you applied to me, as no man in the colony has had more experience than myself. I can give you something better than advice ; I can give you example, young gentleman. I was just about your age when I came over here, expecting to gather gold like stones. Well, I should like to tell you some of my adventures, when I went up the river with Captain Smith, and all the time, I was looking anxiously around for some prize; but none fell to my share. But I cannot tell you many particulars now, only that I passed three years here, searching for gold till I was almost starved, and had been several times wounded by the Indians. So we, being all discouraged, concluded to return to England ; but just as we set sail, the fleet arrived, bringing provisions and men from home, and so we tacked about-and Lord de la War, who came out Governor, made an excellent speech, setting forth how much better it would be to earn our property by planting corn, than working mines, I was convinced then, though I cannot now remem-&c. ber all his good advice, but I resolved to follow it; and I said to myself, 'here I have been for several years dreaming of finding riches—it is all a cheat—I will now keep myself awake and see what I can do.' So I petitioned for this piece of ground, and I was one of the first that began to cultivate tobacco. And thus I have gone on steadily, till I reckon myself worth as much property as any gentleman in the colony, except just two or three. And I tell you that, though I once believed I never could be contented to think of living here, yet now I feel it is my home; every improvement I have made on my land has added a link to bind me closer to this country, till finally I have no wish to leave it. So take my advice, young gentleman, and if you mean to return to England, go before you are rich-should you wait till that time you will never go."

"And you can be contented to dwell here like a hermit, or something worse," said Frank, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously. "I care little for wealth on such conditions. Give me friends to share my prosperity; but if I must be poor—why welcome solitude."

"I have no greater relish for solitude now I am rich than yourself, sir," returned Andrew Bates, winking and rolling

his small black eyes with a peculiar facetious expression. "I am not intending to die a bachelor, though I have so long lived one."

"Then you calculate, perhaps, on wooing some of the wild beauties of yonder forest. Could you find another Pocahontas"—

"Pho, pho—there never was another Indian girl like her on the face of this earth. I would have married"—he paused, and something like the effort which is made to suppress the expression of feeling when a sudden twinge of pain afflicts one, might have been seen in his face and manner but whether it proceeded from what is commonly called a 'stitch in the side,' or whether unpleasant reflections obtruded on his memory, was never known.

"But you expressed your intentions of marriage so unequivocally that you will pardon my curiosity," said Frank, laughing. "I own I cannot imagine where you will find the lady fair, unless you beat the bush; or wait the demise of some of your friends who have been so lucky as to be accompanied by their wives to this wilderness."

"I shall do neither, Mr. Cullemore," and he assumed an air of importance while he added, after a little pause—" To you, sir, in confidence, I will tell my plans. I have written home to the Treasurer of the company—I knew him when I was young, as good a fellow at our clubs and frolics as ever I wish to see—I have written home to him—his father and mine were very intimate friends, and I writ to him by the vessel in which you came over, and he will have the letter now soon; I writ to him how well I was prospered, how much tobacco I had raised this year, and so on, and I told him that I now wanted nothing but a good wife to make me contented and happy."

"He would naturally have inferred that, sir. We men know pretty well, whether we acknowledge it or not, that for our comforts, our happiness, we are mainly dependent on the other sex. This, I presume, you will own."

"Yes, sir, yes; but still I think it well we have not as yet had many women to share the hardships of our colony. It is but a short time since we have, any of us, really made up our minds to live and die in this country. We all came with the same intention you express—to make our fortunes and then go home; and women, sir, would make miserable

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adventurers. Besides, we have several times been very near starving; and nothing, let me tell you, makes christian men behave so much like savages as the want of food. We should, I fear, have treated our wives cruelly had we had them. But now we have become settled, in a manner, and industrious, and there is no fear of a famine; and now is the time for women to come among us. They would be worshipped, almost. And this I have hinted to the Treasurer; and moreover I have told him that I thought if the company really wished to have the colony continue, they must send ont wives for the young men—at any rate I wished for one."

"So, so, you have ordered your wife, as you would your wig, to be forwarded from London. Pray have you sent directions for the purchase? or have you promised to be satisfied with his selection?"

"Neither way,—exactly. I named some qualifications as indispensable; but engaged to judge charitably."

"That will do, that will do," said Frank gaily. "Charity is the main thing. A multitude of faults, and no young woman can have more, may be overlooked if her lover only has charity. And after she is your wife, and you are both one, her faults you know are then yours. I think your plan a good one—only, supposing the fair damsel should, after she arrived, prefer some other man"—

"No fear of that," interrupted Andrew, giving him another wink of self-complacency. "I have a house and land; and women—I know them pretty well—women, though we call them angels, and all that—women like a little of this world as well or better than we do."

Frank could only answer by a sigh; for his experience had taught him that in fashionable life, the rich dunce was, by parents at least, often preferred before the sensible youth who had no rent roll to exhibit.

The rumor that Andrew Bates was expecting a young lady from London the following spring, whom he had pledged to marry immediately on her arrival, was soon circulated among the inhabitants of Jamestown; and a corollary to the rumor was soon added, namely, that a number of young women would accompany her. The Governor, took advantage of the enthusiasm with which the news was greeted while making a speech to the people, he exhorted the unmarried men to industry and economy, that they might not

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disappoint those, who, if they came, would be entirely dependent on them for support and protection. The speech was received with loud cheers, and from that time a visible improvement in the behavior of several, who had appeared, to say the least, like demi-savages, was noticed, and nearly all the young men seemed more industrious and persevering.

Frank Cullemore derived much amusement from listening to the different speculations of those with whom he mingled, on the effect this new kind of importation would have upon the colonists. Some avowed their eagerness to have the fair adventurers arrive, others affected indifference —but to the honor of the gallantry of those founders of our nation, there was but one, out of somewhat upwards of 600 "single gentlemen," which the colony contained, who inveighed in the true Jaques style against the world in general, and women, in particular, and declared his intention of living all his life in a cave.

I pass over, as matters not pertaining to this story, the Indian alarms and skirmishes which occurred during the first year of Frank's residence in Virginia. I write merely a sketch, exhibiting some particular traits of his character, and incidents in his life, and make no pretensions to giving "a true and veracious historie of all his experiences." suppose, reader, that the time has drawn near when the vessel, freighted as never ship was before or since, is expected by the colonists. We cannot realize the emotions such an event created. Not an individual belonging to the settlement but was interested in the arrival of the ships. Only think with what intense anxiety they must have been expected by those, who were placed in a new world, with a wide ocean rolling between them, and what they still considered their own dear land ! And then, independently of the news !---news, that in idea made every heart thrill with joy or grief-there was the real benefits which would accrue, and the wants which would be supplied. A vessel was not then, as now, freighted with one, or at most, with a few kinds of merchandize. It had all the variety that a country store, with an apothecaries' and stationer's shop superadded, now exhibits. They seemed dependent on England for every thing. From thence came their laws, luxuries, clothing, arms, ornaments, books, medicine, furniture and utensils.

But all these things now lost their interest, to the men, I mean, in comparison with the living treasures which were expected.

At length, early one morning in June, 1620, a signal gun was heard, and shortly after, the vessel hove in sight. Never was such a trepidation manifested among the inhabitants of Jamestown. Such washing, and combing, and brushing and dressing! Every man that intended to appear at the landing put on his best, and faces that usually wore the sternness of Ajax, tried to assume the smooth smile of Paris. Then it was, that the superiority of Frank Cullemore shone conspicuous. He had brought with him an elegant wardrobe, and arraying himself in a rich suit, which, as he had so lately come from London, was still in the pink of fashion, he walked down to the shore and purposely stationed himself very near Andrew Bates. That worthy had done his best to look the agreeable in the eyes of his expected mis-He had, in his young days, been a dashing beau, but tress. his long exposure to the wear and tear of life in the woods, had led him to regard clothing merely as a defence, which was valuable only in proportion to its strength and durability. True he had ordered a new suit to be sent over for his wedding array, but it was in the vessel that contained his bride; nor would the circumstance have given him a moment's uneasiness, had he not felt a rising jealousy while looking at Frank. A boat despatched from the vessel, was welcomed with loud cheers; and the letters, among which Andrew Bates had one, were distributed.

"You are a happy man, Mr. Bates, if I may judge by your countenance," said Frank. "Do you tell your news?" "Yes, sir, yes—there are a hundred young maidens in yonder vessel."

"A hundred for you? Why, are you intending to turn Turk ?"

"There is only one for me, sir, as you well know. One for me; but they tell me she is a lovely one. Eleanor Bliss is her name;" and he again examined his letter; "I like her name—Bliss—Bates—both begin with the same letter—a good omen. I like her name."

"Perhaps she may like it too, and not wish to change it, or perhaps she may fancy some other letter to begin with, -C for instance."

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Andrew Bates here started up; his countenance expressed rage, chagrin, perplexity and fear, while in his peculiar language, he poured forth his threats against any one who should dare attempt to supplant him in the lady's affections. As Frank still continued his raillery, it is impossible to say how the affair would then have terminated had not the vessel approached so near as to draw the attention of all parties.

The whole transaction respecting the coming over of those young women has an air of fiction, and is among the few circumstances in the early annals of America, that may be termed the romance of our history. The London Company had found that all attempts to draw profits from their colony were idle, unless means could be devised to bind the roving spirit of the adventurers to their new country as their The Spaniards in South America, and the French home. in Canada, often intermarried with the natives, but Englishmen, alike from pride, prejudice and principle, revolted from such alliances. There was then no means of establishing the household ties but by encouraging the planters to return to England, and select their partners-a very doubtful policyor sending over some young maidens to share the prosperity which then began to be no longer doubtful. The latter scheme was advocated warmly by the Treasurer, probably in consequence of Andrew Bates' epistle; and accordingly a number of young females were selected, with strict reference to excellence of character, and so far as possible, personal appearance; but wealth-that grand desideratum in modern matches-formed no item in their recommendations. They were to be received and provided for by the Governor, Sir George Yeardly, and should they be dissatisfied and wish to return, they were to be re-conveyed to England at the expense of the company.

"Few will wish to return," said the Treasurer.

Had he seen the enthusiasm with which their arrival was greeted, he would have added, that not one would willingly be suffered to return. Yet the exultation of the men was restrained by that respect which the presence of virtuous women never fails to inspire in the hearts of civilized christians. Not a shout, hardly a loud word was heard among the assembled crowd, while the maidens were disembarking and passing from the vessel to the shore. The young men,

it is true, were active to facilitate the landing of these fair ones, without exposing them to the danger even of a wet foot ; but this gallantry called forth no token of approbation, hardly of notice, from an individual among the ladies. With downcast or averted eyes, and cheeks alternately pale and crimson, they advanced and were greeted by the Governor and wife, and several elderly women, wives of the most respectable settlers, in whose families they were to renide. The new comers were all possessed of the charms of youth and health-many of them were pretty, and a few very beautiful. Cupid never had such a triumph since he first drew his bow-for more than fifty of the young men fell desperately in love—it was the real novel love, at first sight—but then it proved more rational and sincere than such a passion usually does, for not one of the inamaratos proved a Phaon. In short, for I fear my story is growing too long, the six following weeks were occupied with rejoicings and weddings ; all the young women, excepting one, being married in that space of time. Many of the fair maidens objected to this haste ; but their lovers were so importunate, represented the bachelor condition to which they had so long been doomed, as miserable beyond endurance; they had no domestic friends, companions, &c.--and so each "won his Genevieve ;" and those men, many of them apparently rude and unreflecting, made kind and provident husbands. Indeed, there never was a nation where woman has always received the respect, the rational affection and esteem that have been rendered her in our country. Much of the moral excellence of our people may be traced to that source. The influence of virtuous and sensible women, when acting in their sphere, is of the highest importance to individual and domestic happiness, and even to national character.

But one of those fair damsels remained still in single blessedness, not for lack of lovers, but for the same reason that many ladies now-a-days remain unmarried because she did not have an offer to her mind. This was Miss Eleanor Bliss, who had made no demur at rejecting honest Andrew, house, land and all. It was a terrible disappointment to him, worse because his expectations had been known, and were now by many ridiculed. He shared the fate of many a crafty projector, that of seeing others made happy by a scheme he had devised solely for his own benefit. None but a philanthropist can feel wholly resigned to such a disappointment—and Andrew, I am sorry to say it, did not conduct like a philanthropist.

He was especially enraged with Frank Cullemore, whom he accused of supplanting him in the affections of Eleanor Bliss. The truth was, Eleanor had been a reigning belle in some of the first circles of the metropolis, and being rich and a little inclined to coquetry, she had rejected lovers by the dozen-but unluckily her banker failed, absconded, and she found herself five and twenty and pennyless. Her suitors drew off-she said farewell to them cheerfully-friends who had formerly flattered, began to advise-she said farewell to them uncomplainingly-but at last a relative, whom she had assisted in various trying difficulties and on whom she thought she might depend, assumed the dictatorship, threatening to turn her out of her house unless she consented to wed an old, decrepit, worthless wretch, who had no recommendation on earth, save his wealth. It was then that Eleanor, disgusted with the heartlessness and selfishness of the old world, determined to seek her fortune in the new. She was handsome, sensible, agreeable and good-humored, only she had a high-spirited independence, which, if opposed by what she deemed unjust arguments or reproaches, became obstinacy. She was well acquainted with Sir Edwin Sandys, Treasurer of the London Company; to him she communicated her plans; and he, knowing her taste and temper, had named her to Andrew Bates, as one who would make him an excellent and charming wife, merely to give the Governor's family, to whose care she was especially recommended, a little amusement. Andrew had taken it all in earnest, and insisted that the encouragement he had received amounted to a contract of matrimony, as he was ready to fulfil his stipulations to the Treasurer. But Eleanor would listen to none of his reasoning on the subject, though she willingly listened to all Frank Cullemore's witticisms concerning it. There was good reason for this. Frank was a gentleman, and moreover, though they had never met in London, they had heard of each other, they knew the same people, had been to the same fashionable places, &c. In short, they were delighted to meet. They found the climate of the new world as propitious to the growth of friendship as tobacco. There was something absolutely en-

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chanting in being permitted to throw aside formal etiquette while they retained all the polish of high life. They had become better acquainted with each other in six weeks spent in Virginia, than they would have been in England in as many years. Eleanor's heart began to feel quite interested in the decision Frank was about making, namely, whether he should return to Europe that season, or wait till the following Spring. He believed it best to go immediately, yet he was, at times, very reluctant to leave Eleanor. An unexpected event determined the course of his future life differently from what his plans had ever proposed.

In one of his morning rambles he encountered, at a little distance from the settlement, Andrew Bates, with one of his friends, a stout ragamuffin who had agreed to assist him, if necessary, in giving Frank Cullemore a hearty thrashing. Andrew opened the battery by some very sneering remarks on the frequency of Frank's visits to Eleanor—these were replied to with a causticity of ridicule which provoked Andrew to begin the assault when he had calculated to keep the windy side of the law and only "bite his thumb." But, enraged, he forgot his caution, called Frank a villain, struck his hat from his head, and then, putting himself in an attitude of boxing, dared his foe to come on.

Frank coolly adjusted his hat, took from his pocket a pair of pistols and calmly told Andrew, that being a gentleman himself, he could not condescend to fight like a blackguard; but that he was ready to give him satisfaction with sword or pistol, and he might take his choice of the weapons before him, adding—"You shall either ask my pardon, or fight me in this way, or I will shoot you on the spot, and I presume this gentleman here will say I am fair."

The man, proud to be addressed as a gentleman, agreed it was very fair.

Andrew had forgotten the sword exercise, but from a knowledge of fire arms he could not excuse himself. In short, the preliminaries were settled—the combattants took their stations—the man, who acted as impartial second to both parties, was to give the word when he had counted ten. He began. Andrew was as brave as a lion when opposed to Indians in the woods; and he would have cared little had he known half a dozen guns were pointed at him, could he have been sheltered behind a tree, or crouched beneath a rock—but to stand erect, stiff as a poker, without even winking, and allow himself to be shot at, was quite another affair. He had, almost necessarily, imbibed the idea that any stratagem was fair against an enemy; but he chose an injudicious occasion for the practice of his theory. He was not, like Bacon, Milton, Columbus, and some other worthies, one step in advance of his age; and our modern duellists, who have the advantage of studying at their leissure the improved and important code of honor in all its polite and particular requirements, should be very lenient in condemning his ignorant interpretation of the said honor,. which was to take care of himself.

In obedience to this law of self-preservation, he hesitated not to take advantage of the interval of counting; and to fire his pistol aimed directly at Frank's face, hurl the weapon at him, and sink nearly flat on the ground, was the work of a moment ! Frank was holding his pistol aimed at Andrew's knee, for it was not his intention to take his life—at the moment, he felt his antagonist's ball graze his temple; he fired —Andrew was then sinking to the earth—and the ball that ought to have shattered his knee, entered his shoulder and lodged against the collar bone.

The report of fire arms brought a number of men to the spot; Andrew was borne off, lamenting loudly his fate, and Frank, without any complaint, submitted to be taken into custody. But on the trial, so many extenuating circumstances appeared in his favor, he had behaved, on the whole, honorable and bravely, and Andrew had shown himself such an arrant knave, to say nothing of his cowardice, that Frank was acquitted. As every one thought the duel had originated in Frank's partiality for Miss Eleanor Bliss, he felt himself that she might have the same expectations; so to keep up the reputation of an honorable man he immediately offered her his hand. He certainly liked her, but it is doubtful whether he would ever have married her, had he not been involved in the quarrel on her account, because his marriage also involved the necessity of remaining in Virginia, as neither he or his wife possessed the means of living in London. But they married, he turned planter, and soon began to acquire property-and moreover had the satisfaction of knowing they were at the head of the ton in the new world.

Poor Andrew never could regain his credit, notwithstand-

ing he urged as an excuse for his ungallant conduct, that he was taken so unawares by the challenge, "he did not know what he did." All was vain; he was a standing jest, and to console or revenge himself, he turned woman-hater. Poor Andrew !

The termination of that first duel at the South was so different from the first one fought at the North, where the combattants were both of low degree, and both sentenced to a ludicrous and degrading punishment, that we may reasonably conclude much of the difference of opinion, between the two sections of our country, respecting the necessity and the honor of deciding quarrels by the single combat, must have originated in those early impressions and prejudices.

There are no two states in our Union that exhibit so manv points of resemblance as Virginia and Massachusetts. Not that on the "map of the world, the situations, look you, are both alike,"----it is in their histories that the coin-cidence exists; and we need not, with the ingenuity of Fluellen, refer to the rivers and state there are "salmon in both" to make out the comparison between them. In the earliest notices of the two colonies, it might be remarked that they both bore the same name; but then we must confess that the term "North Virginia" included all New-England, so we will only refer to the circumstance that both Virginia and Massachusetts were alike eulogised by that remarkable man, Capt. John Smith, as being the most " delectable countries" ever seen on this lower world. Then the two colonies were first settled by English emigrants only, their lawgivers were equally strict in enforcing uniformity of religious worship, and though not of the same ceremonial, they united in persecuting the Quakers—they cheated the Indians out of their lands because they were not civilized, and then exterminated them from the face of the earth, because they would not To mention circumstances more honorabe christianized. ble to human nature-the inhabitants of both sections have been equally noted for their devotion to Freedom, for the fealousy with which they have watched every infringement of their rights, and the spirit with which they have resisted the encroachments of arbitrary power.

These two colonies simultaneously took the lead in the war of our Independence. The master spirits that directed the movements of that great event, were men of Virginia and Massachusetts. The first tragic scene of that immortal drama was performed in the one State, the closing scene in the other; and for half a century the first office in the government of the Union, has been held by natives of those two States only. Yet the people, in their habits, manners and peculiar modes of feeling and reasoning on many important subjects are not alike, and it would involve quite a curious philosophical investigation to trace how the circumstances of climate, soil, and other natural, and even accidental causes have modified or changed the temperament and pursuits of the people of these two Commonwealths.

The first adventurers to Virginia were speculators. To gain gold was their object; they thought little of cultivating the earth, of founding a nation, and owing their prosperity to steady industry. But, fortunately, they discovered no mines, and after their first disappointment had subsided, and the fertility of the soil had been ascertained, they quietly betook themselves to planting and other rural pursuits, that have silently, but surely been sources of wealth; though now it must be acknowledged this is nominal, rather than real, consisting, as it mostly does in slaves whose labors do little more than support themselves. It will be found generally, that those who accumulate their property directly from the profits of the soil, are rarely engrossed by that anxiety to be rich which leads men to disgrace themselves by petty tricks, by what is called meanness and artifice.

The first settlers of the Massachusetts, on the other hand, were self-denying men, who seemed to have thrown all worldly considerations to the winds. They came not to gather gold, but with the expectation of enduring labors and hardships for the mighty privilege of being free in spirit, and preparing a government where their posterity might enjoy religion unmolested. But the rough and sterile country yielded them such a scanty supply, that they were compelled to engage in the fisheries ; commerce followed, and as a foil to its real benefits, which are many, it has introduced a thirst for gain, an ardor for speculation, an avarice which would be more excusable in the children of gold-finders than the descendants of the puritans.

There seems to be no period of youth in the history of Massachusetts. The colony, in the beginning, may be likened to a very respectable, serious, heavenly-minded old gentleman who has daily in his thoughts the intention of making his will—then he appears sufficiently renovated by the climate to attend to worldly calculations, but yet he never indulges in the merriment and fanciful sallies of that age,

> "When the fresh blood grows lively and returns, "Brisk as the April buds in primrose season."

No—he is cool, calculating, disciplined, brave; a downright energetic, sensible, middle-aged person, presenting, in his career, many good subjects for odes, orations, essays on morals and politics, and such like sublime, serious, and severe literature; but very few and meagre materials for the writers of amusing fiction.

Virginia has a far more ample field for the novelist. There was the juvenile recklessness, the rash extravagance, the dreaming of gold, in the spirit of prodigal youth, to Then there was the diversity of character among spend it. the settlers-and the savages ! Smith, adventurous, unconquerable, courteous, the perfect mirror of knighthood. Powhattan, wily and vindictive as Hannibal, ambitious and brave as Cæsar-ferocious and generous, tender and terrible-a savage in situation-a Sovereign in spirit. There too is Pocahontas-but to what earthly imagining shall she be likened ? She has no parallel in history, neither has fiction, as yet, portrayed a feminine being like her. The novelist who could give her semblance in all its angelic benignity and purity to the world, would be immortalized as a popular writer. It will probably be attempted hereafter, by some bold pen, when writers of genius among us are rewarded adequately for their labors.

THE following poems were sent us lately by persons, who, we have reason to think, are totally unacquainted with each other. The coincidence of selecting the same passage for the motto of each strain, we considered sufficiently curious to entitle them both to insertion in our work. Of their]respective merits, the public must judge. To the poem of the lady we shall, in courtesy, give the precedence—the preference is left to the decision of others.

YOL. 11.--- NO. 111.

THE ALPINE HORN.

"When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of those mountains, takes his horn and cries with a loud voice, "Praised be the Lord." As soon as the neighboring shepherds hear him, they leave their huts and repeat these words."—ATHENEUM FOR JAN. 1st, 1829.

SOUND—sound the Alpine Horn!— The glorious sunset's near; And may each note on echo borne Proclaim that "God is here!"— Sound, sound the Alpine Horn, and with one chord, Repeat the words—" praised be the Lord!"

> Thou on the highest peak, Thou in the lowest vale, In answ'ring music, speak ! And may thy heart ne'er fail !

Raise, raise thy voice, the wild, sweet strain prolong, Till mount and grotto "whisper loud" in song.

> Mother! with babe so fair, So cradled in thy breast; Father! with many a care!

Child! in "wild beauty" drest! All,—when the trump from the high crag is heard, Swell the triumphant pæan—" praise the Lord!"

Oh, sweet to all that song, Sounding from rock to rock, So sacred, clear, and strong — Without one "tongue to mock ;" And when at sunset loudly swelled "the voice," It sounds o'er gilded Alps, and shouts "rejoice !"

> And sweet to *all*-comes *rest*, After the silent prayer, For in the *home* they're blest, They feel that "God is there!"

How sweet their sleep—who know in "mount or field," Cottage or cavern, God is still their shield !

Glen Creran, 1st month, '29.

ANNE.

THE ALPINE HORN.*

"When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of the mountains, takes his horn, and cries, with a load voice, " praised be the Lord." As soon as the neighboring shepherds hear him, they leave their huts, and repeat these words. During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, and then retire to their huts to rest."

> 'Tis evening on the Alpine height-The sun hath sunk to rest; The mountains and the skies unite Along the gleaming west! The rugged peak hath softness now-As nature's fond appeal Will sometimes o'er the darkest brow Cause pleasant thoughts to steal. A radiant wing is on the sky-A deep voice rides the air : The Alpine Horn, invitingly, Proclaims the hour of prayer. The shepherd of the highest peak, Of his free soul's accord, These words at evening hour doth speak-"Praised be the Lord !" And from the neighboring huts pour forth A good and happy band; Old age and youth, and manly worth, And childhood fair and bland ! And woman, with her spirit-brow And purity, is there-"Praised be the Lord," all answer now, And kneel in silent prayer. "Praised be the Lord," the mountains ring-The vallies chant the same; 'Till heaven and earth are echoing With the Almighty name! Thus when the spirits of the west Expand the wings of even, The shepherd, from the eagle's nest. Proclaims the news through heaven ! The Alpine Horn invites to prayer-All kneel and worship-God is THERE ! ROSCREA.

[•]The Alpine Horn is an instrument made of the cherry-tree, and, like a speaking trampet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance.

TWO EVENINGS.

"Envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the streets, and doth not keep at home." Bacom.

MRS. Windham was a lady, of no "particular age ;" she might have been forty "once upon a time;" when,—nobody was uncivil enough to conjecture. She was a pattern woman; one of those soft, sweet beings, whose sugared words melt on the tongue and are lost to the ear like the dying fall of distant music. Byron said, "Ali Pacha was the mildest man I ever knew;" yet, he made no more of cutting off human ears by the dozen, than of clipping paper, being immoderately fond of both these seemingly incongruous occupations.

Although Mrs. Windham's voice, was thus, "soft low and gentle; an excellent thing in woman," the expression of her countenance did not correspond,—there was a cold, contemptuous expression lurking about the corners of her mouth, that in spite of a would-be smile, revealed the truth, that the fountain of sweetness was not the heart. Whoever has been so unfortunate as to surprise, by a sudden entree, a matrimonial couple in fierce debate; and has heard the ineffable softness of their "my dears," and "my loves," while their looks would better become tigers, must know how shocking it is to have the countenance and the voice thus at variance.

Mrs. Windham might have had some pretensions to prettiness, in her youth; she was not an elegant woman. A casual observer would have called her dignified ;—perhaps, modest; an almost impenetrable cloak of humility made her appear so; but never, never, did a heart beat with more lofty feeling,—every throb was a throb of pride, family pride,—pride of wealth. She was immensely rich—her family were distinguished—why might she not be proud ?

"Where is Mrs. Kingsland this evening? I wonder she is not here," said Mrs. Abbot, addressing the lady who sat next her, in a large party, at Mrs. Windham's.

"I don't know indeed," was the reply ; "I am heartily glad, however ; you know, she is a monstrous monopolizer; the gentlemen somehow, think they must talk to her, and she quite despises ladies' conversation."

"I suspect she was not invited," continued Mrs. Abbot, lowering her voice, "she is guilty of being younger, prettier, and more intelligent than some other ladies—unpardonable faults !"

"Nonsense !---Mrs. W. at least, is too rich and too distinguished to envy poor Mrs. Kingsland."

Unfortunately, this conversation reached the ears and wonderfully excited the curiosity of Mr. Charles Cuthbert. He was a gentleman of talents, education, wealth and fashion, who had lately returned from making the tour of Europe—moreover, he was a bachelor, not much past thirtyfive. Is it surprising then, that Miss Arabella Melon, the last mentioned speaker, a faded belle of thirty, who had patiently but unsuccessfully laid siege to scores of hearts—is it surprising, that she looked quite delighted, when the elegant, much-admired Cuthbert gallantly offered his arm and invited her to promenade around the rooms, now crowded to overflowing ?

With very little difficulty, Mr. Cuthbert succeeded in introducing the subject that had excited his curiosity—in answer to his inquiries, Miss Melon said—

"Mrs. Kingsland aims at every thing; she would be thought a wit; she thinks herself beautiful, and whoever should doubt her profound learning, would not be forgiven —entree nous, it is all pretension; yet, the gentlemen do not seem to perceive it; why she is such a favorite with them, we cannot discover. She absolutely fascinates them; bewitches young and old. Would you believe it, though a widow with three children, she has had within the last two years, more offers than any young lady in the country?"

"She ought to be tried for witchcraft, immediately," said Cuthbert; "she is dangerous ito the community; no doubt a jury of heriown sex would find her guilty, and if you were the judge, Miss Melon, she would not come off without hanging or drowning."

"Drowning would not answer," replied the fair lady, without perceiving the severity of the remark; "Froth always swims, and Mrs. Kingsland has enough to bear her up. She scribbles rhymes, I am told, from morning till night—then, she is so romantic, so sentimental, and in her dress and manners she apes the girl of fifteen,—how ridiculous !"

Cuthbert soon found an opportunity to disengage himself from Miss Melon, or rather, made one, by leading her to a seat. He then joined Mrs. Windham, who was conversing with Judge Dayton, an eminent lawyer, and a man of uncommon discernment and knowledge of the world.

"I have not seen our friend Mrs. Kingsland this evening," said the Judge to his hostess.

"I do not visit Mrs. Kingsland," was the reply, in that gentle tone, ever at command, used indiscriminately for severest censure or unqualified approbation; "We were never on intimate terms," (continued Mrs. W. with a cold, contemptuous sneer, and a thrust-forward of the right shoulder, an expression of dislike peculiar to herself;) "where there are so many superior women, I am quite surprised that Judge Dayton should have thought of that lady."

"I do not know her superior," quickly replied he; then recollecting himself, gallantly bowing, added, "excepting Madam ————"

The blank was readily filled up, and the lady conciliated; but she cast a wistful glance towards Cuthbert, that seemed to say,—"I wish you had not heard this conversation."

The dreams of the hitherto impenetrable Cuthbert were that night after the party, of a novel and singular character. He was gazing with delight at the Venus de Medici, and she suddenly changed to the Witch of Endor. He was chasing a Psyche, that constantly eluded his grasp, a creature more beautiful than the sculptured divinities of Canova; just as he was about to seize the winged thing, she became a frightful Medusa, and left in his hand a serpent, from her horrible head—she then pursued him over bogs and briar till he stumbled and—awoke.

The next evening found Cuthbert in a brilliant circle at Professor M.'s. His conversational talents were of the highest order, and the intelligent bachelor's society was eagerly sought by the grave and the gay; the learned and fashionble. His long absence abroad had made him comparatively a stranger in the town of L—. He happened to be seated next a lady who was entirely unknown to him; Pro fessor M. perceiving it, introduced him. He did not hear the name—Miss Somebody—no matter, he entered into conversation. His fair neighbor listened with that intelligent attention that always gives pleasure; what was at first mere common-place chit-chat, soon became animated discourse.

Cuthbert had never yielded to the power of female charms, yet he was a professed admirer of beauty, and even ranked as a connoisseur. As she talked with the lady, he thus enumerated the items-" Figure somewhat above the middle size ; not too tall, I hate maypoles ;--fine falling shoulders ; an arm that a sculptor might have chosen for a model; lovely hand; and a foot delicately small." He could not scan the face so easily-travelling had not cured him of a certain natural diffidence, that bold, impudent men would have called mauvaise honte-that is to say, he had a decent share of modesty, and could not with an unblushing front stare a woman out of countenance. He knew that the lady had dark, penetrating eyes, flashing with intelligence and deep feeling; he did not look into them, but he felt their glances, as he looked above them and continued, mentally, " Dark hair, most tastefully arranged, simple and classical in the style ; more of fashionable tournure, too, than any thing I have seen out of Paris—" Just then Judge Dayton walked up and addressed the pleasing unknown with much cordiality and at the same time with marked respectfulness of man-He did not however, address her by name; Cuthbert ner. began to regret extremely, that he had not heard it. "What an eye," again thought he, " dark, deep, thoughtful, at the same time full of vivacity." As she became deeply interested in conversation with her intelligent friend, the Judge, light seemed to play around every feature. " She is not handsome," continued Cuthbert, "and she has therefore none of the airs of an acknowledged beauty, but she is a thousand times more interesting on that very account."

Judge Dayton left them, and addressed some ladies who had just arrived, among whom was Mrs. Windham. The thought suddenly struck Cuthbert, that he should like to know what a lady who seemed, in many respects, superior to ladies generally, would say of Mrs. Kingsland, who was so much decried by others. Without farther consideration, he thus began, "Why is it that the women whom we most admire, are not particularly pleasing to their own sex?" "Difference of taste, merely," replied the lady; "we seldom admire the gentlemen, whom you most commend."

"Well, it is charitably to be hoped that you are right; the other evening at Mrs. Windham's party, I heard a great deal said of a certain young widow, whom the ladies called a blue-stocking, and I don't know how many other hard names; at the same time, they said she was a great favorite with the gentlemen. Are you acquainted with Mrs. Kingsland ?"

A flash like summer lightning came from those dark eyes, and a crimson blush overspread the whole face of the lady.

"What an unlucky dog I am," thought Cuthbert, "she surely must be some relation of the widow; perhaps, a sister; how shall I make an apology?" While this was passing in his mind, a dashing gentleman came up, and making a profound bow that might have passed much before his Holiness the Pope; "Good evening, Mrs. Kingsland," said he; the name sounded like a thunder-clap, and thrilled through every nerve of the poor bachelor. Vexed, he certainly was, but he had been too much in good society to be disconcerted; he arose, and politely offering his seat to the gentleman, walked away.

Meeting Professor M—— he said, "I have made a most unlucky blunder; the lady to whom you introduced me, I mistook for a Miss Somebody, and have all this while been talking to her, as if she were a young lady."

"Bravo ! my good fellow," was the reply. "She is not so very old, and the mistake will be readily pardoned; who ever heard of a woman past twenty, being seriously offended because she was thought younger ?"

Judge Dayton now came up, and looking inquisitively in Cuthbert's face, said, "How now? you look as if the bonny widow's bright eye had reached that heart of ice."

"She is certainly an interesting woman; why is she not a greater favorite among the ladies?"

"For the very good reason truly, that the moon is no great favorite with the pale blinking stars; because she outshines them."

"You are severe, sir."

"I am provoked sir; the lady in question, I have known from her earliest years; I admire her, I respect her, and I am almost determined to recommend to one and all, of these fault finding ladies, whenever they look at her, to put up the petition, "from envy, malice and all uncharitableness, good Lord deliver us."

During the remainder of the evening, Cuthbert in vain sought for an opportunity to renew conversation with the fascinating widow; she evidently avoided him. A gentleman much younger than himself, had engrossed her attention; "the boy has far outgrown his years," mentally soliloquised the bachelor, casting his eyes at the same time upon a large mirror. "Bald? why truly, I am beginning to appear quite venerable; I look shockingly to night." CLEOMENES.

THE ICY BOWER.

STERN Winter, in a playful hour, Spilt on the woods, a silver shower; And with the drops of fruitful rain, He formed a pure crystalline chain, When rosy morn diffused her light, And banished far the shades of night. Much has been said of magic powers, Of fairy grots—arcadian bowers— And oft the poet's fancy dwells, On purling streams, and crystal wells.

But ne'er did poet's fancy light On magic scen'ry half so bright, As that which charm'd the ravished eye, When fair Aurora kissed the sky; Then spreading wide her radiant beams Behold a grove with splendor gleams! Old Winter, sporting with his power, Had form'd a glitt'ring crystal bower. The boughs which erst embraced the air, Now kissed the ground in mute despair;

Save when rude Boreas roughly played, Beneath the arch his master made. Their daily friend the glowing sun, Seemed pleased, with all his foe had done,

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And smiling on the icy chain, Passed swiftly to the western main. Then rose the moon, and gems of night, And smiled upon it with delight. And many a distant shining sphere, Seemed peering at this chandelier.—

While shedding from the arch of blue, Their gleaming light, and rainbow-hue. And e'en the Zephyrs which had played So oft within their sylvan shade, Forsook their friend and fled away, To let old blusterer have his sway. At length kind Sol, in pity rose, And drove away the ruthless foes---Then shaking off their silver chain, The boughs rejoiced in air again.

ALBERT.

AN AUTHORESS.-No. II.

In the January number of this work, an intimation was given that the remarks on authoresses would be continued, and an attempt made to show that the talents of women may be employed, and that without injury to the female character, to that retiring modesty which should even "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." No person of reflection, who really felt solicitous for the happiness and honor of woman, would wish to place her in the lecture room of the physician-in the forum-the desk-or the halls of legislation. The attempts to inspire women with an ambition to appear like men, is too absurd to merit discussion. Would any lady consider herself competent to direct the management of a ship in a storm, or a fire engine at a conflagration? The storms of the political ocean and the fires of party spirit would as little accord with her moral delicacy of strength. Still she was not formed to be a trifler on earth. She has mental powers which, if not equal with these of her "lord," are yet too precious to be wasted. Women have a

vast influence on society, which nothing can prevent; this influence will be beneficial or otherwise, in proportion to the reasonable manner in which it is exerted. To secure it on the side of virtue and intelligence, should be the aim of every person who wishes to promote, not only individual and social happiness, but our national prosperity and glory. There is no country where the right direction of female influence is so necessary as in America, because here the popular breath guides, as it were, the bark of State. Our people must be educated—not made learned in ancient lore merely, or even instructed in modern sciences; but trained to the love of excellence, and habituated to the control of the passions. The heart and the understanding must alike be cultivated, and this can never be effected without the co-operation of women. Neither is their influence in the nursery, important as it is, the only manner in which they can assist in the labor of educating the young. Females might be extensively employed in school-keeping. Why should not a department so peculiarly fitted to their powers and station, be more generally appropriated to them ? In New-England, it is true, this has partially been done, and to that, more than any other cause, may be traced the general diffusion of learning among all classes of our people. Had none but men been suffered to teach a common school, the expense would have prevented schools from being continued in our thinly settled towns, except for a small part of each year. Then it is a fact, which none at all acquainted with human nature will deny, that the young imbibe instruction more readily from female teachers than those of the other sex. Another and very important consideration is the effect the employment has had on those females engaged in it. Their own minds have been disciplined and strengthened, and when married they have carried into their families those habits of attention to intellectual improvement which qualified them to encourage the efforts and direct the studies of their own children. Thus their influence on society is continually active in promoting the fashion of learning, that peculiar mode of thinking which even among our poorest class, attaches infamy to ignorance, and incites the dullest of our laborers to consider himself disgraced if his children cannot read and write.

Here then is the field to which I would direct the talents and energies of my own countrywomen. It is wide enough for the display of all their genius, and there are laurels sufficient to satisfy the most ambitious.

The most deservedly distinguished among female writers have likewise been distinguished as teachers of children and Mrs. Hannah More was probably more indebted youth. to her situation as an instructress, than to any other circumstance, for the cultivation and development of her extraordinary talents. Mrs. Barbauld owed much of her literary excellence to the necessity she felt of assisting her husband in the education of his pupils. Miss Edgeworth, though not ostensibly a teacher, has nevertheless been stimulated in her efforts to promote education by the practical illustrations of its benefits she daily witnessed while assisting her father in the instruction of his numerous family. Among the French ladies, Madame de Genlis and Madame Campan, distinguished for purity of sentiment in their writings, were celebrated as much for their skill in teaching youth as for their genius.

Indeed there is no method in which a woman can, with safety and credit to herself, so surely acquire that very necessary knowledge for a popular writer, the knowledge of the human heart, as by becoming an instructress of the young. Let American ladies who wish for literary distinction, if such there are, enter the school-room as their temple of fame; and then they will be useful, if they are not celebrated. I shall be told that they cannot do this-that men have engrossed the employment of school-keeping as well as that of every other by which money can be acquired, and that female teachers are excluded from all free schools, excepting those of the very youngest scholars. This is too true. Ought it thus to be ? Is it for the public benefit to employ men to teach schools, when women could do that duty better, even were the same compensation to be allowed to the female as to the male ?

It has become a proverb that none but a dunce will keep a school from choice; that it is a business beneath the dignity of a man of abilities, and one in which he will not engage but from necessity, or persevere in, but from pecuniary motives.

Allow this repugnance to the business of instruction to proceed, as perhaps it does, from man's superior talents;

AN AUTHORESS.

say that it is not in accordance with the strong powers and stirring energies of his mind to rest contented in the prison of a school-room; yet to women, less gifted with confidence in their own abilities, and having so few objects of pursuit, it would furnish an employment congenial as well as honorable. There is no branch of learning taught in our common schools, which females would not be capable of teaching; they ought to be employed as assistants in our free schools, and in every seminary where there are children of their own sex. One very important object to be effected by this arrangement, would be the saving of expense. Women can afford to teach for a less reward than men, even though they should prove, as they often doubtless would, the most capable instructors. To make education universal, it must be made cheap. It is a false principle which estimates the benefits of a privilege by the money it costs. lf it were true, our Republican government would be a miserable one, in comparison with those of royal magnificence. It is usually the abuses of our privileges which form the largest item in their expense. Our nation has need of all the talents and industry of its citizens, exerted in the most beneficial manner, to keep pace with the spirit of the age. Why refuse the assistance of female intellect, when it might be so usefully and appropriately exerted ! Of the several thousand schoolmasters in the State of New-York, one half might undoubtedly be engaged in business more profitable and pleasant to themselves, and their duties as teachers, better as well as cheaper performed by intelligent women. There are many such to whom even a moderate compensation would be wealth, and would stimulate to unwearied exer-But above all, women should be at the head of estabtion. lishments for the education of their own sex. If it be found necessary, let gentlemen be employed as professors and lecturers occasionally, but a lady should always pre-This is invariably practised in every side as directress. country save America; and such a preposterous fashion as committing the scientific education of young girls mostly to men. cannot much longer continue here. Women will to men, cannot much longer continue here. feel what is due to their own character and dignity sufficiently to rouse themselves to educate, at least, their own The success of the late Mrs. Rowson in this city desex. monstrates that a lady, if uniting talents, energy, and those

truly feminine accomplishments, which a man cannot know or teach, would be encouraged. The example of Mrs. Willard, Principal of the Troy Female Seminary, demonstrates that women are capable of understanding the philosophy of the human mind, and of preparing works which facilitate the acquisition of knowledge. Her history of the United States is a book which teachers-men-would be wiser for studying.

In short, though there should be no encroachment on the prerogative or privileges of the men, yet women should remember they too have privileges which they ought not, which they cannot, consistently with duty and delicacy, surrender. One of these is the superintending the education of their own sex. This must not be abandoned. Then. should the men commit to their care the tuition of boys till the age of eight, ten or even later, they would probably find their confidence rewarded. The influence of a sensible, intelligent and pious woman, has a tendency to soften the turbulent dispositions, and foster the kindly affections of boys-to instil the love of virtue, and a horror of vice. Remember, the culture of the heart as well as the head is essentially necessary to make men good citizens of a Repub-A strong argument in favor of employing women as lic. instructors of children, may be found in their purity of principles. A female advocating infidelity, or endeavoring to weaken the bonds of moral and social order, is a phenomenon. Can the same be said of the other sex ? But more of this hereafter.

A traveller in Scotland mentions having seen two large eagles teaching two of their young the manœuvres of flight. The old, or parent eagles, arose from the top of a high mountain towards the sun—the young birds slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted, until both they and their tutors became mere points in the air, and afterwards totally disappeared in the distance.

STANZAS.

Lone as I wander by the mountain rock, To gaze on Nature in her wildest mieu,

I mark the parent of the eaglet flock

Lead up and onward, till no longer scen— So high, so far, the aching sight they mock. Those young were reared upon the beetling crag, The tender fledglings ;—trained with jealous care, And sternly guarded. Lo, they scorn to lag Behind their leader, in remotest air— Thy type, O! Genius—Liberty, thy flag.

I see the light cloud, as a fairy isle, Sublimely floating 'mid the azure waste; I see the torrent foam, and Nature smile, Fast by its wave that speeds away in haste;

I see the arching bow of heaven the while.

All, all is faint—the roseate hue were black, If likened to those pinions heavenward plumed, That boré the eaglet on his lofty track,

When he his kingly heritage assumed. 'Mid scenes of hope, bright vision, hie the back.

New-Haven, January, 1829.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

MRS. HALE.—Our good friends, the ladies, accuse our sex of frequently estimating things by their external appearance-because, on account of a certain affinity of taste, between the eye and the affections, a pretty woman charms us more easily, than one to whom nature has not been kind. I do not meet the charge with a direct denial, because I am willing to acknowledge its justice to a certain extent; and I think it no stigma upon us to confess it; for, nature in bestowing the faculty of sight, intended that it should be open to enjoyment, in the same degree that indulgence is granted to the ear, the palate, and the other grosser senses. It is not my intention to notice the extent, to which this organ may be indulged, because it must differ materially in different individuals, according as the animal or intellectual propensities predominate; for, as the physical powers of different individuals are widely disproportionate, and the ratio also of mental to corporeal strength is not the same

U.

through the whole circle of mankind, so it is necessary also, that some individuals of our species should draw the larger proportion of their enjoyments from the gratification of the corporeal senses; while others derive their highest pleasures, from the exercise of the intellectual faculties. But I wish to ask, whether the same accusation may not be justly made against our fair friends, which they so liberally heap upon Will not a coat of a particular cut, a few trinkets atus. tached to a watch-guard, a hat of peculiar shape, or the flowing drapery of an opera cloak, excite their admiration, as much, or perhaps more, than an hour's rational and sensible conversation, upon any subject that can be named? I was led to this inquiry, by an incident that took place in. Cornhill, a few days ago, which has afforded me considerable merriment, at the expense of the sincerity of a few fair friends, whom I am in the habit of meeting pretty frequently at social parties, and who have heretofore contributed much to the high estimation in which I had held their sex. It was but the evening before, that I had met several of these dear creatures, one of whom had twice been my partner in a cotillion ; the second, at a hand of whist, while the third had gratified me, by listening to the remarks suggested by the literature of the day, during the intervals she allowed me in her own pretty periods. On the following morning, as I was returning from my place of business, at an earlier hour than usual, to prepare for an unexpected invitation to dinner, dressed as I usually am for business, in a suit which, like that of old mortality, "though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a long train of service," I encountered the three damsels abovementioned, and grateful for the honors I had received, on the previous evening, I prepared my most respectful, and at the same time, most sincere salutations. But just as I had uttered the sentence, "Good morning ladies," or, "your humble servant ladies," (either of which is my usual mode of address,) and had raised my hand to what remained of my beaver, (the nap of which had been previously considerably worn in such service) I perceived to my utter astonishment and dismay, that there was not the slightest sign of recognition on their part, except on their cheeks, where honesty seemed to have written in red letters, that I had not been presumptuous in claiming their acquaintance. I passed on, and arriving at home,

I was quickly re-apparelled, and throwing my opera cloak carelessly over my shoulders, I hurried back on an errand I had forgotten in the morning. Chance threw me in the way of these same fair friends, almost in the very spot where I had met them scarce a half hour before. I felt as I approached them, that I was really in a dilemma. Pride counselled me to brush by-politeness whispered, be still a gentleman,-self-respect said pretty loudly, do not make yourself too cheap,-courtesy suggested the privileges of the sex-justice vociferated, they do not know you; while fashion declared, it was merely the manners of the day. Fortunately I was not required to decide the point among these opposite opinionists, for as I drew nearer to the fairer ones, I was noticed by a very familiar nod from one, a smile from the other, and a pretty loud salutation from the third. "Good morning, Mr. U. R. if you had not led that knave last evening, we should have beaten them a love game." Thinks I to myself, madam, you play the knave too much in the streets, for me ever to play a love game with you. "Have you seen the last new waltz?" says the second, "there is a beautiful turn in the second strain." "I believe I have, madam," said I; "we shall both agree as to its singularity, but we must differ in opinion as to its beauty." "Have you read P.'s and Q.'s?" says the third. "No ma'am," I replied, " but I shall in future mind mine."

Now, my good Mrs. Editress, be so kind as to tell me whether these fair ones are not taken up more with the outside appearance, than with any thing else; and whether I ought not to keep separate lists of acquaintance for every different costume I happen to wear. For instance, Mrs. This, and Miss That, and Miss T'other are among the acquaintances of a frock coat; and Madam S. and Miss T. are the friends of my cloak,—these ladies are acquainted with my new beaver hat,—and those ladies, the very particular friends of my surtout coat—while alas, my every day suit must be cheerless and unsocial, recognized only by my laundress and my landlady. Yours Respectfully,

U. R.

The Editor would suggest that an answer to U. R. by the young ladies alluded to in his epistle, would be very welcome to a place in the Magazine for next month. Women

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are never at a loss for reasons to justify their conduct; she therefore feels confident the affair will be explained entirely to the advantage of the ladies, and the insinuation, that they, like the men, are more "taken up with the outward appearance," than with "rational and sensible conversation," will be, with proper dignity, repelled.

MY MARY.

Come listen, and my song shall tell Of one from whom with smiles of hope I parted ; One whom I loved, whom still I love full well, My Mary sweet, my fond, my gentle hearted.

She died, she died, and I away, Saw not the fading of that lovely blossom, That ah! too rashly I had thought alway To cherish tenderly upon my bosom.

In dreams of solemn-thoughted night, Sometimes I see a vision soft and holy, Gazing upon me with a smile of light, That charms away my pining melancholy.

Is it thy spirit, dearest one, Thy glorious immortality unveiling, That tells me thus thou'rt not forever gone, And beckons me to thy celestial dwelling !

OMEGA.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It was proposed in the January number of the Magazine to publish an engraving in March. But delays have unavoidably occured which will prevent the appearance of the engraving till May. We hope this arrangement will not be the cause of discontent to our patrons. We will endeavor to indemnify them for the disappointment by the augmented attention to the literary execution of the work.

The story, furnished by B. will appear in the next number; we are much obliged to him for the communication.

"Intellectual character of Women" was not received in senson for this number. We hope often to be favored with contributions from the gifted author.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"MEMOIR OF MRS. JUDSON .- By Rev. J. D. Knowles .- Boston, Lincoln & Edmands." We are glad to announce this work to our readers. It is one, in which our sex, especially, have a deep interest. The character of Mrs. Judson is an honor to American ladies, and we hazard nothing in saying that this memoir will incline those who may have hitherto been doubtful as to ber peculiar merits, to do her justice. That justice will be her eulogy. It will be impossible to withhold the tribute of admiration from virtues so tried, so triumphant as hers. We have not space for an abstract of her story, and we should not give it if we had. The ardent faith that incited her to engage in an enterprise so full of perils, the fortitude she exhibited under trials which it seems almost incredible a delicate woman could have surmounted,-her griefs and the hope that supported her, should be read in her own expressive language. Her talents were unquestionably of a high order, but the predominating quality of her mind was its energy. That which, when centered in self, is ambition in her, the woman and the christian, became an ardor of benevolence which hesitated at no sacrifices to serve those she pitied, and shrunk from no sufferings to save him she loved. Who can read the detail of her exertions in behalf of her imprisoned husband, without acknowledging that that beautiful tribute of the poet to woman was, in her case, literally true :

> "When pain and sorrow wring the brow, "A ministering angel thou."

Read the following extract from her letter, describing their sufferings at Ava.

"You, my dear brother, who know my strong attachment to my friends, and how much pleasure I have hitherto experienced from retrospect, can judge from the above circumstances, how intense were my sufferings. But the point, the acme of my distress, consisted in the awful uncertainty of our final fate. My prevailing opinion was, that my husband would suffer violent death; and that I should, of course, become a slave, and languish out a miserable, though short existence, in the tyrannic hands of some unfeeling monster. But the consolations of religion, in these trying circumstances, were neither 'few nor small.' It tanght me to look beyond this world, to that rest, that peaceful, happy rest, where Jesus reigns, and oppression never enters.''

Does any one inquire what good has been effected by our missionaries, thus voluntarily exposing themselves to the cruel caprice of an idolatrous people with whom there existed no natural necessity of intercourse? The following summary of what Mr. Judson has performed will better answer the question, than any statement we could make.

"The number of conversions is not the proper guage. In the establishment of a mission, there is much to be done, in laying its foundations. The language is to be acquired, the habits and feelings of the natives are to be learned; the Scriptures are to be translated; tracts are to be written and printed; and the other weapons of the christian warfare are to be collected and prepared, before a Missionary can make a successful onset upon the strong holds of Satan, in a heathen land. The first Missionaries, therefore, must necessarily be pioneers, to remove the obstructions, and make strait in the desert a highway for their successors.

"Mr. Judson has performed this service for the Barman mission. He has thoroughly acquired the language, and has prepared a Grammar and Diotionary, by the aid of which future Missionaries will be eaabled in a brief period to qualify themselves to preach the Gospel. The New Testament is translated, and portions of it have been printed and circulated. The Old Testament is now in the hands of Mr. Judson, and will be completed as soon as possible. Thousands of tracts have been distributed. Four Missionaries, besides Mr. Judson, have obtained a sufficient knowledge of the language, to hold intercourse with the native converts has been licensed as a preacher, and two or three others exhibit encouraging evidence of good gifts for the ministry. Above all, a christian church has been gathered, composed of converted Barmans, and built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone. Has not God, then, given great success to the Burman mission?"

All these successes, be it remembered, have been in a great measure owing to the devoted piety and affection of Mrs. Judson—for without her it is not probable, indeed, it seems hardly possible her husband could have succeeded in his Mission to Burmah, and *there* now appears a field of great promise to the American Baptist Churches. Whatever opinions may prevail respecting the ultimate effect of these exertions to christianize India, but one sentiment can be entertained by christian women ; they must feel that their own sex arc deeply interested in the success of the Mission. How can females be otherwise than eager to spread the knowledge of the Saviour, when it not only promises heaven to them in the next world, but insures them happiness in this! Women might do more, much more for the education of the world ; and it is by instruction, net by miracle, that the nations are to be christianized—than they now de were their talents properly directed, and their time usefully employed. We do wish that philanthropists who are eager for universal education, would be aroused to consider how much would be gained by employing women more generally in the business of instruction. And christians must avail themselves of the powers of female intellect and influence, before they ever will make much progress in converting the heathen; because the women, there, are in perfect ignorance, and they must be instructed, or how can the men be brought to acknowledge that companionship which the Gospel teaches? The instruction of those heathen females can only be accomplished by those of their own sex.

There is an observation in the volume respecting the advantages of employing educated young ladies as instructresses in our own schools, which we hope, coming as it does from one whose opinion has much weight with the public, will claim attention. But to return to the Memeir, of which Mr. Knowles modestly styles himself the compiler. We have only time now to say, that we think the literary execution reflects credit op his talents, judgment and philanthropy. The work contains, besides the life of Mrs. J. a history of the Burman Mission, with a sketch of the Geography, &c. of that country, and a map accompanying. There is also a beautifully engraved portrait of Mrs. Judson, which will often and long rivet the gaze of those who have hearts to admire the semblance of what is leveliest is creation, the semblance of a fair and faithful woman. "Be ye faithful unto death and I will give you a crown of life."

"POEMS, BY MRS. LOUISA P. SMITH." Providence, A. S Beckwith. These poems have a pretty, quiet, unpretending air, which we like, notwithstanding there may be a few faults, which their author modestly suggests " may be seen even by a passing eye." Mrs. Smith seems to have written because it was a pleasure thus to express her waking fancies, just as she would have been delighted, in her childhood, to have told over a sweet dream to her young sister, without any studying about the effect of her communication on the mind of her auditor, or whether there was much reason or method in the vision. Such effasions may never entitle the author to claim the poet's crown-but that is of little consequence while they display that she has a heart which is capable of drawing happiness from the scenes of nature, and the affections of humanity. Had she been careful and critical, she might have done better; she is gifted with the poet's power, but other avocations have apparently claimed her serious attention, and so to scribble rhyme was her recreation. She may, if willing to endure the labor, hereafter shine as one of our first female writers; but we rather suspect, and we love her better for the thought, that she has that true feminine delicacy of soul which, should the "charmed cup" of Fame be presented to her, would exclaim,

"Away! to me, a woman, bring

" Sweet waters from affection's spring."

Should the strong law of necessity ever compel her to do her best, she will exceed her own expectations--otherwise, she will most probably find her eulogium where her heart will be, in the dear domestic circle. There is the proper sphere of a married woman. One verse from Burns, (with a few variations) will express our sentiments on that subject.

> "To make a happy fireside clime, When once a wife, Is the true pathos and sublime Of woman's life."

We have room for only a short extract from the book, it may not be the best we could select, but is pretty and we have not seen it quoted.

THE HEART'S TREASURES.

Know ye what things the heart holds dear In its hidden cells ? "Is never the beam of careless smiles, Nor riches waîted from far-off isles, The light that cheers it is never shed From the jewell'd pomp of a regal head. Not there it dwells.

Gay things, the loved of worldly eyes, Enchain it not, It suns its blossoms in fairer skies,

The dewy beam of affection's eyes, The spell is there that can hold it fast, When earthly pride in its pomp is past, And all forgot.

Thoughts that come from their far, dim rest, Woke by a smile,

The memory sweet of a youthful hour,

The faded hue of a cherished flower,

Or parting tones of a far-off friend,

It loves in melody soft to blend

With him the while.

Know ye what things the heart holds dear ? Its buried loves !

Those that have wrung from it many a tear, Gone where the leaves never fall or sear, Gone to the land that is sought in prayer, The trace of whose step is fairest, where Fond memory roves.

"GUIDO, AND OTHER POEMS, BY IANTHE." New-York, G. & C. Carvill. The path of poetry, like every other path in life, is to the tread of woman, exceedingly circumscribed. She may not revel in the luxuriance of fancies, images and thoughts, or indulge in the license of choosing themes at will, like the lords of creation. She must never, for the sake of a subject, forget or forfeit the delicacy of her sex.

> "Some rhyme a necbor's name to lash; Some rhyme (vain thought) for needfu' cash; Some rhyme to court the contra clash, And raise a din; For me, an *aim* I never fash; I rhyme for fun."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Of the four motives for rhyming thus enumerated by the Bard of nature, only one must ever be permitted to draw forth the powers of the fair sex. Neither anger, ambition, or the love of fun must ever inspire a woman; and even when rhyming for "needfu' cash" there should be some deep, affectionate impulse to induce the effort, and hallow, so to say, the otherwise avaricious desire of writing for gain. The subjects also of a woman's song are as circumscribed as must be her method of treating them. It does not accord with her character to shake the scourge of satire ; and she must be very circamspect if she attempt to strike the soft lyre of love. Sapho succeeded; but the charm of her impassioned lay consists much in its truth. She painted what she felt, and sealed, with her dying breath, the sincerity of her deep, devoted affection. Those young lady poets, who are imitating the warmth of her lay, would do well to reflect whether, for fame like hers, they should be willing to die as well as to write. Miss Landon has sung of love quite too much for a lively laughing young lady, who describes the tender passion as so irresistible and so often fatal. Her example must be expected to have some influence, yet we hope the spell of her poetry will not operate on our young ladies. whose genius should be employed to purify the heart, elevate the moral feelings and strengthen the dear ties of domestic affection.

These are our sentiments ; and though admiring the genius of Ianthe, and gladly, even proudly, bearing testimony to the beauty of many passages in the volume before us, we cannot but wish she had chosen different themes. Love should not have been thus exclusively the burden of her song ; it is not the sole business of life, nor is a disappointment of the heart the most terrible affliction that can befal the children of men.

"Was your mistress unkind?" said the sighing lover to his disconsolate servant. "Very unkind," replied the man, " for she married me, and made one of the most confounded wives in the world."

How much more deserving of pity is the kind husband who has an ill-tempered wife than the discarded lover ! And who would compare the heartache of a disappointed damsel, to the agony of feeling which the fond, faithfal wife must endure who has a dranken husband ? We hope to meet Ianthe again in a field more deserving her taste and talents—in a field peculiarly appropriate to woman—that of hallowing by the aid of sentiment the duties of life. We give the following as proof that she is capable of excelling in the painting of domestic scenes and deep emotions.

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL TO HER WEDDED DAUGHTER.

Go, dearest one, my selfish love shall never pale thy check; Not e'en a mother's fears for thee will I in sadness speak: Yet how can I with coldness check the burning tears that start?— Hast thou not turned from me to dwell within another's heart?

I think on earlier, brighter days, when first my lip was prest Upon thy baby brow whilst thou lay helpless on my breast. In fancy still I see thine eye uplifted to my face. I hear thy lisping tones, and mark with joy thy childish grace. E'en then I knew it would be thus; I thought e'en in that bour, Another would its perfume steal when I had reared the flower; And yet I will not breathe a sigh—how can I dare repine ? The sorrow that *thy* mother feels was suffered once by mine.

A mother's love !---oh ! thou knowest not how much of feeling lies In those sweet words; the hopes, the fears, the daily strength'ning ties : It lives ere yet the infant draws its earliest vital breath, And dies but when the mother's heart chills in the grasp of death.

Will he in whose fond arms thou seek'st thine all of earthly bliss, E'er feel a love untiring, deep, and free from self as this ? Ah, no ! a husband's tenderness thy gentle heart may prove; But never, never wilt thou meet again a mother's love.

My love for thee must ever be fond as in years gone by ; While to thy heart I shall be like a dream of memory. Dearest farewell, may angel hosts their vigils o'er thee keep,---How can I speak that fearful word ' farewell' and yet not weep ?

"MARY'S VISIT.—JAMES SOMERS. By a Lady." New-Haven, A. H. Maltby. These books have been on hand for several months, because we have not had room to say of them what we wished and they deserved. We have as yet gained nothing by waiting; our publishers still say, ' only room for a few lines.' Well, we must be brief, for these shall be neglected no longer. Books designed for children are now become so numerous that those who feel a deep interest in education, must make a close scrutiny, of the character of such works, before giving them to their children. The perusal of too many books will certainly injure the minds of the young, and this subject we intended to investigate at some length in these observations, but have not as before remarked, space for a long article. We can only say that we think the two named above, are as unexceptionable books of fiction for children as we have read of late. Mary's Visit is designed for young Misses, and the evils of indulging as inordinate vanity are exemplified in a series of adventures which display, with a knowledge of the human heart, a fertility of imagination joined with good taste and good principles on the part of the writer, deserving of much commendation. The scene, too, being laid in Boston will make it more interesting to the young ladies of this city.

James Somers is quite a different story—it is founded on the interesting subject of the pilgrim's triumphs, and is valuable as well for the historical facts it contains, as for its touching pathos and pure principles.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE is to be commenced in April. The name of its Editor, N. P. Willis, is a sufficient guarantee to those who are familiar with the beautiful productions of his gifted pen, that the work will be conducted with taste and ability. May it meet with success.

THE WESTERN EXAMINER—an English Newspaper, in character somewhat resembling the Albion is soon to be published. Mr. John Thomas, late editor of the Cheltenham Chronicle, (England) is to be editor of the Examiner. He is said to possess talents and acquirements which eminently fit him to discharge the duties of such an undertaking.

LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

APRIL.

No. IV.

THE GIFTS OF SPRING.

SPRING ! 'tis the spell of gladness-But breathe that Eden word Within the human bosom, What pleasant thoughts are stirred; Sweet thoughts of gushing fountains, Bright skies and blossomed trees, And soft green grass, and violets, And wild binds' melodies. These visions warm the fancy, And wake the lyre of mirth; But Spring has gifts more precious To bless the waiting earth-There's life upon her breezes To fan the failing breath-And in her hand the rose of health, To wreathe the cheek of death. There see the fond young mother, Who, all the winter drear, Beside her pining infant's couch Has kept her watch of fear-O, Spring may scatter buds and flowers The laughing earth around ! Her sweetest gift, the bud of hope

In that mother's heart is found.

VOL. II.-NO. IV.

CORNELIA.

THE INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF WOMAN.

WHENCE arise the jests and the jeerings in relation to the intellectual character, the weakness, irresolution, want of purpose, with which the fairer portion of the creation have been stigmatized ? Has nature really made a distinction in her mental gifts ?----has she really classed them, and divided the one poor pittance to woman, while she has assigned the "portion of Benjamin" to man ?---or is there indeed an intellectual, as well as an animal distinction of sex? These questions have been repeatedly asked, and repeatedly answered; and have now nearly arrived at a complete settlement. Still there are many who even at the present day point at the general development of female intellect, and with a sort of triumphant exultation, enumerate the achievements of female mind, in a narrower and more contracted field, than that in which the exertions of manly mind have been made. They rejoice that the corruscations of female genius have glittered, like the nocturnal meteor, only amid the mild radiance of the lesser lights of science, and shone only in the lighter departments of literature, while that of man, like the powerful "King of day," has not only glittered by its direct rays, but has likewise given back its light by reflection. It is a little singular, that in the days of mythology, when doubtless an opinion like that which these persons entertain, must have been more indisputable, and prevalent, even on Parnassus, a doctrine was indirectly inculcated completely at variance with the settled opinions of the day, in relation to the intellectual character of the sex. How consonant soever the doctrine thus advanced may be with rhetorical rule, it must be supposed that had it been necessary, rhetorical propriety would have been set aside to make way for poetic justice ; and that while the lighter departments of science were provided with tutelar deities of the softer sex, the abstract and exact sciences would have been consigned to the peculiar guardianship of some other Apollo would thus have been constrained to resign deity. the lyre of Urania, and receive in exchange the emblems of astronomical science. But, at the present day, there is no need to revise the fables of antiquity in behalf of the sex. They need no concessions from mythology for the establishment of their claims—nor can the justice of those claims be controverted, when they are fairly met and duly considered.

Whoever will be at the pains to reflect, for a moment, upon the very different means of education hitherto enjoyed by the two sexes, must be constrained to acknowledge, that the result of each must necessarily be widely different. Let us suppose, for a moment, that one of the stronger sex, in early life, for some reasons, should be constrained to adopt a disguise similar to that to which Achilles resorted to avoid the Trojan war :---that from early life his education should be conducted, and his manners formed, in reference solely to the sex whose garb he had adopted ; and that no Ulysses tempts him to betray his sex, by a preference of the weapons of the field, to the decorations of the ball-room. Will it be contended that masculine genius will rise from beneath the load imposed upon it, and "give the world assurance of a man ?" or will it not be conceded that the individual would be assailed with the common stigma of weakness and effeminacy ? We could extract a few hints from the fictions of novelists and poets pertinent to our present design, were there no fear that such authorities would receive but little respect. But since the consonance of those fictions to nature has been acknowledged, the books that contain them considered as correct representations of nature, and the characters themselves commended as correctly drawn, we see no reason why the arguments they furnish, are not in themselves as forcible, as if taken from real life; for we judge of the correctness of a fancy painting, not by any resemblance it may bear to particular objects within our immediate observation, but by its agreement with the suggestion of imagination, instructed by observation, together with a judicious distribution of light and shade.

Let us for a moment compare, not the natural but the real character of the genius of the two sexes. In quickness of perception, the balance is decidedly in favor of woman. This faculty has been strengthened in them by their general habits. Accustomed to the indulgence of the pleasures of the eye, they acquire a peculiar delicacy of sensible perception, which is not long in being transferred to the mind; and by its constant exercise in works of imagination, it acquires a readiness of action which is seldom obtained by men. But in retentiveness of the impressions made

by perception, they must concede the superiority, for like those substances which most readily assume a desired shape, or receive a desired impression, they more easily part with present possessions in order to acquire the new. Nor is the cause of this to be found in any peculiarity of nature, but It is a well known fact that rather in a diversity of habit. each of the intellectual powers acquires new accessions of strength, in direct proportion to the exercise to which it is subjected. Now from the peculiar habits of the two sexes, the one seeks pleasure from the diversity and novelty of its perceptions; while the other is engaged in combining and comparing the objects of perception, and tracing their remote relations and contingencies. In this operation the memory is the principal faculty which is employed, and it therefore acquires a greater degree of strength with that sex which subjects it to the most constant employment. In this view of the subject, the faculty of perception is to the memory what the agriculturalist is to the manufacturer its value by the labor it bestows upon it. In the operations of comparison, combination and reasoning, the faculty of memory is vigorously exerted-but the peculiar occupations of the female sex seldom lead them to the continued exercise of these faculties; whereas the details of professional, mercantile, or mechanical life, require their constant employment, to a degree commensurate with the importance or intricacy of particular operations. Mr. Hume, in his history of England, speaking of the unfortunate Lady Jane Gray, has this remarkable passage, which we consider very much to our point. "She had received all her education with King Edward 6th, and seemed to possess even a greater facility in acquiring every part of manly and classical litera-In the conduct of her education, the prejudices ture." against the intellectual character of the sex seem to have been forgotten; and history, as she records the moral worth of this unfortunate lady, at the same time bears high testimony of her intellectual endowments. In speaking also of the princely Elizabeth, a sovereign whose principal fault seems to have been her personal vanity, the same historian uses the following language. "Her vigor, her constancy, her vigilance, penetration, and address, merit the highest praises. The wise ministers and able men that flourished during her

reign, owed all of them their advancement to her choice, and with all their endeavors, were never able to obtain an undue ascendancy over her." Arguments like these in favor of the intellectual equality of the sexes, will not be justly met by the objection, that they are rare or isolated cases; for it must be recollected that few have enjoyed the mutual advantages necessary to produce the appearance of that equality. We must not institute a comparison between those of the one sex, who are within the temple of science, and those of the other, to whom the doors have been closed. We must lead them both to the steep ascent. We must observe their progress with vigilance. We must watch the aberrations of each at the call of the passions, and detect the first deserter to the bowers of pleasure. We must give to each the same advantages of birth and fortune ; the same opportunities for intellectual culture. We must divest them of the estimation which they now hold in society, nor intimidate the intellectual progress of the one, by stigmas and reproach, while the other is cheered and assisted by the admiration and encouragement of partial friends. We must open to each indifferently, the halls of academic learning; of judicial science and legislative wisdom, before the question of intellectual inferiority can be completely and satisfactorily settled. With all these mutual advantages, should it be found that science shrinks from female approach; that truth veils her features from the eye of woman; that learning, preferring the cell and the mountain, retires from the softness and delicacy that woos it; and that art, in its protean form, shuns the embrace which is affectionately offered, it will then be early enough to give currency to the calumny on female intellect, and to assert without fear of contradiction their mental inferiority.

But conceding, as we do, the absolute natural equality of the intellectual character of the two sexes, we hope that the day is far distant when the question is to be decided in the manner that we propose. Nature herself seems to have provided, that a distinction should be made, although she declimed the invidious task herself; and we fear that the attempt, on the part of the gentle sex, to establish their equality, would be attended with loss, greater than the acquisition of their aim. The duties of the two sexes lead them to the cultivation of different habits, and point them to various and distinct paths, and we should lament the jealousy that

HEART'S EASE.

would lead them to step beyond the bounds of delicacy and assert their liberties at the expense of their loveliness. Let them not seek the paths of originality, or strike out new theories and doctrines; but be contented, like Ruth, to glean in the field after the reapers, who doubtless will have let fall much, although not "on purpose for her." Let her not be ashamed to shine with reflected light. We admire the moon no less because we know that the light is not her own,—and let her especially remember, that although intellectual, like physical light, will shine and radiate from all on which it falls, it is reflected with greater splendor and brilliancy from that which is most polished.

R. G. P.

HEART'S EASE.

SEEK not for me in the lighted halls— Mine is no garland for festivals; Look not for me in the wreathes they twine Round urns of perfume and cups of wine, Though torn away from my forest lair, To deck their banquets; I perish there;— 'Neath the heated lip and the flashing eye I smile—but smiling—I die—I die !

And some come there with their cheeks of bloom, Like roses wreathed round a marble tomb; Or the soft pink tints in some Indian shell, Lit with the blush of the sun's farewell; With locks, like the first light clouds of dawn, With the dreamy gaze of the woodland fawn— They come to seek me.—Alas, for all Who seek "Heart's Ease" in the masquing hall!

The feast and the feaster have passed away, The lamps are winking in morning's ray, And the withered chaplets hang idly down, And the mirror is mocking its faded crown; And they—that stood 'mid the festal cheer Like the wounded palm or the "stricken deer,"

HEART'S EASE.

With their strange bright eyes—and their fatal bloom, Have passed from the revel away to the tomb.

They found me—they found me—but all too late; Young Hope had died in the grasp of Fate, And the rich bloom passed—like the last bright streak In the burning west—from the blighted cheek; And the pallid taper and holy hymn Were there for rite and for requiem, And "Heart's Ease" strewed on their bosoms, lay, And the young heart's longings were hushed away.

Seek ye for me—oh, seek ye for me In the bowery shade of the forest tree, Where the far-off tones of the ranger's horn Rouse not the fawn from its rest at morn; Where the joyous brook glides laughing by, Feeding the echoes with melody, And the lilies—like Brahmins at eventide, Are bent, as in worship, its streams beside.

Seek ye for me—oh, seek ye for me Where the summer birds love most to be, Where the worn out breeze, with a feeble sigh Comes oft, like al ove-sick youth—to die; And gathered the old oak boughs among, The wild wood doves, like a vestal throng In some ancient cloister, all dark and dim, Are lifting to heaven the vesper hymn.

Seek ye for me—oh, seek ye for me On the morning track of the joyous bee; Follow the streamlet, through wood and glen; Follow the glow-worm, you'll find me then,— For it loves to roam through bowers at night, And wave over blossoms its elfin light,— Meet guide for those that would seek for me In the calm of my forest sanctuary.

East Cambridge.

A. L. P.

ALEXANDER STANDISH.

THE following story was written by a gentleman whose studies and pursuits eminently qualify him to describe accurately the character and customs of our ancestors. It will, to those who do not read merely for amusement, be found valuable for its historical hints and biographical anecdotes; and doubtless our fair readers will be amused to learn the accomplishment most fascinating, and the manner of wooing most fashionable, in the days of their great, great grandmothers' grandmothers. In short, we are very glad, and suspect our subscribers will be of the same sentiment, that we have an article which, in this number, we can offer as a substitute for the Manuscript.

ALEXANDER STANDISH;

OR, LOVE IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

In the sober times of our pious ancestors, the puritans of New-England, great account was made of the religious character. Nor had hypocrisy or fanaticism any thing to do in forming this opinion. No doubt, there was some needless austerity and precision; but sincere and deep-grained piety lay at the foundation of what the world sometimes called ostentation, and sometimes fanaticism. Youth of both sexes were then thoroughly educated in good moral principles, and in habits of industry, frugality and sobriety. The wise fathers of the pilgrim race knew how to value those qualities; and in youth, they said, was the time to sow the seeds of virtue, if one would hope for a full harvest in middle life and in old age. But they did not attempt to effect this mechanically or by compulsion. The chief portion of the first years of the young, poor as the settlements then were, was devoted to mental cultivation ; and most children acquired the rudiments of useful knowledge.

With such principles and views, it was to be expected that parents, in disposing of their daughters in marriage, would require sobriety and industry, as indispensably necessary in the character of the young men, who became suitors for them. They did not think so much of the wealth or the family of the man, as of his moral worth and industrious habits.

No one was more sensible of the importance of such principles, or more faithful to act under their influence, than **Elder Brewster.** He was a man of sincere and ardent piety; but not austere in his deportment, nor very tenacious respecting speculative tenets in theology and the forms of wor-Still in fundamentals, as they were called, he agreed ship. with the other principal men of the settlement. He was, indeed, a preacher, occasionally, and he had been educated at one of the English Universities. He was disposed rather to encourage the humble believer, and the young and diffident saint. He used no menaces, he did not address the fears of the inquirer. He did not force his doctrines upon others, nor anathematize them, if they did not, at once, embrace and profess them. He had suffered much in Europe, and was advanced in life when he came to New-England. Thus, he had become more catholic in his sentiments than many of his contemporaries and companions. In religious discussion, he was mild and candid; but able and argumentative. As a theologian, he ranked next to the celebrated Robinson, (the pastor of the Plymouth church,) who died Mr. Brewster had a good library; and devotin Holland. ed much of his time to reading and study, even after settling in this new world.

His family consisted of ten sons and four daughters; his eldest son was married before the company left England. The daughters were also of adult age, when the family first came over to this wilderness; and therefore, fair candidates for matrimony, whenever any suitor of good character and sobriety of manners might present himself. The Governor had no son of proper age, at that time, or a daughter of the venerable and learned Elder might justly have aspired to a connexion with one of the family of the chief magistrate of the Colony. As the fathers of all the families who formed the infant settlement were republicans and christians, no distinctions were admitted but those of virtue and piety.

"The vigorous youth, who first leaped upon the rock of Plymouth," had no sons of sufficient age to enter into matrimony, till many years after the time of which we here speak : But at a subsequent period, some of the families became connected. The Military Chief of the Colony had sons; but at the first landing these were but in a state of boyhood. However, when selecting land for farms and

"homesteads," Standish and Brewster settled contiguous to each other on a pleasant Peninsula, across the bay opposite to the town of Plymouth. In a few years, the eldest son of the gallant Captain became of an age, when a susceptible heart receives impressions of female charms and worth, if occasions often occur to bring them together. Martha, a daughter of the reverend Elder, soon became his peculiar favor-She was a few years older, but this disparity of age ite. was not very great. Young Standish was sensible that Martha took an interest in his welfare, and his future pursuits and prosperity. He felt himself too young, being scarcely twenty, to think of marriage at present; he wished also to acquire some estate before undertaking a family establishment; and more than all, the serious deportment of Martha led him to conclude, that he could not, young and gay and cheerful as he was, be altogether agreeable to her. He might be endured, and treated with friendship as a neighbor; but he thought she would, making choice of a companion for life, select one of more sober and sedate character. At one of their accidental interviews-indeed, all their meetings were free and unpremeditated, for they met only as neighbors and friends—Martha was unusually inquisitive respecting his future pursuits in life. It had been reported, that Alexander Standish, the Captain's eldest son, intended to visit England, where he would probably engage on board some merchant ship, and become a mariner, or go on to the continent of Europe, and enter into military service, as his father had formerly done : In either case, he would not return to New-England for many years; perhaps, never. . This report had reached Martha; and she appeared unusually anxious to know what were his plans and purposes. She found, that she felt a deep interest in the welfare of her friend. She was conscious, however, of no stronger concern than it was proper to entertain for a young friend, whom she had known for many years, and whose prosperity and welfare were objects of her sincere wishes. After some general and indirect inquiries, she ventured to be more explicit.

⁷ I hear, Alexander," she said, "that you intend soon to leave our little neighborhood, and to visit England. I fear you will not speedily return to us. If you were only going on business, or on a visit to friends, we might hope you

would be with us again ere many months. But it is not so, I hear. You go to seek employment, probably, for life; and we shall see you no more. Should you ever come back to see your friends, you would be a stranger, and few of your present friends would be found to receive you. We also need your aid for defence against the savage Indians; for though our good Governor and others have generally kept them from open attacks upon the settlement, some of them are uttering their threats, and it is feared they will make an assault on us. This they may do, without much warning, and when your brave father and many others are out of the settlement. Your good father has often defended us; but he is also frequently sent away for the safety of our brethren in other places. He is now in Massachusetts Bay, you know, for the rescue of the few English people at Wessaguscus."

Alexander was sensibly affected by the kind interest which Martha appeared to take in his welfare, and by the flattering manner in which she spoke of the support he might afford in defence of the settlements, if attacked by the Indians. He felt indeed, that it was the language of a friend, who would regret his departure. But it would be difficult to determine, whether he suspected there was any other feeling in Martha's heart, though she had spoken so favorably and kindly of him, than that of a neighbor and friend. The young man inherited much of the brave and enterprising spirit of his noble father; and, no doubt, had a common portion, at least, of that feeling natural to man, which is aroused and quickened by the soothing and affectionate accents of a female. After a little pause and some hesitation, voung Standish observed, "that he was much obliged, by the kind regrets expressed by his friends, at his proposed departure. But that he was now of an age to find some manly and honorable employment. This, he believed, he could obtain through the influence of his father's friends in England. For although the estate coming to his father by law, had been "surreptitiously" kept from him, the family would no doubt assist him in gaining a commission in the army, or in finding some other lucrative employment for If these failed, he did, indeed, propose going to the him. continent and seeking a place in any military corps he might meet. As to agriculture, it was in his estimation, not a very pleasant or profitable calling. The woods were first to be cut down and burnt, before one could be said to have a farm. And he had too much desire of immediate wealth to labor hard and wait twenty or thirty years in order to secure merely a competency. He was, indeed, reluctant in going away, when he thought of the defenceless state of the plantation; but he hoped the pacific conduct of the good Governor and his associates would keep the natives on friendly terms. I shall feel much distressed," he added, "in leaving my family, my home, and my neighbors; and, particularly, in losing your society and conversation, Martha, for you have always shown me much kindness, and often given me good advice; which, gay and thoughtless as I may appear, I remember, and trust to profit by."

"Well," said Martha, with a little more agitation of manner than common, "if you are resolved to leave the plantation and to pass many years away from our little circle, I hope you will not continue so light and gay as you are now; that you will recollect and profit by the instructions and admonitions so often given you; that you will avoid the snares and temptations which await you among the dissolute people of Europe; and that you will be induced to return to your parents and friends before many years."

.Martha's voice seemed to tremble towards the conclusion of these remarks; and when Alexander raised his eyes to her face, which he did not without a little hesitation and something of more excited feelings, than he was before conscious of, he beheld her wiping away as by stealth a falling tear.

Though somewhat overpowered by his feelings, Alexander soon gathered strength to speak, and said, "my respected friend, I find it no very easy thing to take leave of my family and neighbors; and as the time is approaching when I expect to bid them farewell, my resolution almost fails me of undertaking the voyage. But I wish to see something of the old world; my father consents; and I hope, finally, though I almost doubt, to obtain the permission of my mother and young sisters. You Martha, will soon forget me; or at least, hardly be sensible of my absence; for though we have passed many pleasant hours together, and you have derived satisfaction from having given me much wholesome counsel, you will find sufficient employment and pleasure,

OR, LOVE IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

too, in conversing with the grave and learned gentleman. who has lately arrived in the plantation. He is much acquainted with your venerable father, who I understand, has a high regard for him. He must then, be a worthy and estimable character. He has determined to remain in the plantation, my father informs me; and he says, he will be one of the most useful men in the Colony. He appears to me to be about thirty years of age; and though he is rather grave in his deportment, and a little too formal to meet my views and feelings altogether, he has still the carriage of a gentleman, and, in conversation, is instructive and agreea-He is one of those characters which gain upon our esble. teem and respect by time. I am less displeased with his deportment than when I first saw him, about a year ago, which was soon after he came into the plantation. I think you must esteem him, Martha; for you well know how to value his learning and good sense; and you, certainly, much prefer his sobriety and seriousness to the gaiety and frolic of any young man of my temperament and manners."

"I presume," replied Martha, "you refer to Mr. Prince, who has now been in the plantation about a year. He is truly a worthy gentleman; and he has more learning than most of the freemen in this new Colony. Still, you must be informed that he is not so learned as the Elder, my venerated father ; nor more so than the Governor, or the "accomplished" Winslow. But he has a taste for learning : he is a great reader, and his conversation is chiefly on religious, political and literary topics. He owns some books himself, but he is often using those in my father's library. It would be enough to lead me to esteem a man, that my father entertains a very good opinion of him, as a gentleman of excellent morals, of a religious character, and a literary taste. But I confess I like Mr. Prince, in all respects. He is not so serious or grave in his deportment as to be displeasing to me; and yet I do not dislike your occasional gaiety and general cheerfulness, if you would not sometimes discover a want of what I have been led to think due discretion and consideration. Mr. Prince, perhaps, would generally be better liked, if he could lay aside a little of his buckram ; as, no doubt, you would be more acceptable to many of the inhabitants, especially those who are no longer young, if vou were less gay and thoughtless."

Alexander replied, "I perceive you have already formed a good opinion of Mr. Prince. I think, on the whole, he is deserving of the esteem of the people. If I am not mistaken, he will prove a blessing to the plantation. He has a public spirit, and wishes the growth and advancement of the colony. I think he will be Governor before he has lived among us many years. So, I venture to advise you, my respected friend, to be gracious to him, that when I return I may greet you as the Governor's lady."

Martha colored, and looking on her young friend Alexander to see whether she could discover by his countenance that he was in a serious mood, or was speaking in jest, as sometimes he did, she said, "I presume you are sincere in your observations, and yet I had, at first, some suspicion you were indulging in a little banter, as you are occasionally wont to do. Mr. Prince, I esteem as a worthy man and my father's friend. He is given to conversation, and I think I learn much from him. I therefore, am pleased whenever he calls on us, and wish him to protract his visits. But your surmises are altogether unfounded. No one can tell, however," she added, after a few moments of silence and abstraction; "No one can tell what events will happen in a few years to come. I hope you will return, after having seen enough of the follies and vices of Europe; and whatever may be my situation, I shall be made happy by greeting you here in our infant colony, where, if we have much to suffer and much to labor for, we have much to enjoy, and above all, the liberty to serve God according to our own consciences."

Soon after this, young Standish embarked for England. He had no other fixed sentiment towards Miss Brewster, than that of esteem and friendship. If there was a feeling of a different sort, it was in its incipient state, and he was not fully aware of its existence. Martha did not forget her young friend, now that he had gone from her society, nor did she think of him with the tenderness and anxiety of a mature and decided lover. Yet something more than friendship had been some months mingling with her neighborly affections for Alexander; and before his departure, she had become uneasy when he was not by her side. She could pardon his gaiety, and perhaps, it was not disagreeable to her; and his frank deportment and generous, affectionate disposition were making inroads upon the heart of the Elder's daughter, which must soon have ripened into love. Like all other females of that colony, Martha was constantly employed in domestic concerns. She was fond of reading, but did not conceive that her duty permitted her to devote usually, more than two hours a day to this occupation. In a new country, where there are not a variety of manufactories and trades, the members of every family have much more to do, than would be required in a different state of society.

Mr. Prince soon settled in the vicinity of Elder Brewster, and the next year was married to "Mistress" Martha, the daughter, with the entire approbation of the father and family. As young Standish predicted, Mr. Prince was afterwards elected Governor of Plymouth colony; and was much devoted to the welfare and improvement of the plantation. If he was not a very learned man himself, he was a lover of good learning, and made great exertions, in his official capacity, to furnish the means of education to the children of all classes of the people. Common schools at the public expense owe their origin chiefly to his influence.

Whether Alexander returned before that event, neither our records nor tradition enable us to determine. After an absence of some six or eight years, he returned, with much of the polish, but not with any of the vices of the European. He had been successfully engaged in maritime affairs and it had been his good fortune to meet with old friends of his gallant father, whose society was improving both to his mind and manners.

Salem and Boston were now settled, and Mr. Standish proposed moving to the latter, where there was more society, and where he thought he could promise himself more happiness. But his parents were advanced in life, and some of their children had already left them to make settlements for themselves, in distant parts of the plantation. The polished European, as he was called, concluded to remain on his father's homestead, which was extensive, including the whole of the Captain's Mount, so called, in the ancient town of D-----, with other lands contiguous to its base. After a year or two, our traveller found himself in too much solitude, and he coveted a help-meet to beguile his tedious hours. To his good friend, Mistress Martha Prince, who was living at no great distance with her worthy lord, he made known his wishes, and after a little time for reflection. she recommended the fair Rebecca, daughter of Mr. John Alden, who was one of the original company, and an active, respected member from their first settlement. Alexander received the advice with evident pleasure, and soon presented himself in person to the family of his father's old friend. In his visits, although very frequent, he was received with peculiar attention, and he soon made known the object he wished to accomplish. The young lady discovered no obstinate opposition, but was modestly compliant. The consent of parents was proper to be obtained, however. This, too, was soon secured. For Captain Standish and John Alden were not of that class of men, even in that age and settlement, to make speculative theology essential in the religious creed of their children or friends. They were puritans, indeed; and received, in general terms, without much examination, the great outlines of calvinism. But the gallant Captain was charged with being of Erastian sentiments, and John Alden was known to be no stickler for a long creed. They were pious men and devout ; they were sincere christians. Love to God and man were the two great commandments, in their estimation; and they willing-ly left it to theological disputants to quarrel about modes and essences, fate, fore-knowledge, free-will, absolute reprobation and irresistible grace, "in wondering mazes lost."

These two men, however, were pillars in the State and ranked with the few who were eminently useful in building up the infant colony. They had once an unpleasant altercation about a lady, for love is generally the cause of human woes, which was soon adjusted; as disputes always may be, when both parties are honest, and have time to explain their conduct.

Mr. Alexander Standish was, therefore, in due time, united to the fair Miss Rebecca Alden. Her education had been judiciously managed; for, with the necessary and useful knowledge of a country gentlewoman, she had been taught and accustomed to household labor. She also possessed the virtues of economy and frugality, without which, none but the very affluent can even safely dispense. They reared a family of well regulated and industrious children, acquired property without great worldly anxiety, lived in comfort and hospitality to a good old age, and in their deaths were honored and lamented by a numerous posterity. B.

THE DAUGHTER.

THE DAUGHTER.

WHEELS o'er the pavement roll'd, and a light form, Just in the bud of blushing womanhood, Stood at the parent's door. Stern midnight frown'd Upon the muffled stars, and the rich curls Of that fair creature, damp and heavy, hung Around her brow. No mother's tender hand Dried the wet tresses, or with warm caress, Restored the weary spirit, for that hand Lay with the cold, dull earth-worm.

Grey and sad,

The tottering nurse rose up; and that old man, The soldier servant, who had train'd the steeds Of her slain brothers for the battle field, Bow'd low to point her to that couch of pain Where the sick father pin'd. Oft had he yearn'd For her sweet presence; oft, through night's long watch, Mus'd of his daughter's smile, till dreams restor'd The ardent pressure of her ruby lip, Dispelling every wo. Yet, far away, She, patient student, bending o'er her tasks, And all unconscious of a father's grief, Toil'd for those fruits of knowledge which he will'd Her to possess, still ever keeping bright The image of her home, and his dear smile, To cheer her labors.

But a summons came Of sorrowful surprise, and on the wing Of filial love she hasted. 'Twas too late! The lamp of life still burn'd, yet 'twas too late! The mind had pass'd away, and who should call Its wing from out the sky ? For the embrace Of warm idolatry, was the fixed glare Of the dull, glassy eye. Disease had dealt A fell assassin's blow. Oh God! the blight That fell on those fresh hopes, when all in vain The wither'd hand was grasp'd, and the wide hall Echoed to "Father! Father!"

Through the shades Of that long, stilly night, she, sleepless, bent, Bathing with tireless hand the parching brow Aud the death-pillow smoothing. When fair morn

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Came with its rose-tint up, she, shrieking, clasp'd Her hands with joy, for its reviving flush Trac'd that wan brow as if with one brief smile Of wakened intellect. 'Twas seeming all ! And Hope's fond visions faded, as the day Rode on in glory. Night her curtains drew, And found that pale and beautiful watcher there, Still unreposing. Restless on his couch Toss'd the sick man. Cold Lethargy had steep'd The last pale poppy in his heart's red stream, And Agony was stirring Nature up To cope with her destroyer.

"Oh, my God!

Would he could sleep !" sigh'd a low, silver voice. And then she ran to hush the measur'd tick Of the dull night-clock, and to scare the owl, Which clinging to the casement, hoarsely pour'd His boding note. But ah ! from that wan breast Thick-coming groans announced the foe who strikes But once. They bare the fainting child away, And, paler than that ashen corse, her face Droop'd o'er the old nurse's shoulder, while a flood Of ebon tresses in their richness veil'd Her marble bosom. 'Twas a fearful sight To see a young heart bursting, while the old Went to its rest.

There came another change. The muffled bell toll'd out the funeral hour, And many a foot the silent threshold prest. Friendship was there, with its full, heavy heart, Keen Curiosity, intent to scan

The lordly mansion, and gaunt Worldliness Even o'er the coffin and the warning shroud, Revolving its own schemes. And one was there, To whom this world could render nothing back Like that pale piece of clay. Calmly she stood, Even as a statue. The old house-dog came, And press'd his rough head to her snowy palm, All unreproved of her.

He for his master mourn'd, And could she spurn that faithful friend, who oft His shaggy length through many a fire-side hour Stretch'd at her father's feet, and round his bed Of death had watch'd, with wondering, wishful eye, In fear and sympathy? No! on his neck

RECOLLECTIONS.

Her orphan tear had fallen, and by her side His noble front he reared, as proud to guard The last, lov'd relic of his master's house. There was a calmness on that mourner's brow. Ill understood by many an eager glance Which settled on her. Of her sire they spake, Who suffer'd scarce the breath of heaven to lift The tresses of his darling, and who deem'd In the deep passion of his heart's sole love, She was too good for earth; and then they gaz'd Indignant on her tearless eye, and said "How strange that he should be so lightly mourn'd." Oh woman, oft misconstrued !--- the pure pearls Lie all too deep in thy heart's secret well, For the unpausing, or impatient hand To win them forth. Yet in that maiden's breast Sorrow and loneliness sank darkly down, While the meek lip breath'd out no boisterous plaint Of common, funeral grief.

L. H. S.

WE think our readers will be pleased with the following That it is from the pen of a young lady, will be a article. recommendation to those of her own age and sex; and an encouragement also, we hope. Perhaps few methods conduce more to regulate the mind, than the habit of looking back, and reflecting on scenes, in which we have been engaged, the anticipations we indulged, and then comparing those airy fancies with the actual ments time has unfolded. It is thus we improve, if not acquire the faculty of judgment. Much of our happiness doubtless depends on the power of the imagination, to conceal or color advantageously the circumstances of our fate ; but it must be an imagination fortified by reason and reflection, which unavoidable disappointments will not darken to despondency. This fortitude of the soul is no more like insensibility, than the steam from boiling water is like ice—the one accelerates motion, the other retards it—and yet ice and steam are the same element under different forms. To regulate feeling need not be to destroy

RECOLLECTIONS.

it. We admire fancy most, when her flights and wanderings seem to be in pursuit of those truths that have a tendency to make people happier as well as wiser. And such is usually the effect of calling up the reminiscences of childhood. ED.

RECOLLECTIONS.—No. I.

OUR VILLAGE SCHOOL.

I AM now at a distance from the beautiful village, home of my childhood; and its numerous alterations, and the bereavements I have there suffered, render it to me the most melancholy spot on earth. Yet_shall I ever treasure up in my heart the memory of the friends and the scenes which once endeared it to me; and there is not one of my early school-mates whom I should not now rejoice to meet, and recognize as an old friend, although perhaps at school, we were rivals, competitors for the same honors, and treated each other with as much ceremonious coldness as children know how to assume in their petty dissentions; I remember each of them as a brother or sister, and every custom and event of those joyous times, is as clearly noted in my mind, as a thing of yesterday. The dance in the school-room; for we always had a dance when we arrived earlier than our instructor, which we were extremely careful to do—What a glow of mirth was diffused throughout our rosy circle by that graceless country-dance ! It was a round of simple jollity-we "danced with all our hearts," and seemed to grow lighter and gayer still, unfil our merriment was briefly dispelled by the appearance of our dignified teacher, a glance of whose coal-black eye, was sufficient to send in breathless silence every light-heeled, laughing sprite to its proper place. I was not "the belle" in those times; but as my good friend Maria was, I was almost content, particularly as I was generally allowed to be at least as good a scholar as herself. Once in a week each of us was required to bring a "piece of composition" under whatever signature we might choose to adopt, as our instructor was perfectly familiar with the hand-writing of each of his pupils, and we were usually permitted to select our subjects for composition, and to write epistles, essays, dialogues, in prose or verse, at our own option.

I recollect some lines of one of our misses, who was then regarded as a very clever poetess, a few of which I hope Mrs. H. will tolerate, as they *really* were the production of a school miss.

How often we have danced With all our gay companions, on the green, When wearied out with study most intense, Urged on by emulation's powerful spur, Of headache quite regardless, and of feet Prickling, from sleep half roused—I recollect How long we strove to guide the wayward pen, Still deviating from the unbending line, And blushed to see the figures so uncouth Of our creation. Heartily we laughed With our indulgent teacher, at the tale Of Gilpin's disappointment, and we tried When at "receas" we frisked the grass-plat over, Who should cry out, "Well done," with most effect. Friends of my youth, with what a lightsome heart With you I rove around the flowery base Of learning's mighty eminence; with you Traverse geography's extensive field; With you from grammar's mazes intricate I study an escape. With spirits high, Profoundly erudite, in Logic's rules We argue with a cogency as grave As though our crude opinions were of worth, Save for the sake of "disputation dear," Though tempered well by triendship; and we trace Amazed, with yet increasing interest, The chymist's noble science, step by step, Raising the soul, in wonder all absorbed, To him who spake a universe from nought-And oft, in merry companies, at noon We travel o'er the woodland and the crag, To seek the lichen weed and forest flower, And give to each a name botanical, Then, in astronomy's refulgence lost, We shrink into our own nihility, Acknowledging our insignificance; But merging from astonishment, we each Choose out a favorite, a conspicuous star, To be remembered for each other's sake, And long to be beloved.

RECOLLECTIONS.

This extract is, to be sure, prodigal of mighty phrases, bat, in my time, it was regarded as an evidence of the writer's thorough acquaintance with our language, that even its most uncommon terms were "familiar in his ear as household words." The longer and more unusual the words, the deeper student was the writer in the opinion of his wondering school-fellows, who opened their vocabulary whenever The instructor announced a piece, bearing the signature of "Ivanovna," or "De Molina." The study of astronomy was rendered a delightful pastime to us by the facilities which the location of the school-house enabled us to enjoy. It stood at the foot of a high hill, to the summit of which, every fine evening, as soon as the stars were visible, our tutor used to repair, carrying the celestial globe, preceded by a boy with a lantern, and followed by all the masters and misses of the astronomical class, in quiet and orderly, but really joyous, procession. After rectifying the globe, Mr. B. would shew us a star or constellation on it, and direct us, "whoever could find it first," to point it out in the sky, giving at the same time its English and Latin names. Perfect was the good feeling on these occasions, numerous and laughable the blunders, (some of which I would gladly record, did I suppose they would appear exactly to the reader, as they did to the hearer,) and great was the juvenile merriment. But of those happy young creatures, the be-loved friends of my childhood and youth, scarcely any trace is left in my native village. Some have gone to 'the metropolis,' and some have crossed the seas; the tomb of one of them rises on the bank of the Merrimac ; one is laid by the waters of the Mississippi ; the billows of the Mediterranean wail around the island grave of another, and one there was, it was Emily, the pride and flower of the hamlet, the fair and the light-hearted, so glad and beautiful a maiden as we shall never again behold; her turf is still wet with the drops of bitterness, for in the loveliness of youth, and the buoyancy of hope, suddenly she went down we the grave, and "the place that has known her, shall know her no more." But there was Mary Willie, and Susan De Witt, and Margaret Walters. It was on them the hand of sorrow fell heavi-It was their green and flowery path which the clouds lv. of disappointment darkly overshadowed. Of them I will speak another time. EVERALLIN.

THE TAMED EAGLE.

HE sat upon his humble perch, nor flew At my approach; But as I nearer drew, Looked on me, as I fancied, with reproach, And sadness too: And something still his native pride proclaimed, Despite his wo; Which, when I marked, --- ashamed To see a noble creature brought so low, My heart exclaimed, Where is the fire that lit thy fearless eye, Child of the storm, When from thy home on high, Yon craggy-breasted rock, I saw thy form Cleaving the sky? It grieveth me to see thy spirit tamed ; Gone out the light That in thine eye-ball flamed, When to the midday sun thy steady flight Was proudly aimed! Like a young dove forsaken, is the look Of thy sad eye, Who in some lonely nook, Mourneth upon the willow bough her destiny, Beside the brook. While something sterner in thy downward gaze Doth seem to lower, And deep disdain betrays, As if thou cursed man's poorly acted power, And scorned his praise. Oh, let not me insult thy fallen dignity, Poor injured bird. Gazing with vulgar eye

Upon thy ruin ;—for my heart is stirred To hear thy cry ; FANCY'S FLIGHT.

And answereth to thee, as I turn to go, It is a stain On man !—Thus, even thus low Be brought the wretch, who could for sordid gain, Work thee such wo !

A. M. W.

FANCY'S FLIGHT.

" I have grieved to think that these beauties must all Fade with the breath of the first bright hour; Rock, forest, and silvery waterfall, And diamond palace, and rose hung bower."

THEY may talk of trees being most beautiful when they are laden with "rich fruit and leaves," and their boughs bending beneath the weight; but if possible,--imagine any thing more lovely, more splendid than those same trees in the "deep winter" glittering with icy jewels. What coronet of diamonds and all precious gems, can glisten like them in the sun-light, so many colored as they seem, and still so silvery in their whiteness. Oh ! I do love ice and frost-work ! how many hours have flown by while I was forming such worlds of beauty from a shapelers mass of ice. Waterfall, mountain, pyramid, ay, even wingdoms have appeared at my fancy's call ;---and "snow white spirits" seemed ready to glide into the icy house prepared for them,-gardens, and deserts have sprung up as if by magic on the casement -there, I have seen the chamois hunter on his Alps, the shepherd on his hills of Scotia, the "weary palmer" with staff and cross, bending his steps toward that holy Palestine -the lighted pyre for Hindoo sacrifices; and Rome and Athens! Rome! Rome! thou hast lived again in all thine ancient splendor on my small window! There, I have seen thy rise and fall; thy glories and thy ruins! But the forest trees, so dazzlingly transparent in their brightness, can I forget that thought of mine as I drew the curtain on the sunny morning ? It seemed to my "enchanted gaze" some fairy scene, some celebration of a wedding among the trees, for there was the oak in " princely greatness," armed in his

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FANCY'S FLIGHT.

"warrior steel" of ice, he, the bridegroom was, and beside him trembling clung the small vine, as if half frighted at the attire so new, and yet so beautiful : who could mistake the bride. And then that towering poplar waving so gloriously, and clad in the "vestment of glory," thus pointing to Heaven, that minister of the field stood in "solemn awe" as if uniting those before him, "till death did them part," and when he had made that oak and vine as one for life, the oak around whose manly limbs the vine and young tendrils might twine ; the vine, to be a shield when "tempests tost;" an ornament in the sunshine of its youth, and in age to be a friend, a sympathiser in the lone hours of its protector,-and when all this was said, the wind swept by, and the now wedded ones with the surrounding guests bowed, as the ministerial poplar spoke the "amen," and then the fall of jewelled diadems upon the frosted flowers was their music, and those "little airy limbs" moved gracefally to the sound. It was sport to see the forest trees dancing so joyously and bending each to the other in concord with their own harmony, mingled with that of the winds That wedwhich came from afar to grace the wedding. ding of my caprice resembled life, and like life that glorious vision of a moment passed away; for what with the sunny ray, and the wild wintry wind, soon there was scarce a trace of that so gorgeous array, those icy, pendant gems, those thousand brilliant images so strewed around, and the frozen wreaths of that bright festival, ALL, one after another, beneath the sunbeam melted away, and soon the music of their fall was heard no more.

I looked again; the oak, so valiant and so brave, still was the supporter of that vine; yet I fancied both told that many, many years and cares had gone by, and that now in age, they rested (as in youth they had promised) solely upon each other. Oh ! is not that like life ? And that "hoary poplar," divested of his glassy drapery, still stretched his arms, but there was a bending which seemed to tell that soon he would "low be laid;" and in his trembling sway he sought for some rising brother as a successor to watch and guard that happy forest band, over which he so long had been as a guardian spirit !

When I looked from my window that morn, and saw the "change come o'er the spirit of my dream," heart's tears vol. 11.—NO. IV. 22

THE DYING GIRL.

"gushed from their fount," their own icy coldness recalled my wandering mind, and I feared that it was wrong thus to let starry trees and cloudless heavens affect me; then, when I turned to the cold, cold world, I felt how much the lustre of my life was increased by "fancy's flight!"

E.

Glen Crean.

Perhaps some cynical critic may object to the foregoing, and urge that it hardly deserves to be called a *flight* of Fancy, for the imagination of a young lady to portray a wedding; but we thought the manner of the day dream sufficiently ingenious to deserve a place in the Magazine.—ED.

THE DYING GIRL.

Written after watching with her the night before her death.

She slept-the patient sufferer. I had watch'd The livelong night, and vainly wish'd that rest Might for awhile be hers; but still the sigh, The stifled groan, the frequent, trembling glance Of her mild eyes, told me she was awake. At length, as dawn arose, and waning stars Look'd faintly through the dews, sweet slumber stole Upon her weary watch. I stood and gazed Upon her peaceful face-there was the brow As smooth and pale as marble-heavy folds Of her dark hair lay on it-the sunk cheek Had lost its hectic flush, and now it wore The whiteness of the snow-sickness had left A rose tint on her lips-silence came o'er My spirit as I gazed—such mystery Of meaning lay in the pale slumberer. Methought she dream'd of Heaven, and saw, and heard

THE DYING GIRL.

Forms of angelic radiance round her bed, Pouring their songs of welcome in her ear. She smiled, and oh, the rapture of that smile ! I oft had seen that gentle girl in health, When the light jest went round, and she had joined In the free laugh-and joy, like sunlight, beam'd Forth from her happy features-but how faint Was this to the seraphic glow which now Illumin'd them with heavenly light and bliss. A holy awe came down upon my soul; All thought of earth was hush'd, and holy spirits Seem'd ministering there around her bed. And then I almost wish'd her lot were mine, That I, like her, might fear no more the touch, The blighting touch of time, but like her, rest Wand'ring no more 'mid memory's wither'd bowers, Waking no more from dreams of happiness, To cold reality.----Something she knew Of the sad hollowness of earthly hopes; And when a slow decay brought to her soul The solemn thoughts of death, in quietness And holy confidence, she lean'd upon The strong arm of her God-meekly she bow'd Her youthful head, as once her Saviour did, And gentle peace came down and dwelt with her-The hours roll'd on. The morning rose ; its light More brighly streamed into the darken'd room-The sleeper woke to pain and weariness. The thought of this for one dark instant cross'd Her recollection, but again the hope Of future bliss relumed her sadden'd brow, And when I parted from her, heavenly joy Beam'd from her eyes, and the low trembling tones Of her sweet voice had such a thrilling sound, They seemed the echo of an Angel's.-Deep And dreamless are her slumbers now, for she Is with the dead.-She has exchanged the dreams Of earth for heaven's realities—and pain And weariness, for everlasting joy.

FINELLA.

THE WARNING.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

WHETHER those sights and sounds which have been interpreted as warnings of particular events, were designed as such by that power who regulates the movements of the Universe, is a secret, mortals may not penetrate. However, as the affirmative belief has, in all ages, been indulged by many, who, in every other respect, were entitled to confidence, there needs no apology for taking such a tradition as the basis of a story; especially when Sir Walter Scott has lately given so successful an example of the interest which pertains to the marvellous. I allude to his legend of the "Tapestried Chamber," in the Keepsake; a story, by the way, which, besides being very excellent of its kind, had on my mind the additional sympathy of awakening the remembrance of a strange tale, told me many years since, by one who attested to its truth, and who was worthy of being credited.

It was in September, 17-, that George Howe, Esq. set out on a journey from his residence, in N-----, at that time a small town, to the city of Hartford. Howe was a young lawyer, and it was to attend the session of the Supreme Court that he had undertaken his journey. The town of N-----, was somewhat more than thirty miles from Hartford, and as it was nearly two o'clock, P. M. when he started, and the roads, in those days, being very indifferent, he did not expect to reach his destination till very late; yet his business being quite urgent, he intended to pursue his journey without much pause till he arrived at its end. He rode on, deeply immersed in cogitations on the probable consequences which would follow from the loss of a suit in which he was then engaged. He knew the issue to be very doubtful, and from the peculiar manner in which it had been brought forward, felt that his own character as a counsellor, was involved in the event, if not, his character as an honorable man. Yet he did not regret the part he had undertaken; it was the defence of the rights of an orphan family, against the persecuting and pillaging fury of a false friend and faithless guardian,

who had deceived their dying father, and was now attempting to defraud them.

George Howe was a fine specimen of the persevering spirit of our Yankee people. He had in boyhood felt a thirst for learning, and that stirring of ambition which prompts men, when there is a reasonable chance of success, to cultivate and depend on their own talents. The great privilege of our Republican institutions is, that this chance of success is placed within the power of every citizen. The rich and the poor are here as nearly equal as human regulations can or ought to make them; because education is so cheap that the most indigent may, by proper exertions, obtain it; and with education, talents, industry and integrity, a man may raise himself to the first dignities in the State.

Of the benefits of this free system on individuals, George was, as I have said, a fine example. He was a poor orphan; he had risen by his own efforts, and genius, and at the age of twenty-eight, ranked high in his own profession and was in a fair way of becoming one of the most popular men in the country. But all these advantages, he was sensible, he had, in a great degree, hazarded by the course he had adopted in the suit which was then pending. Yet-and in this may also be traced the excellent effect of our equal laws, which enables those of every rank to participate in a great measure in the same feelings, because the highest may have risen from the lowest class-when he recollected his own privations while a pennyless orphan, he rejoiced that he had used his influence to save the innocent and helpless from similar hardships; and he determined to run all risks rather than abandon his cause. "If," thought he to himself, "If the truth could only be known about that paper -but it never can be unless the defendant confessess himself a villain, or poor Colonel Johnson should rise from the dead." Here he fell into a long reverie concerning the many apparently mysterious ways in which unjust acts and dark deeds had been revealed; and though he had no . faith in the marvellous tales of ghosts, witches, warnings, &c. &c. which had thrilled his soul, in the days of his boyhood, when told by some solemn looking spinster by the dim light of a waning fire and a long wicked candle; yet he really wished that, in this particular instance, the grave would give up its "sheeted dead," and that he might

see and even hold a conference with the apparition of Col. Johnson.

But soon the absurdity of these wishes came over his mind, and he felt angry with himself that he had, in such vain imaginations, wasted the time which ought to have been devoted to vigorous reflections on the most practicable manner of extricating himself from his present dilemma. With an almost scornful expression of countenance he determined that such vagaries of the fancy as supernatural appearances should never more engross his mind; no, not for a moment—and he was soon deeply engaged in revolving the intricacies of the law, and endeavoring to recollect authorities and opinions which were relevant to the case he was about to defend.

The system of specterology (if there be such an ology) never had, and cannot have much influence in America.-There is nothing here to foster such a belief. We have no antiquated castles, no mouldering temples with whose hoary ruins are connected traditions of sufferings, or of sins.-Our country is in its innocence. The vista of time opens to us on the future. We dwell but little on the memory of things that are past, in comparison with the exultation with which we anticipate coming events. The people of the old world call us boasters, because they have no sympathy in this enthusiasm of national youth. Let them venerate their corrupt and worn out systems because they are sanctioned by antiquity; we have a better inheritance than the fame of ancestors—the inheritance of a land where the use of reason is permitted to men. But in proportion as reason is cultivated, will the romantic and the superstitious become obsolete and absurd. And it is the perfect knowledge of the little estimation paid to tales of a similar description with the one I am relating, which makes me pause from my story and indulge in the above reflections.---Should my readers doubt, let them rejoice that they have • the liberty of indulging and expressing their doubts on whatever subject they please.

George Howe pursued his journey as fast as the rough, and in many places miry, highway permitted; yet notwithstanding his hurry, he did not indulge in a single execration on the horrid roads. He cherished, it is true, the sanguine hope that the time was not far distant when they would be

THE WARNING.

better, and though not exactly foreseeing the rapid improvements which forty years have effected in this country, he was sufficiently ardent in his patriotism to believe that America would, at no distant day, rank with the mightiest nations on earth. It was under a combination of generous feelings that urged him to devote himself to the cause of succoring the oppressed, and extending the benefits of our free and impartial laws to every citizen; partly because he knew that the greatest share of happiness would thus be diffused among his countrymen, and partly that our Independence, which had then been but a short time acquired, might, by the enjoyment of equal rights and the preservation of real liberty, be regarded as a proud acquisition by Europeans, that he entered the village of D-----. His private interest had been forgotten in his speculations for the public good; and it was not till his horse turned of his own accord, towards the door of the inn, that George recollected he had any sublunary wants to provide for. He had ridden twenty miles-it was past seven o'clock, and so he concluded to rest an hour or two, and then prosecute his journey, as there was a bright moon which would not set till towards morning. Giving his horse to the landlord, who acted the waiter's part, he paused a moment before entering, to enquire the cause of the collection of people, whom, he observed, seemed to fill the house.

The landlord replied, that there was a prayer meeting held that evening in his hall—"You have probably heard," continued he, "that we have a great revival in our town. We have conferences three times a week, and as my house is central and convenient, I have invited the people to meet here."

" Your clergyman is-"

" Rev. Elias Somers. Do you know him ?"

"Ah—I know him well—he was a classmate of mine, an excellent young man he was. I shall be glad to meet him."

"He is now in the hall. Will you take some refreshments before you walk up?"

"No, I will just walk up now while my tea is preparing; perhaps I may have an opportunity of speaking with Mr. Somers."

George Howe was not disappointed. His friend the cler-

gyman saw and recognized him the moment he entered. As the services had not commenced, he ventured, notwithstanding he feared some censures might be incurred for the worldly interest thus displayed, to leave his conspicuous station before a round table graced with two flaming tallow candles, and grasp the hand and welcome the sight of his His joy was apparently so sincere, and his entreafriend. ties so urgent that George should wait till the meeting was closed, and then accompany him to his house, which was but a short distance and stay the night, or if he could not do that, at least take some refreshment, that the lawyer finally consented; it being understood he was to depart as early as he pleased on the following morning. The distance to Hartford was but little more than ten miles, and Howe thought he could travel that distance before the hour for opening the Court, if he did not start till daylight.

To enjoy the clergyman's hospitality was not the prime motive of the delay of George Howe. He wished to hear his friend officiate in his clerical capacity. He was himself a believer, and had he not thought he could be of more real service to the cause of virtue and humanity in the profession he had chosen than any other, he would have stud-The arguments by which he confirmed himied divinity. self in this belief cannot be detailed here-he felt he was in the path of duty-but notwithstanding his predilection for the law, while he listened to the simple and touching language of his reverend friend, and saw the effect these exhortations had on the hearts and minds of the listeners, he acknowledged there was a power, a grandeur in that gospel which had brought life and immortality to light, with which no object of mere earthly interest could be invested.

George was edified by the words of wisdom he heard from the lips of his friend in the public conference; but it was not till they sat down together in the quiet study of the latter, that their full enjoyment of soul commenced. Here they did indeed find themselves so happy in calling up old recollections and communicating new events, that nothing but the necessity which existed for his exertions on the morrow would have induced Howe to retire. Mr. Somers indeed urged him to this, and accompanied him to his chamber; and yet with all his earnestness that his friend should repose he spent half an hour in taking leave of him for the night.

After Somers had departed, our traveller sat down in an old-fashioned arm chair, which stood directly in front of, and but a few feet from the bed. Here he ruminated for some time on the conversation he had just been enjoying, till the note of the clock striking the hour of twelve warned him that if he intended to sleep at all, he must indulge his reverie no longer. He undressed, and throwing his garments on the chair in which he had been sitting, went to bed. But he could not close his eyes ; he thought this wakefulness was caused by the light of his apartment, for he had forgotten to close the shutters, and the moon had descended so low as to throw her nearly level rays into the two windows fronting the west, and this made the room almost as bright as the noon day. At length as a final effort to sleep, he turned his face towards the wall, half covering his head with the bed clothes, but his restlessness soon compelled him to change his position, and in doing so he cast his eyes towards the arm chair.

He started upright in the bed—he strained his gaze as if his sight was fascinated—a cold shivering ran through his veins, and for a few moments he felt that indefinite, yet horrible apprehension which falls on the mortal who fancies himself in the presence of a disembodied spirit; though while that spirit was confined in clay, it might have been a partaker in all his joys and the soother of all his sorrows.

But George Howe soon obtained sufficient self-command to note accurately the object before him. The form and face was that of a young female. She was standing near the arm chair as if just risen from it; her arms raised as if to grasp at some object; her head bending a little forward, seemingly in supplication, or from weakness. On her head was a cap which had partly fallen back, and her dark hair flowed down beneath it, around her neck and bosom. She was clothed in a white robe, which appeared more like a dress to be worn in the chamber of sickness, than the habiliments of the grave. Neither did her face, though white as new fallen snow, wear the fixed expression of death.— There was even a pleading earnestness in her bright eyes, and she seemed to fix them in an intense gaze on those of Howe. He could see and examine her countenance as plainly as he ever noted any face in his life. There she stood, looking so pure in her beauty, for her features were exceedingly beautiful, that a poet might have imagined her an aerial being, come down from some of the far off spheres on a moonbeam, to visit him. But such fancies did not take possession of the mind of George Howe; yet he had no doubt the appearance before him was supernatural. How could it be otherwise? He was confident he had bolted the door of his chamber; and even if he had not, the character of his host forbade him to think that, beneath his roof, any imposition would be practised on a friend.— Nor did the figure before him look like an inhabitant of this world; if not a spirit, it was evidently ready to become one.

The face was unknown to our traveller. In vain he endeavored to recollect some resemblance between it and any person he had seen. He could not. Then the recollection of the foolish wish he had indulged respecting Colonel Johnson, came over him-but in all the circumstances connected with that suit, there was nothing with which a fe-male would be likely to be acquainted. He thought of all these things. He covered his face with his hands, hoping the vision could pass away; but when he looked again, it was still there. He endeavored by counting his pulse mentally, to calm his agitation-he reasoned with himself on the folly of being terrified by so sweet an apparation-but with all the firmness he could command he could not speak. His tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth.-Had he been dressed, he thought he should have had courage to approach it; but perhaps he would not. As it was, he could only watch it, and he finally determined not to take his eyes from off it, till in some way, it disappeared.

He remained thus gazing on that pale face till he fancied it returned his survey with a smile of fondness. The thought sent a shivering through his joints, a kind of deep fear, so much like grief that it brought tears to his eyes.— He drew a long breath as a preparatory effort to a speech which he had been for several minutes revolving, when the clock struck two—suddenly a convulsive shudder seemed to pass over those pallid features ; he even thought he distinguished the trembling of the white drapery, as if the form it covered was agitated. He bent forward—a low sigh, a sound as of the death gurgle—and the phantom was gone !

George sunk down for a short time deprived of all consciousness-when he recovered he breathed a prayer, and then reassured, he arose and examined his door. It was The moon shone clear ; every thing without and fastened. within the house seemed tranquil and at rest. But George Howe felt that to rest there was impossible for him; so preparing himself he went down stairs carefully, and as he had told Mr. Somers he should depart by day-light, perhaps before, he knew the family would not be surprised at his exit. He did not like to begin his journey till morning; so excusing his appearance at the inn at that unusual hour by his desire to have his horse more carefully tended, he threw himself on a settle before the bar-room fire and slumbered till day.

With his waking thoughts returned the remembrance of that pale vision he had seen ; it haunted him all the way to **Hartford**; but when he entered the court the importance of his business took possession of his mind, and he felt it indeed a relief to return to his real cares, after having been harrassed by such unsubstantial yet fearful apprehensions.-His exertions in the suit which had caused him so much anxiety were crowned with complete success; and the eclat this triumph gave him was speedily apparent in the added respect of the gentlemen of the long robe and in the attention paid him by the first families in the city. At a party given chiefly on his account, he was introduced to the governor's niece, the fair Amelia D. The lawyer was very much struck with the appearance of the young lady. Not her beauty merely, though she was lovely; it was the resemblance which he fancied at times he traced, between her features and those of the vision he had seen at Mr. Somers'. Whether it was the thrilling romantic interest which this idea created; or whether her charms were really irresistible, is not for me to say ; but George Howe was captivated; for the first time in his life was really in love, and as the course of true love does sometimes run smooth, in about a year, they were, with the approbation of all their friends; and the anticipation of a life of happiness, married !

There is in this life no such thing as chartered happiness.

And the felicity of George Howe was speedily to be dissolved by that event for which it would seein, when known to be in time so uncertain, and yet in occurrence so inevitable, every mortal would be prepared ;-but here the prudent are as often taken unawares as the foolish. The death of his Amelia, who died the day after the birth of her first child, was such an overwhelming shock to poor George, as those only endure who are brought low by an unexpected calamity. How often beneath such an affliction does the heart make resolutions never to set up another earthly idol of worship-how few hearts of sensibility ever keep this George made the promise, but then there was his vow! little Amelia, that sweet and only pledge of his dear departed wife's affection to him--and her dying breath had been, by a convulsive effort, retained to whisper a blessing on that infant; her last look had been that agonized, beseeching expression of the mother's love, that seems imploring the pity of the world for the helpless object she would have reared so tenderly ! That last look of his wife was never forgotten by George Howe, and the danger was that he made those recollections the plea for an excess of tenderness and indulgence towards his little daughter, which, as she grew towards womanhood, he was sensible would be injurious. Yet he could not obtain the self command requisite to control her. 'He had very soon after his wife's death taken a maiden sister of his own as a house-keeper, and as she humored his little girl to his heart's content, and moreover needed a home, he determined to remain a widower, and devote his affection only to his child. But he became, after a time, sensible that affection towards the child was not all that was requisite in her education. She was a frolicksome, active creature, often thoughtless, sometimes passionate, and always warmhearted. Her aunt could do nothing with her-and so she contented herself with noting down all her faults, and at the end of each day made her report The catalogue was often long and in form to her brother. sometimes woful. There were items of tea-cups broken, books injured, frocks torn, &c. &c. till finally George Howe was convinced his dear little Amelia was, what her aunt asserted, a sad romp. Yet the moment of his severest reprimand was always the moment of his daughter's greatest She loved her father more than all the world ; triumph.

THE WARNING.

and when the idea was really brought home to her that she had, by her frolics, given him pain, she would weep so violently, and beg his forgiveness so earnestly, that he found no distress so insupportable as to witness hers, and then mutual kisses soon brought mutual smiles, and all was happiness on her part—and happiness the deeper, that it was mingled with anxiety on his. They know but little of the human heart who deem that those who are laboring merely for their own benefit, are the happy. It is only when hoping others will enjoy felicity from our success that prosperity is enjoyed in its full zest. When Mr. Howe, after a day of severe study or exertion in business went, as was his constant custom, before retiring to rest, to look on the face of his sleeping child-when he saw her blooming cheek resting on a soft pillow, and knew that she was supplied with every appurtenance that could minister to comfort, even luxury, he felt that his labors were a pleasure--then when he kneeled by her bedside and thanked heaven that he was enabled to shield her from the hardships he had endured, he felt that riches was indeed a blessing.

Time rolled on ; Amelia had entered her fourteenth year. "She must be sent to a boarding school," said her aunt. This the father knew full well ought to be-and so finally, after revolving the matter a hundred times, and urging all the objections he could possibly recollect, he determined to place Amelia at the school of Mrs. Somers, the widow of his friend the clergyman. She was an excellent woman, and as by the death of her husband she was necessitated to take pupils, George Howe felt that the most kind manner of bestowing charity on a lady whom he deeply respected and sincerely pitied, would be to place his daughter under her care, and thus encourage her industrious efforts to support herself and children. Amelia went accordingly, accompanied by her aunt to the village of, ----- and became the occupant of that very chamber where her father had seen the phantom. The scene had entirely passed from the mind of George Howe. Indeed it hardly recurred after the death of his wife, of whose untimely decease he then thought it had been the warning ; and for years it had never intruded on his recollection. Nor though, as he afterwards affirmed, his heart so often during that summer of separation wandered to the residence where his darling dwelt, did the thoughts of what he had seen there ever

once enter his mind. But the recollection was now to be terribly revived. He was standing in his own door, one calm evening, and watching the moon as it rose in all that beautiful splendor which gives to our northern autumns such attractions for the worshipers of luna, when his reverie was broken by the loud tramp of a horse that came, as if urged to his utmost speed, up the avenue leading to his house. The heart of George Howe sunk, he knew not why; but there seemed to fall on his spirit a weight, a fearfulness he could not overcome-the letter which the horseman gave him was not of a tenor to diminish this. It told him that his Amelia was ill; and though her disorder was only a cold, her father knew that there was an alarm, or he would not have been thus hastily summoned.

Leaving the man to rest till morning, Mr. Howe departed alone, and during that solitary ride, his whole soul was engrossed with concern for his child. He had but one, only one—he could not, O ! he could not part with her. His cry to heaven (for his prayer was a cry of agony) was, "spare her, spare her !"

He reached the house of Mrs. Somers and was ascending the stairs leading to the chamber of his child, just as the clock struck one. He entered-Amelia, with the restlessness of the death tremor, for she was dying, had insisted on being placed in the large arm chair, but increasing faintness made her ask to be laid again in bed. Her attendants, at the moment of her father's entrance, had raised her from the chair, and as they supported her on either side, she stood in the attitude and precisely with the appearance of the apparition George Howe had seen there sixteen years before. He looked—the whole transaction rushed with the vividness of lightning upon his mind. "O, my God !" he exclaimed, with a groan that seemed to rend his heart—the sweat starfed in large drops on his forehead—" O, my God ! it was she whom I saw. Help is in vain-and I resign her -Father in heaven, this is thy hand-I resign her-Amelia," and he clasped the cold, trembling girl in his arms "Amelia, we must part. You must go to your God, to your Saviour who will never banish the lambs of his flock. He demands you, and you are his. I resign you, my shild, and I bless God that he lent you to me, tho' it was but for a moment. One last kiss to me, and then give your heart all to your Saviour."

In one hour after this Amelia was no more.

SONG OF A SWISS PEASANT.

SONG OF A SWISS PEASANT.

It has been remarked that the song "Ranz des Vaches," when sung to the Swise, in a distant country, affects their hearts and mind to such a degree, that they must either revisit their "native home of Alps," or die !

> That song ! that song I hear ! It loudly speaks of home; I would that I were there, And never more to roam !

List, to its soft, sweet tone, When floating on the air ; Oh! to the one so lone, What music does it bear ;

It whispers to the heart, The name of many a friend ! How could I from them part, So far my steps to bend ?

And leave that home of mirth, My mother, sister dear; O! for the happy hearth, The voices lov'd and clear:

And for the "Alpine Horn," From our *Mont Blanc*, so high, Which calls for praises born Beneath our sunset sky.

O! shall I never kneel Before our cot in pray'r ? And will my brow ne'er feel Its own blest mountain air ?

Yes! to mine Alps I'll fly, Once more a home to find ! If ere that day I die ! Bear my love there—thou wind !

Glen Creran.

ANNE

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

MRS. HALE-If you had not so kindly invited me (I am one of the young ladies mentioned by U. R.) in your last Magazine, to answer that curious epistle, I do not think I ever should have summoned resolution to appear in print. I have naturally a horreur of bleu—the color never suited my complexion, and the word, as a literary term, always makes me nervous. To cull "words of learned length and thundering sound," and maintain an argument in a public journal-the thought makes me tremble ! But luckily for me no elaborate chain of reasoning is required to expose the absurdity of the conclusions drawn by my acquaintance, My acquaintance I am willing to greet him (for my **U**. **R**. father says he is really an excellent young man-so industrious-and prudent,) and as cordially in his well-worn "beaver" as in his "opera cloak." What a ridiculous story he made of that affair, which was only-but I will tell the whole by-and-by-after I have answered his inquiries, whether women are not more taken up with the outside appearance, "a coat of a particular cut, a few trinkets attached to a watch guard," &c. than "with rational and sensible conversation."

I answer,—no—neither the outward adornments nor the personal beauty of a man gains the favor of the ladies—it is the moral or mental qualities which we fancy the appearance indicates. When we fall in love with a pretty fellow in a suit of regimentals, it is the courage, the qualities of the soldier, that enchant us. Milton is no panegyrist of women, nor did he allow Eve other than true feminine feelings, when he makes her tell Adam that she loved him because she saw in him—

How beauty is excelled by manly grace,

And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

That my own sex are thus inclined to estimate wisdom, every one must believe who believes the bible. Did not the "queen of Sheba come from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon?" What man ever paid such homage to intellect?

Indeed, I might collect authorities and examples of the respect for talents and genius which women have always

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evinced, sufficient to fill a pair of volumes as thick and heavy as Webster's American Dictionary. I have only time however to refer to the testimony of one individual, but he is in himself a host, all circumstances considered, and moreover the matter is so recent, U. R. must acknowledge its validity-that is, if he has read Pelham, and been introduced to Monsieur Margot. Does not that worthy affirm that women always love a man of soul? And had he not charmed numbers by his "sensible conversation ?" And I appeal to every man in this city who has ever fancied himself beloved, (U. R. included) and ask all and sundry, if they do believe the affection the ladies have bestowed on them was deserved and won by the merit of wearing a handsome watch seal, or a fashionable opera cloak ?---or even by personal beauty? Do you not all indignantly reply-no-it was our abilities, our cleverness, our "sensible conversation" reasons that gained us the preference.

Now, as I have doubtless convinced every sensible person that women do not estimate things, or gentlemen at least, by their "external appearance"—I will explain the affair that so discomposed the philosophy of Mr. U. R. My dear aunt Jane was in a terrible fluster for a yard of purple satin to complete her cloak. There was only one store as she said, in Boston, that had the article exactly of the "right, particular shade," and she was hurrying me away after the satin with as much rapidity as if I had been the express to carry the President's speech, when the two young ladies met me at the door of the house—they coming in, I going out.

My aunt groaned as she saw them, for she had followed me to continue her directions—"O, Laura, the satin will all be gone before you reach Cornhill, " said she.

"I will go directly," said I.

"We will accompany you," said the young ladies.

"Ah ! if you all go, you will certainly be too late," sighed my good aunt. "Young ladies have so much to say; and so many greetings to exchange with their beaux." The satin will certainly be gone."

"I promise you aunt, I will not speak till I ask for your satin," said I.

"Nor will we speak till that time," said both the young ladies. 24

"If you keep your promise I will tell your fortune when you return," said my aunt—smiling, nodding and motioning us to hurry. We did keep our promise, and by that means U. R. was offended—but no matter—we are all to have good luck, and *sensible* lovers yet—so aunt Jane says. Truly yours, LAURA.

TO WOMAN.

'Tis sweet to see the mellow hue, Of morning's twilight sky; When flowers are deck'd with pearly dew, Like tears in Beauty's eye: 'Tis sweet to hear the warbling bird, That wings her early flight. Sweet is the sound of lowing herd, And sweet is gleaming night; Sweet are the sounds which Echo mocks. In grotto arched by filtering rocks. And doubly sweet it is to me, To hear the ocean roar. Like ponderous artillery, Along the sounding shore. When crested billows rudely dash, Against the pebbled strand, I love to hear the mimic plash Of echo on the land ; And see the screaming sea-bird lave. Her pinions grey in some bright wave. But sweeter far than these to hear Woman, thy plaintive sigh; And dearer still the gleaming tear Which glistens in thine eye; The tears which fall for others' wo, Those pitying sighs reveal-The joyous smiles and heavenly glow, Which beam for others' weal.— These like the moonlight o'er the clouds we see. All, all of pure and fair-we find in thee.

ALBERT.

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MARIA LOUISA.

EMPRESS MARIA LOUISA.

Extract from a Journal-Visit to the Palace.

PARMA, Nov. 11.—The only part of the Palace exhibited to strangers when the Duchess is in Parma, is the "Toilette," as it is termed. This consists of the cradle of the king of Rome, Napoleon's son; of a large mirrour, and a dressing table, wash-stand, &c. The cradle was presented by the merchants of Paris, at the birth of the young Napoleon ; the others were the gift of the citizens generally, of Paris. They are all of massive silver, gilt, and richly ornamented with a profusion of pearls, jewels and beautiful basso relievo figures : they are probably the most beautiful specimens of the kind in existence. On the head of the cradle externally, are the arms of Napoleon, over which is the letter N in a figure of the Sun : on one side appears Maria Louisa presenting the infant to Napoleon; on the opposite, is a river god representing the Tiber, and presenting a sceptre to the young prince, as king of Rome : at the foot of the cradle is the letter N, and I believe also, the arms of Maria. Inside are a variety of ornaments, among which the N is conspicuous. Within, is a bed encased in white silk, with a profusion of silk and gold lace drapery. Over the whole, is a large figure of Fame, sounding the trumpet, and holding an imperial wreath. In this costly crib reposed the Heir apparent of the then extensive dominions of Napoleon.

The table is also of silver gilt : it contains a mirrour, drawers, tumblers and vials for perfumes, wrought out of rock-chrystal, and of various ornaments of pearl and precious stones; beside it are two stands, with the various implements of a lady's toilette, all of the same materials.

The third article, is a grand mirrour. It is a single piece of glass, nine or ten feet high, on a silver frame and stand. It is surmounted by exquisite figures, representing the marriage : Napoleon and Maria appear with hands joined, and Hymen smiling between them, a little in the rear. Behind the Emperor, are his own arms, and the arms of Austria are behind the Empress. There are also a variety of other ornaments, which I do not recollect, all wrought with the same taste and skill. Altogether, this Toilette is exceedingly interesting, as exhibiting a brilliant relict of Napoleon's and Maria Louisa's golden days.

PARMA, MONDAY, Nov. 12.—I have been disappointed in a voiture to-day, and am detained here till to-morrow, and so I will note a few more particulars respecting the Ex-Empress.

As her mode of living is often a topic of conversation; and as the fact of her second marriage has been questioned, it was a natural subject of inquiry on arrival at her capitol. But it is a topic on which the Parmese are extremely cautions of expressing their opinions. Of several, whom I am in the habit of meeting at the Hotel, some intimate, that she is again married, and others the contrary, while a third class smile with a significant shrug, as who should say, we know much more than it would be prudent to disclose. The officers connected with the Government pretend that she has not been married.

At the gallery of paintings, on Saturday, I encountered a gentleman, who has proved a very agreeable companion in this strange city. Perceiving me to be a foreigner, he evinced by his manner, as I thought, a disposition, to extend a friendly aid in explaining the objects of curiosity. But mistaking me for an Englishman, as he afterwards acknowledged, he did not feel at liberty to make advances. This obstacle was soon removed, by an approach on my part, to ask some common-place question. We soon became hand and glove companions through the gallery, and for three days have been to all intents and purposes sworn friends. He was quite agreeably disappointed, at finding that I was He proved to be a young limb of the law, from America. who had just finished his studies. Here was another ground of sympathy between us. We have exchanged sentiments freely, on the respective constitutions of Italy and America, and he constantly indulges in exclamations of admiration for our free institutions, without venturing to disapprove of those of his own country.

But to the point : like most peregrines, in pursuit of information, it has been expedient for me to become something of a Paul Pry, and to make inquiries hap-hazard, on all topics. Among others, the Princess has not been forgot-

My friend informs me, that she has been married four ten. or five years to the Count, but that the marriage has never been made public: that it is one of the court secrets, which the people are not allowed openly to discuss : that it is well understood by every body here, though nobody will venture to speak much of it: that while the Count is the constant attendant on the Duchess, both in public and in her secret councils, and while he has two children, the heirs of all her Ducal charms, who are recognized as such, in the Palace and in public, yet the nuptials have never been offi-cially announced, and will, for state purposes, probably con-This appears to be all very probable in ittinue sub rosa. self, and will serve to explain the apparent mystery. As so much gossip, it is interesting only, as associated with a personage who has enjoyed so conspicuous a station, as Maria Louisa. I relate it, giving the authority whence it was derived, and leaving the reader to decide on its probability. I placed full faith in my informer.

But to return to the Palace. Count Neyperchy is in her service, chief commander of her military, and at the head of her household: he resides at the palace, and rides out with her every day. I have had two opportunities of seeing the party set off. She takes her airing every day from 3 to 5 o'clock. Hearing of this, I of course approached the palace at the hour.

A coach, elegant but not remarkable, with four bays and two postillions in livery, a footman, and a courier mounted on another horse, were stationed at the door: several soldiers were on duty about the door, and a company of some fifty or sixty more, were drawn up across the square, at some distance. After some minutes, the door was thrown open, and the General appeared, followed immediately at his elbow, by the ex-Empress, and another lady. The Count handed her into the coach, then the other lady, and then entered himself, taking the front seat opposite to the Duchess, and they drove off, preceded by the courier : as they started, the drums beat a salute, and the soldiers presented arms.

Some ten or twenty people were collected to see the departure, and all took off their hats in respect, when the Princess appeared. I stood within a few paces, and had an excellent opportunity to see each of the personages. Ma-

MARIA LOUISA.

ria Louisa is rather above, than below the middling height, has light eyes, a pallid complexion, and an agreeable physiognomy: mildness seems to predominate in her countenance, air, and whole demeanour : her dress was exceedingly plain-a small pink blue bonnet, and a kind of plaid cloak drawn close up to her chin. She has not that erect, commanding air, that I had pictured to myself: indeed I had formed in my mind the lofty Empress of the French, but encountered the mild, amiable, and unassuming Duch-I heard her speak to the General; her voice was clear, ess. and agreeable. She is apparently about forty years of age. It occurred to me at 'the moment, tho' it was doubtless a Incy, a mere whim of the brain, that her countenance indicated, that she had tasted the enjoyments of Empire, but was weary of them, and was now perfectly content with her present condition. Be it so: long life and happiness attend her.

The General is now by no means an Adonis, whatever he may have been in early life ; he appears at least sixty years of age, and has had the misfortune to lose his right eye: its place is supplied by a black patch : he measures six feet, has sandy hair and complexion, and but for the sombre substitute for an eye, would present a visage in no respect remarkable. There is nothing assuming, or ostentatious in his appearance ; at the same time his manner is sufficiently, dignified, and his demeanour indicates a character, conscious of high rank and superior personal merit. Thè General has a son and a daughter-children of a former He has also a son and daughter, children of the wife. Duchess, and demie fraternals to the young Napoleon, now Duke of Richstadt, who at present resides at Vienna with his grandfather the Emperor of Austria.

ELEGANT LEISURE

Ho! boy—bring here my rocking chair— Light up the fire with pine ;— 'Tis done—and now to banish care, Let fancy's spell be mine.

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The world 's shut out—and I alone— 'Tis pleasant thus to be ; The world without 's a slavish one— The world within is free !

Up-up my soul ! the night is yours-Be griefs and wrongs forgot ; The day was made for slaves and boors-The night-the night-for thought !

Go! walk the isles of classic Greece, And join the ranks of war;

Fling off the sober robes of peace-And grasp the scimetar !

On ! with the rushing host—see how The crescent flames on high ;

On ! with the rushing host—now—now We conquer or we die !

Away—away—through all the earth— Now climb from star to star Into the region of thy birth, Where kindred spirits are !

New with the storm-worn mariner Upon the moonlit deep— Now hie thee to the couch of *her* I love, and watch her sleep !

ROSCREA.

YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARIES.

THE interesting subject of female education engrosses, as it ought, a prominent place in public estimation; and we give, with pleasure, notices respecting some of the most approved schools, now open in this city, for the reception of young ladies. This information is not needed here, where the Instructors are known, and their qualifications have been tested; but it may, at this time, interest our country friends; the Spring being usually the season when young ladies, from the country, are sent here to accelerate or complete their education.

It will be seen, that most of these schools are under the direction of men; and we think it a proud compliment to the intellect of our sex, when gentlemen of acknowledged abilities, of high scholastic attainments, and undoubted moral excellence, thus devote their talents and learning to the education of females. They would not persevere, did they not find, on the part of their pupils, minds worthy and capable of receiving instruction, even in the severe, exact and abstruse sciences, as well as in those lighter branches of literature, termed accomplishments. But though the assistance of masculine understandings and attainments has been, and is now, in a degree, necessary to the thorough education of young ladies, yet we hope the time is not far distant, when women will be found competent to superintend every department of instruction, in schools, for their own sex, at least. If women can learn, they can teach. There is no business, in which a lady can engage, so appropriate to her station, her character, and those duties, which in after life, devolve on a woman, as that of instruction. Every mother, who rightly fulfils her maternal duties, must be an instructress. And this truth cannot be too early impressed on the female mind. But to return to the schools.

And first, (we name them alphabetically) there is the Young Ladies' High School, under the direction of Mr. E. Bailey, as Principal. From a printed account of the organization of this school, it appears there are accommodations for 104 scholars, and 8 assistant pupils. This is a large number for one school; but their instruction appears to be amply provided for. Besides Mr. Bailey, who is esteemed an excellent and indefatigable teacher, there is a Preceptress, and separate teachers in French, Italian, Penmanship, Needlework and Drawing. There are also, eight young ladies, belonging to the school, employed as assistant pupils. We like this latter arrangement, because we think it admirably calculated to prepare those young ladies, who are wishing to become instructresses, for their arduous task. The advantages to be enjoyed at the school, may be, in part, learned by the following, extracted from the printed catalogue, to which we refer those who wish for further information, and which is a very well written exposition of the opinions of Mr. Bailey, on the subject of monitorial instruction.

"The plan of *The Young Ladies' High School*, contemplates a liberal and extensive course of tuition. Pupils are admitted as soon as they can read fluently any common English author; and instruction is given in all the usual branches of female education, with the exception of music and dancing. In addition to the regular studies, lectures are delivered by the Principal of the school, once a week, on which the scholars are subsequently examined; many of whom take notes, more or less copious, which are submitted to the teacher for correction.

The school will be furnished with an extensive and complete philosophical apparatus, in the collection of which, considerable progress has been made. Among the articles already obtained, most of which have been imported, are, a pair of Cary's best twenty-one inch Globes,—a highly finished Solar Microscope, with a great variety of objects, mostly connected with Natural History,— Ferguson's Compound Engine, exhibiting all the simple Mechanical Powers,—a complete Pneumatic apparatus,—a Tellurian,—a Cometarium,—and a very valuable Orrery. Various other articles, necessary for illustration and experiment, have been ordered; and it is hoped that the whole apparatus may be completed during the present season."

Cornhill High School for young Ladies, is under the care of Rev. J. L. Blake. This gentleman has been long known, and is deservedly celebrated for his talents as an Instructor. The attention he has bestowed on education, as a science, may be inferred, from the various and useful books he has compiled, or otherwise prepared, for the use of schools. One who knows so well how youth should be taught, can hardly fail of being a good teacher. In his seminary, young ladies are instructed in the various branches of literature usually taught in the best schools, as may be gathered, by reference to the Magazine Advertiser. There is, also, one advantage enjoyed at his school, which will have an influence with some parents—his number of pupils is limited, and will never be larger than he can superintend personally.

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Bonfils' Institution for Young' Ladies.—Mr. and Mrs. Bonfils are at the head of this establishment, and therefore, in our opinion, it does possess an essential advantage, for *perfecting* the education of females, over those seminaries, where men alone preside. Mrs. Bonfils is a native of New-England, an amiable, elegant, and accomplished woman; she will, with a woman's tact, know how to infuse that gentleness of character, that gracefulness of manner, which young ladies, who are destined to move in polished society, should be sedulous to acquire; otherwise their knowledge will lose half its value.

The system of education, proposed to be followed at this Institution, may be satisfactorily learned from the statements made in the Magazine Advertiser—and we are happy to say, that we understand, those parents who have, in this city, committed their daughters to the care of Mr. and Mrs. Bonfils, are satisfied with the result thus far. We hope they will be successful; indeed, it seems hardly possible, that an Institution, offering such advantages for young ladies, should not be popular in Boston.

THE BLIND.

THE recent effort made in this city, respecting the establishment of an Institution, for the education of the Blind, has given rise to many inquiries respecting that unfortunate class of individuals. Of course, more than usual interest is attached to whatever relates to their peculiar feelings. We make these observations, by way of introduction to a little poem, written by "E. Rushton, the interesting and philanthropic blind Bookseller of Liverpool," which has been sent us, by "a subscriber," with a request for its insertion in the Magazine. We do not admit selected articles into our work; not that we think original ones are always to be preferred, for their intrinsic excellence; but we do think, some efforts should be used to manufacture our own literature, as well as laces; and that women may aid a little in the one, as well as the other. So very patriotically, we deal wholly in American manufactured articles; and if they have but little value, that value will be American. But for

THE BLIND.

once we waive our rule; and feel confident the following touching and beautiful strain will be received by our readers, as a full apology.

BLINDNESS.

Ah! think if June's delicious rays, The eye of Sorrow can illume, Or wild December's beamless days, Can fling o'er all a transient gloom. Ah! think, if skies obscure or bright, Can thus depress or cheer the mind ; Ah! think 'midst clouds of utter night, What mournful moments wait the Blind ! And who shall tell his cause for wo! To love the wife he ne'er will see; To be a sire, yet not to know The silent babe that climbs his knee; To have his feelings daily torn, With pain the passing meal to find ; To live distress'd, and die forlorn, Are ills that oft await the Blind. When to the breezy uplands led, At noon, or blushing eve, or morn, He hears the redbreast o'er his head, While round him breathes the scented thorn. But oh! instead of nature's face, Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combin'd; Instead of tints, and forms, and grace, Night's blackest mantle shrouds the Blind. If rosy youth, bereft of sight, 'Midst countless thousands pines unblest, As the gay flower, withdrawn from light, Bows to the earth where all must rest;

Ah! think, when Life's declining hours To chilling penury are consign'd, And pain has palsied all his powers, Oh! think what wors await the Blind! 195

LITERARY NOTICES.

"THE FAMILY MONITOR." Boston, Crocker & Brewster. On opening the volume, we are first presented with a portrait of the author, Rev. J. A. James; a very goodly personage, whose honest breadth of countenance, gives ample promise of that benevolence, which, in an eminent degree, breathes in the spirit, and character of his writings. He states in his preface, "that it is an unquestionable truth, if a man be not happy at home, he can be happy no where; and the converse of the proposition is no less true, that he, who is happy at home, need be miserable no where." To promote domestic happiness, therefore, was the aim of Mr. James; and we cannot but believe the book before us will have that effect. Men are more usually made miserable, by their mistaken notions of what constitutes felicity, than by real calamities. But when the exertions of good and learned men, for the amelioration of society, are rationally directed to the teaching of relative duties rather than religious creeds, we may hope the world will grow better, as well as wiser.

The attention now given to infant education, will have a tendency to draw more and more the scratiny of philosophers and people of discernment, towards the vast influence which the manner of domestic life has on the destiny of the world. We rejoice at this, because we believe the investigation of the subject will lead to more just notions of the rights of women, and a more reasonable regard to their feelings, than has yet been, generally speaking, granted them by their "lords."

The real good of the sexes must be sought, by both, in the promotion of each other's happiness. Selfishness never yet conferred felicity. And this truth, Mr. James very well illustrates in "the mutual and special duties of husbands and wives." We give an extract from the "special duties" of both, at the same time, cordially recommending the book to all our married subscribers, and all who intend to be married.

DUTIES OF HUSBANDS.

Christ's love to his church was DURABLE and UNCHANGEABLE. "Having loved his own, he loved them to the end," without abatement or alteration: so ought husbands to love their wives, not only at the beginning but to the end of their union; when the charms of beauty have fled before the withering influence of disease; when the vigorous and sprightly frame has lost its elasticity, and the step has become slow and faltering : when the wrinkles of age have succeeded to the bloom of youth, and the whole person seems rather the monument, than the resemblance, of what it once was. Has she not gained in mind what she has lost in exterior fascinations? Have not her mental graces, flourished amidst the ruins of personal charms? If the rose and the lily have faded on the cheek, have not the fruits of righteousness grown in the seal? If those blossoms have departed, on which the eye of youthful passion graed with so much ardor, has it not been to give way to the ripe fruit of christian excellence? The usoman is not what she was, but the wife, the mother, the christian, are better than they were. For an example of conjugal love in all its power and excellence, point me not to the bride and bridegroom displaying during the first month of their union all the watchfulness and tenderness of affection, but let me look upon the husband and wife of fifty, whose love has been tried by the lapse and the changes of a quarter of a century, and who through this period and by these vicissitudes, have grown in attachment and esteem; and whose affection, if not glowing with all the fervid heat of a midsummer's day, is still like the sunshine of an October noon, warm and beautiful, as reflected amidst autumnal tints.

DUTIES OF WIVES.

It is assumed by the Apostle as an indisputable and general fact, that "the married woman careth how she may please her husband." All her conduct should be framed upon this principle, to give him contentment and to increase his delight in her. Let her appear contented with her lot, and that will do much to render him content with his : while, on the other hand, nothing is more likely to generate discontent in his heart, than the appearance of it in ber. Let her by cheerful good humor diffuse an air of pleasantness over his dwelling. Let her guard as much as possible against a gloomy and moody disposition, which causes her to move about with the silence and cloudiness of a spectre; for who likes to dwell in a haunted house? She should always welcome him across his threshold with a smile, and ever put forth all her ingenuity in studying to please him, by consulting his wishes, by surprising him occasionally by those unlooked for and ingenious devices of affection, which though small in themselves, are the proofs of a mind intent upon the business of giving pleasure. The greater acts of reverent and respectful love, are often regarded as matters of course, and as such produce little impression; but the lesser acts of attention, which come not in the usual routine of conjugal duties, and into the every day offices which may be calculated upon with almost as much certainty as the coming of the hour which they are to occupy, these freewill offerings of an inventive and active regard, these extra tokens of respect, and expressions of regard, have a mighty power to attach a husband to his wife, they are the cords of love, the bands of a man. In all her personal and domestic habits, her first care then, next to that of pleasing God, must be to please him, and thus hold to herself that heart, which cannot wander from her without carrying her happiness with it, and which, when once departed, cannot be restored by any power short of omnipotence itself.

"THE VILLAGE CHOIR." Boston, S. G. Goodrich & Co. This is a very interesting book, and certainly proves, that much merit may be contained in a small compass. It presents a vivid sketch of some of the peculiar traits in our New-England character; and the author has shown talents of no ordinary stamp, in thus investing, with the power and pathos of sentiment, what would seem to be so totally devoid of attraction, to persons of taste, as the bickerings among the performers, and changes in the style of sacred music, exhibited during ten years, in the choir of an humble country village.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We know, that many consider the favorable notice of a new work, synonymous with the puffing of an article, which has just been thrown into the market, and which, of course, owes its value mostly to the fashion of the moment. But the Village Choir has other merits besides the one of being new. It is worth reading for its pure and appropriate style alone, and there is real humor, (not punning) sound reasoning, elevated morality, and warm patriotism, combined in its pages; with little to offend the most fastidious critic. We give one extract as a specimen of the manner; the reflections of the author, after narrating that one of the leaders of the choir, Charles Williams, a shoemaker, and the son of a shoemaker, in his ambition to be something greater than the village of Waterfield offered, had concluded to leave his important office in the choir, for the honors of a college.

"I use not the word *ignoble*, nor any other term of disparagement or contempt, as applicable to that vocation. I am too sturdy an American for that. Happily, in our country, we have scarcely a conception of what the epithet *ignoble* signifies, except in a purely moral point of view. The aristocratical pride of Europe accounts for this, by insisting, that we are all plebeians together, and of course that distinctions of rank among us are ridiculous. Our own pride, of which we have our full share, accounts for the circumstance or the opposite hypothesis, that we are a nation of highborn noblemen. But this is a poor dispute about names. The truth is, we are neither a nation of noblemen nor plebeians. How can such correlative terms be applied with any shadow of correctness, when the very political relations which they imply, do not exist? It is using a solecism to call Americans plebeians, because to that class belongs the conscious degradation of witnessing above them, in the same body politic, an order of men born to certain privileges of which they are destitute by birth themselves. And for a similar reason, it is equally a solecism to regard ourselves, even metaphorically, as noblemen.

Why then did Charles Williams and his friends desire him to emerge from the calling in which his youth had been passed? Oh, we Americans have our preferences. We think it an innocent and a convenient thing to draw arbitrary lines of distinction between different professions; otherwise, the circle of one man's acquaintance would often be oppressively large.

I do not wish to analyze too minutely, the aristocratical leaven among us. I do not wish to analyze too minutely, the aristocratical leaven among us. I do not exactly understand its principle of operation myself. Pedigree it certainly is not, though that perhaps is one of its elements. Wealth and education have something to do with it. Different vocations in life, have mach more. Various degrees of softness and whiteness of the hands, are perhaps as good criterions as any thing. Certain sets of persons do somehow contrive to obtain an ascendancy in every town and village. But in the present state of society in our country, the whole subject is extremely unsettled. The mass is fermenting, and how this process will result eventually, time only can decide. Probably some future court calendar will rank among the first class of American citizens, all families descended in lines, more or less direct, from former presidents of the nation, heads of departments, governors of states, presidents of colleges, Supreme Court judges, commodores, and general officers. The second class may comprehend the posterity of members of congress, circuit and state judges, clergymen, presidents of banks, professors in colleges, captains of national vessels, leaders of choirs, and perhaps some others. I have no curiosity to speculate upon inferior classes, nor to determine any further the order in which far distant dinners shall be approached by eaters yet unborn, or future balls shall be arranged at Washington."

"THATCHER'S TREATISE ON BEES." Boston, Marsh & Capen. "What can there be in a Treatise on Bees to interest me?" will probably be the exclamation of many a young lady, while looking at the contents of the Magazine. And in truth we feared, on first turning over the leaves of Dr. Thatcher's very neat looking volume, that it was not a book which we could make much of, for our publication. Yet we have always had a partiality for the honey-making tribe, ever since the time we could repeat- 'See how the little busy bee,' &c. till now, when the allusions, so often and so happily introduced by Mrs. Hemans, in her exquisite strains, incline us to think that bees have peculiar poetic claims to admiration. They are certainly very ex-traordinary creatures, combining in their queenly societies, the romantic and the rational, in a degree, which none other of the insect or animal tribes exhib-Is it not rather a curious circumstance, that the most ingenious, useful and it. perfect system of the polity of instinct displayed among the multitude of living creatures which crowd our globe, should be under the entire control of the female? The Salic law it seems, is not the law of nature. Truly, bees should be patronized by the ladies; and we are gratified to learn such is the case. The passage in Dr. Thatcher's Treatise, containing this information, we transcribe for the benefit, as well as amusement of our readers.

"Whilst concluding this little volume, I was favored with a polite communication from that experienced apiarian, and horticulturist, Mrs. Mary Griffith, of New-Branswick, New-Jersey. This lady has devoted many years to the amusement and advantages of an apiary, in which she has done much credit to berself, and conferred numerous benefits on the public. (A woman.) She is probably the first, if not the only one, in the United States, who has established an apiary upon just and methodical principles. She has invented an ingeniously constructed hive, which promises to supersede most others that have been in use. (A woman then has invented something besides a bonnet, but who would have thought of her employing her ingenuity on a bce-hive?) In the North American Review, for October, 1828, will be found a production from her elegant pen, on the subject of bees."

These facts show that the endeavor to be rationally useful, has a powerful tendency to increase the developement of the female mind. Mrs. Griffith would never, probably, have written for the North American, had she not kept bees; and we hope our fair young friends, who are sighing to be distinguished, will copy her example of persevering industry in some useful employment, if they do not keep bees. But really the economy of bees must farnish, to those naturalists who are fond of the subject, a delightful study. The wonderful instinct and sagacity of the bee, approaches, in many instances, so near to what we call reason, that the difference is hardly to be described. Dr. Thatcher thinks it an established fact, that "bees have a sort of language among themselves, whereby they know each other's wants;" and an occurrence, of which we happen to know the truth, convinces us that they can communicate with each other; but whether theirs is the language of signs or song we know not. Perhaps the anecdote may not be unacceptable to such of our readers as have taken an interest in the above remarks. A country gentleman, some thirty years since, who had quite a flourishing apiary, took up, (as the phrase then was, when the bees were destroyed, by the process of placing the hive over a pit, filled with brimstone matches-how horrid !) two hives. It was on a Saturday evening, and the comb, being taken from the hives, was deposited in pans, which were placed, part of them in the cellar, and part in a cool closet, that the fume of the sulpher might have time to escape before Monday, when the selection of the finest comb was, as usual, to be made for the table, and the remainder

strained for other uses. On the Sabbath, the family, with the exception of two children, a boy of ten, and his sister of six, went to church. It was a beautiful August day, and the children, as might be expected when left to themselves, were more amused by the scene without the house, than edified by the good books within. While they were sauntering around the door, one bee, attracted by the honey on a piece of bread in the hand of the little girl, came to partake the feast. It was cordially welcomed, and after being satisfied, withdrew to its hive, but soon returned, accompanied by a companion. These were both allowed to feed on the honey; they departed, and re-turned with several others. The idea of taming the bees now occurred to the children, so putting some honey on a plate, they set it just within the house, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a number feeding very happily. Hitherto the visitors had increased at a slow rate; two or three only being added on the return of each party; but the closet door being left open, some of the bees found their way to the pans of honey, and soon the rush from the apiary to the house was like a swarming. The children were somewhat perplexed by the numbers and hurry of their guests, but after consulting together, they concluded to set all the doors and windows wide open, thus allowing the bees free ingress and egress. The family, on their return from church, were astonished and alarmed to find their dwelling converted into a bee-hive-indeed, when it is considered that the apiary consisted of ten or twelve hives, that each hive is said to contain nearly twenty thousand bees, and that from appearances, most of these were in and around the house, (they were thronging every room) it must be confessed there appeared some reason to be alarmed. However, the intruders could not be ejected; so the family were compelled to mingle among them, which, though the children had received no injury, they at first did very warily. But they found there was no cause of fear. The bees that surround-ed the cradle of Virgil, (were they not probably allured in a similar manner?) Whether they were sensible the rich could not have been more harmless. feast they enjoyed, was by the favor of human agents, or whether, which is the most likely, they were made too happy by their good fortune to permit the display of any vindictive feelings, it is a fact, that not a person in the house was stung or annoyed by the bees. On the contrary, they emitted a joyous humming, that seemed to breathe the spirit of delight. They quitted the house at nightfall, when measures were carefully taken to prevent their entrance on the next day. At an early hour the following morning, they surrounded the house, and some lingered through the day; but not gaining admittance they returned no more. Now, that the first bees which entered the closet, had some means of communicating to their fellows, not only that they had found food, but an abundance of it, seems evident; else why did they come in such numbers? The visit of the bees had afforded the children fine sport; but like other experimentalists, they found a drawback, on which they had not calculated. Their honey was nearly all carried away by the industrious bees."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We had prepared notices of several periodicals, but are compelled to omit them till next month, for want of room. Our readers will, we trust, remark that this Magazine contains eight pages more than any former one. We hope to present them with an engraving next month.

Our correspondents deserve thanks—several poetic articles are received and will appear. We have taken the liberty to affix a signature to the article on the Intellectual Character of Women; and we suggest one correction to the reader—page 146, line 4 from the bottom, "resign the lyre of Urania," should be, "resign the lyre to Urania."

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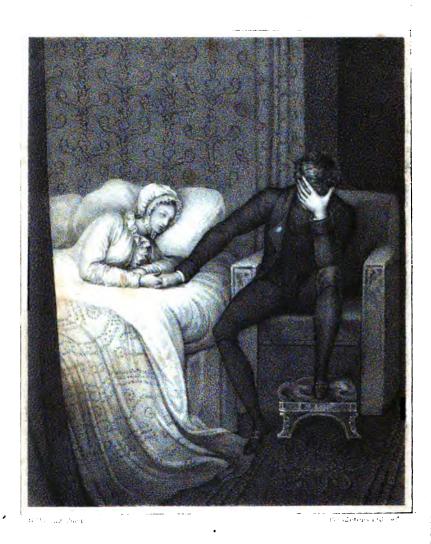
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Patnam & Hume.

LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

MAY.

No. V.

THE MANUSCRIPT.-No. IV.

LADY ARABELLA.

"Alas! thy tears are on my heart, my spirit they detain, I know that from thy agony is wrung that burning rain; Best—kindest—weep not—make the pang, the bitter conflict less, Oh! sad it is—and yet a joy to feel thy love's excess. Bet calm thee—let the thought of death a solemn calm restore; The voice that must be silent soon would speak to thee once more, And bless thee for kind looks and words showered on my path like dew,— For all the lore in those deep eyes—a gladness ever new. Parewell—oh, bear thee on my love—aye joyously endure; This Land must have its altars yet inviolate and pure: Here must our God be worshipped, with the homage of the Freq— Parewell—there's but one pang in death—one only—leaving thee."

THE history of woman has few names so bright as that of the Lady Arabella Johnson. Her life was a meek exemplification of those virtues which assimilate human nature with our ideas of the angelic. If it be lamented that a more particular account of this amiable lady was not preserved by her contemporaries, we may be consoled by the reflection, that the traits of her character, noted in the quaint records of that time, are precisely such as unfold most unequivocally the usually hidden springs of conduct; of those principles which must have impelled her onward in a path so full of peril. We feel that she was actuated by that devotedness to her duty, which made every sacrifice of her own comfort a pleasure, if she might thereby promote the cause of the religion she professed and the happiness and usefulness of the husband she loved. Her conduct

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is a beautiful example to her sex---an example of that kind of celebrity most to be coveted by a virtuous woman. The name of the Lady Arabella will be repeated as long as the history of America is read ; and yet in nothing did she seek to exalt herself. It is not probable, the hope of being remembered by posterity; that anxiety for what we call fame, ever once agitated her gentle bosoin, indeed, ever entered her thoughts at all. She lived like a true woman for those her heart held dear; she sought to promote the happiness of all with whom she was connected; she worshipped at the feet of the Saviour. The celebrity which then rested on her name was conferred by the circumstances in which she was placed, and it will be forever perpetuated by the effect her example had on those who have become immortalized as the founders of our nation. Her life and death evinced the tender, ardent, and noble feelings of a pure and benevolent heart, guided by consistent and christian principles, such as every woman should cultivate; but in holding up her example for the imitation of my own sex, I would not awaken in the mind of a single individual, the expectation of such distinction as she has obtained. Goodness is seldom followed for the sake of greatness; and though the feminine virtues and graces may sometimes shine conspicuous in an elevated station, they are not less lovely, nor the less necessary in the humblest home. The : ; ambition of a female should never invest the path of her life with public noise and show; the smiles and blessings of the domestic circle and the applause of her own heart, should be sufficient for her happiness. The conspicuous part which Lady Arabella was called to perform, exhibited her virtues, but did not implant them. Her character, the peculiar temper of her mind, was formed before her trials commenced. It was her sufferings which crowned her with fame; and to impress that truth more forcibly on the minds of my young friends, has been the aim of this long preface.

Lady Arabella Johnson was the daughter of the proud Earl of Lincoln. She was an exceeding beautiful girl, and her father cherished the hope of seeing her united to a nobleman of the first rank. But there had been a different path appointed her; and it seemed not among the least extraordinary incidents marking her fortune, that her father consented, notwithstanding his ambitious projects, that she should marry Mr. Johnson. He was to be sure very rich, and connected with families of high rank, but he had no title in possession or expectancy. But he married the Lady Arabella, and for several years the felicity of their domestic union was rarely exceeded. They were an instance of the truth of that theory which makes friendship (what is conjugal love but the most tender, true and exalted friendship,) between two persons less dependent on entire congeniality of disposition, than on those qualities which harmonize in effect, like the notes in the musical scale, though differing in degree.

Mr. Johnson was from nature of a contemplative character; serious in his deportment, with an expression of thought on his mild countenance, which people, who for the first time beheld him, termed sadness. Yet his heart was warm and frank; and when in intercourse with his friends, he threw off the reserve which proceeded more from excess of feeling than a want of sympathy with his fellow creatures, few were so agreeable, so beloved in society as this amiable man. His wife, the lady Arabella, on the contrary, was of a joyous spirit; it seemed as if no blight of sin or sorrow had ever fallen on her, and that she was happy because she was innocent. Even the most rigid and gloomy christians never objected to her gaiety; they appeared to feel that her gladness proceeded from a guileless heart.

The pensiveness on her husband's brow might sometimes seem too deeply shadowed, contrasted as it was with the sunshine of her bright face, to promise perfect congeniality of feeling between the pair; but when they spoke to each other, the hearer was instantly aware of the affectionate communion their hearts enjoyed. There was a modulation in their voices that love only can teach; it was not terms of endearment, such are easily said—it was the manner, the tone, the soft, low-breathed, and as it were, watchful sympathy of tone, always chiming in harmony, and making to the soul of either that pleasant music, which no skill in art, no sound in nature, can equal.

But the christian can never live wholly for himself. Mr. Johnson, blessed as his lot was, could not feel happy while those, pious men whose tenets he respected, were suffering persecution. It is true, he sometimes regretted that they should adhere with such unbending pertinacity to

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those points of their faith which only regarded ceremonials in religion; but their firmness under every trial which their vindictive enemies could inflict, gave a sacredness to the suffering cause, which enlisted all his benevolent feelings in their behalf. He had a large estate, unincumbered - he had been married to the Lady Arabella ten years, but they had no children, and it often occurred to him, that it was his duty to employ his wealth in succouring the oppressed Puritans. His own mildness and moderation, and the powerful family with which he was connected, had effectually screened him from the persecutions which had followed the obnoxious party he favoured. His moderation did not proceed from timidity, or love of worldly ease, or indifference to the cause he had espoused ;---it was the character of the man. He was considerate. Such people make less bustle in the world, and consequently draw less notice than the ardent and enthusiastic; but they are, notwithstanding, the stamina of every successful adventure. Such an one will hold on his way when a more fiery spirit is broken or subdued; and the impetus given to a particular train of events by the latter, would soon cease, were not the motion continued by the cool perseverance of the former.

The project of the Puritans, to transport themselves, their wives and children, to the new World, and there to remain and found a nation, considered only by the light of sober reason, was as romantic an undertaking as ever sane men adopted. Some were too old to provide for themselves some were too young to render assistance—and many were too poor to procure necessaries, even for the voyage. But all these must go. No one of the brethren who wished to join the expedition, must be rejected because he was old or poor. And their little ones—could they leave them behind?

Mr. Johnson's eyes overflowed with tears, and his heart throbbed with thick heavings, while he read a letter from the Rev. Cotton Mather, describing the difficulties they were encountering to prepare for the emigration of the Colony. "O," thought he—" why do I sit here? Why, when God has placed the means in my hands, do I not arise, and offer of my substance to assist his servants? and why do I not go with them?"

He paused, for the thought of his wife came over his

mind. Could she endure the change ? ought he expect it, to wish it ? should her love to him be the means of exposing her delicate form to the dangers of the sea-the perils of a howling wilderness ?---Just as he had concluded that even to think of her making such a sacrifice was a breach of the protection he had vowed to her at the altar, she entered the library where he was sitting. " In tears, my beloved," said Arabella, advancing and laying her white hand softly on her husband's shoulder, while the smile that could usually chase away all his cares played But as he raised his eyes to hers, their deep on her lips. sorrow awed her, and she felt it was no earthly grief that oppressed him. She drew closer to him-sat down by his side, took one of his hands between hers, and for some minutes kept that silence which is the surest sign of deep sympathy.

But when he had told her the cause why he wept, and read to her the letter, it was wonderful to see how the spirit of that angelic woman awoke to the perception of all that was in his heart. He had spoken nothing of his own thoughts, or wishes, or struggles. But she comprehended them in a moment. And she felt at the same time happy that she had at last penetrated the cause why his countenance had for many weeks worn more than its usual pensiveness—and that it was in her power to comfort him—to reconcile him to himself—to aid him in the performance of his duty !

Every thing was soou arranged, and Mr. Johnson and the Lady Arabella joined their names to the list of those, willing to leave all for conscience sake. "It is no cross to me to forsake the world, if I may only keep by your side," whispered Arabella to her husband, while a fashionable friend was expatiating on the terrible dangers to be encountered in a pilgrimage to America. And all her conduct was framed to lessen his uneasiness for her, to take from him every fear that her compliance with his wishes was a sacrifice of her inclination; indeed, she seemed to enjoy the thought of assisting him to do the good he meditated, as a privilege.

Mr. Johnson disposed of the bulk of his property in England, that he might have the power of aiding those poor pious persons who had hearts, but not means to join the expedition. He provided comforts for many who had none to help them, and it was chiefly owing to the judicious plans he proposed, and the efficient pecuniary aid he was ever ready to furnish that the embarkation of so large a company was effected.

In all this he was cheered by the approving smiles of her whom he loved more than all the world; and the more than heroic, the christian fortitude and cheerfulness with which his wife resigned all the luxuries and blandishments of her high station, and bent her whole heart to aid him in performing what he felt to be his duty, infused into his soul a strength, an ardor, a joy that made every labor and sacrifice seem a triumph. At length they embarked, and during the long passage, the Lady Arabella displayed the same unshaken confidence in the success of their expedition. The vivacity of her spirits had, it is true, somewhat abated, but it was only the chastened effect which the deep responsibility of a design so important as that in which she had voluntarily engaged, would have on a mind so pure and devoted as hers. Yet there was nothing in her air like the solemn or prim gravity with which our imagination is accustomed to invest the Puritans, especially the men. She was habitually cheerful. But the most rigid among that solemn company, would unhesitatingly have pointed her out as their example in christian patience and charity. She was the sunbeam on their dark path, and not only her husband, but all to whom she was known, regarded her as almost, if not altogether an angel.

They landed at Salem, June 12, 1730. The condition in which they found the colony at that place, was most distressing. They had looked on death, and wept over the graves of their friends till the fountain of their tears seemed dried up-and they had felt, in their despair, that it was better for them to die than to live. They needed sympathy, aid, comforters. And in those who landed they The Lady Arabella, especially, exerted found all these. herself to soothe the mourners, and presented with her own hands many of those delicacies which her husband had carefully provided for her, to the sick and debilitated among the settlers. And many a blessing was invoked on her head, and many a prayer was breathed for her preservation.

But her work was soon done. She was attacked with severe pain in her limbs, the consequence of a cold, accompanied by a slow fever; yet she still maintained her cheerfulness, and even exhibited increasing interest in the plans then agitating among the company, respecting the place where they should make their permanent settlement. Her fortitude infused a hope of her recovery into the hearts of all her friends, and it is not strange that her husband should feel that she must not, that she could not die and leave him, that the God of mercy would not call him to endure such a trial. The thought of her death was such bitter agony, that he endeavoured to banish it whenever it occurred—he could not gather strength of soul to meet it and contrary to his usual cautious character, he seemed to welcome delusion, flattering himself and her that she was better, and better, when every day she was gradually failing. She was perfectly aware of this; but to spare him from sorrow she suppressed her complaints, stifled her sighs, and wore smiles on her lip, when quivering with pain. "When I am gone," she thought, "my husband will bow in submission to the decree of heaven-he will resign me thenand 0! my God-wilt thou not forgive these weaknesses of heart in thy feeble suffering servants ?"

Her mind, during her sickness, which lasted ten days, appeared wholly intent on promoting the interests of pure religion. And as connected with that end, she, like all the colonists, thought the settlement of New England essentially necessary; much of her time was passed in conversing with her husband and those about her, on the future prospects of the colony. And it afterwards mightily encouraged the hearts of those self-exiled people, that the Lady Arabella had always, even in the midst of her suffering, rejoiced that she had shared in the expedition, and declared her conviction that God would prosper them, even beyond their hopes. The night before she died, she endured much, and her husband watched beside her, but towards morning she insisted he should retire and try to sleep. To gratify her he lay down, and contrary to his expectations, for his mind was tortured with anxiety and pity for his wife, though he still clung to the hope that she would ultimately recover, he fell asleep. He was roused from a dream in which he had beheld his Arabella clothed

in her bridal array, and resplendent in beauty, just as she looked when he led her to the altar,-he was aroused, and told that she was dving. He started from the bed, and trembling in every joint, he hurried to the small, though not uncomfortable apartment, which had been provided for There was not an individual in the country but felt her. interested in her fate, and nothing which could be done for her accommodation had been omitted. And yet how mean was her present dwelling when compared to the lordly palaces she had inhabited! But she had never repined at the change, and least of all, would the thought have occurred at that moment, when she knew the earth and all its pageants were passing from her; when she stood alone on the brink of eternity, and felt that through the dark valley she What was the world then ? must go alone.

The sun was just rising, and the cool air of the morning came fresh from the waters; but it could not revive her. The "mortal paleness" was on her cheek,—and her husband saw it, and for a few moments he was too overcome to listen to the sweet comforting words that broke from her lips, as if she would impart to his mind a portion of the peace that pervaded hers.

"My beloved," said she, softly, a faint smile hovering on her white lips-and she extended her cold hand to clasp the one he offered. The touch seemed to chill his soulit was death. His limbs became powerless, and sinking into a chair, he covered his face and groaned aloud. She raised her head from the pillow, and gazed on him with eyes in which tenderness and pity seemed struggling through the cloud that was slowly, but surely separating the world forever from With a strong effort, she shook off, for a few minher. utes, the torpor that was, when he entered, stealing over She strove, by soothing assurance, to calm his grief. her. Fearing he might regret he had allowed her to accompany him in such a perilous undertaking, she assured him again and again, how blessed a privilege she considered it to be, that she should die and be buried in a land where God might be worshipped in spirit and in truth. "Do not, my husband," said she, "suffer my death to occupy your We shall meet in heaven. But there is a work mind. here for you to do; and I feel as if it were a mercy that I should be taken, so that your usefulness may no longer be

clogged by your cares for me. I die so happy—happy in every thing, but that you will grieve for me. There is no pang in death but leaving you."

And then she blessed him for all his kindnesses to her, and besought him to take courage and persevere in the course he had begun, and assured him that she felt a confidence in the Lord, even a strong faith shedding light on the dark path she was treading, that the work would prosper, and that a mighty nation would arise from their feeble beginnings, who would be worshippers of the true God.

Reader, did you ever wish to see the grave of a hero ? of a conqueror? Go into the Chapel burial ground, and search among the green graves; Mr. Johnson lies buried there. He was the principal patron, the founder of Boston,-one of the mighty men who laid the corner stone of this great nation. Was he not a hero? He overcame the world of temptations which beset the path of the rich christian, that he might devote himself to his duty-and more, he overcame, or stifled the anguish of his soul, when his wife, whom he prized more than the world, was taken from him, and he still continued to perform his duty,was he not a conqueror? Even when his heart was breaking, and his frame wasting away under the stroke he had endured, he still continued to labor for the public good, till death came and "in sweet peace" released him from his cares, just one month after the death of his beloved Arabella. He was buried on the spot of ground he had selected for his place of residence in Boston; and the people who had loved and honoured him as their leader in the colony, requested when they died, to sleep near him. What a eulogy on his goodness ! History does not furnish Reader, when you pass by the Chapel burial a parallel. ground, pause and reflect that that place of graves is a monument to the virtues of the "father of Boston;" of "a perfect and upright man." His angelic wife sleeps not there. She has her own monument,—it is in the hearts of the intelligent women of America, whose pattern she will be. But her burial place is in Salem, near the sea shore, on the spot where the very last time she walked abroad with her husband, she had paused, and turning to him, said, "I know

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not why it is, but I always feel the most tranquil when viewing yonder waters; and it seems to me, I should like to be buried in this quiet place." She was buried there.

"THIS IS NOT YOUR REST."

When Heaven's unerring pencil writes on every pilgrim's breast, As passport to Time's changeful shore, "Lo! this is not your rest,"— Why build ye towers, ye fleeting ones?—Why bowers of fragrance rear? As if the self-deluded soul might find its solace here.

In vain !---In vain !---for storms will rise, and o'er your treasures sweep :----Bat when loud thunders vex the wave, and deep replies to deep, When in your desoluted path Hope's glittering fragments lay, Spring up and fix your grasp on that which never can decay.

If like an ice-bolt to the heart, Leve bends his alter'd eye, And shews those boasted garlands dead, he boasted *could not die*,— Lift, lift to that Eternal Friend, your agonizing prayer, In whom the souls that put their trust, shall never more despair.

If Fancy,--she who bids young Thought its freshest incense bring, By stern reality rebuk'd, should fold her wearied wing, There is a brighter, broader realm than she hath yet reveal'd, From flesh-girt man's exploring eye, and anxious ear conceal'd.

Earth is Death's palace,—to his court, he summons great and small, The crown'd, the homeless and the slave, are but his minions all,— We turn us trembling from the trath,—the close pursuit we fly, But stumble on the grave's dark brink, and lay us down and die.

H.

I am indebted to a Virginian lady, whose talents and virtues alike entitle her to the respect of her sex, for the succeeding story and poem. It is with no ordinary degree of satisfaction, that I acknowledge these favors. I am encouraged to hope, that the end at which I have aimed, namely, adapting the plan of the Ladies' Magazine to the character and taste of intelligent women in every State of our vast nation, is understood and approved. ED.

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THE NOCTURNAL RESCUE.

THE NOCTURNAL RESCUE.

'Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable.'

IT was on a stormy night in the month of June, that a benighted traveller was traversing one of those dark, impervious forests, so common in the western part of America. He was attended by a coloured servant, who followed him closely as he slowly threaded a devious pathway, often obstructed by brambles, or perplexed by a thick undergrowth. At length the track became so narrow, that Mr. Ormsby, (for that was the gentleman's name,) began to apprehend he had lost his way. "Sambo," said he to his servant, "did they not tell us at the last public house that the way was hard to find, but that we must always turn to the left ?" " I believe so, Massa," was the laconic reply. Presently the jaded horse of Mr. Ormsby, actually stood still with weariness, and his rider, after endeavouring to encourage him to proceed by gentle solicitations with the bridle, was forced, reluctantly, to apply the spur. Just at that instant, the forest echoed with piercing shrieks, plainly proceeding from a human voice, apparently in some extremity of distress.

"Hark, Sambo," said the gentleman, "There surely is some person ill, or otherwise in danger, near us !" "Tis *panter*, Massa, panter, sure as you born," said the negro, his teeth chattering audibly with terror—"better ride on, Massa !" "Tis no panther, you silly fellow, but some human creatures in distress. I must go and attempt to succour them." At this proposition, the servant gave way to the violence of his alarm; "Oh Massa ! Massa ! you go after panter, he tear you to pieces. He cry like child, to catch poor folks and eat 'em. Oh, dont go, Massa ! Missee charge me, she say, Sambo, take care of Massa !"

During this harangue, the shrieks continued, and Mr. Ormsby examined his fire arms to see if they were loaded; without regarding the expostulations of his servant, he dismounted, and throwing the bridle of his horse to Sambo, he dashed into the wood, in the direction of the cries.

"Sambo," said he, "be silent and you will be safe; but if you yell out in your usual fashion, you may chance to lose your life."... The storm was becoming violent. The wind swept through the forest, bending the flexible trees to the earth, and tearing off huge boughs from those which resisted its fury. Loud bursts of thunder were reverberated from the adjacent hills, and streams of vivid lightning darted through the skies, illuminating the gloomy recesses of the forest. Mr. Ormsby paused for a moment. He felt that there was danger in his purpose, and yet the continuance of the shrieks still urged him forward. The wind, which had swept with awful violence at its first rising, now seemed to abate its fury, though still it sighed and moaned fearfully among the crashing branches. Mr. Ormsby resolutely pressed forward, holding a pistol ready for instant use in his right hand, and pulling aside the bending boughs and shaggy undergrowth with the other. At length, he encountered a thicket so completely inaccessible to human footsteps, that he paused and bent his ear in the direction of the shrieks. The thunder had rolled a long and violent peal far away, so that the cries were distinctly audible. These appeared to increase in loudness and length, till one tremendous yell closed the paroxysm, and Mr. Ormsby listened in vain for another. Presently a weak, low cry, resembling that of an infant, was heard distinctly. Sambo's warning now occurred to his master's mind with some perplexity. He knew that the panther was said to imitate an infant's cry, to allure his prey. Just as this thought occurred, a vivid flash of lightning revealed to him a white object on the ground, not ten steps from the spot where he stood. Mr. Ormsby darted forward and siezed the object, which proved, to his astonishment, to be the very infant whose cries he had heard. He folded it in his arms, and hastened back to deposit it with Sambo, being aware that he stood no chance of achieving a perilous adventure thus encumbered. The honest negro uttered an exclamation of joy, when he heard his master's well known step returning from the wood. But it was with difficulty he could be prevailed upon to touch the infant, being thoroughly persuaded that it was no human creature, but a panter, or a spirit.

By this time the rain began to pour down in torrents, and the darkness became so deep, that Mr. Ormsby resolved to make his way out of the wood with all possible expe-

THE NOCTURNAL RESCUE.

dition; but he determined, to return in the morning, with sufficient aid to explore the forest. The task of escaping from so intricate and perplexed a spot, with no light but occasional gleams of lightning, was no easy one; but Mr. Ormsby courageously persevered in extricating himself from his difficulties, and after four hours' wandering, encumbered with a helpless child, and a terrified servant, he finally arrived at a farm house on the road side. Here he obtained access with some little importunity, and after giving the infant in charge to the good woman of the house, he proceeded to dry, and refresh himself.

The next morning, Mr. Ormsby procured the assistance of several respectable yeoman of the country, and set out to explore the forest. After six hours' severe search, the party returned, having penetrated as far as possible into the thicket, without making any satisfactory discovery. They saw evident marks of its being the resort of panthers, and perhaps, other beasts of prey; but, except the fragment of a shawl, found on the spot where the child was discovered, there was no symptom of a human being having been near the thicket. The adventure terminated, with Mr. Ormsby's taking charge of the infant, and carrying it home to his own family, where it was reared with great tenderness among his offspring.

Sixteen years after, Miss Lucy Ormsby, as the foundling was denominated, had become the belle of the village, and was the cause of many a severe heart ache, to the rustic beaux of the neighbourhood. About this time, the conflict of America with the mother country, had reached its height. War, with all its terrors, aggravated by invasion, was sweeping its desolations over the fair and salubrious clime of the Colonial territory. The Indians of the Western country were becoming mutinous, and a detachment of troops, among whom was Mr. (now Col.) Ormsby, was sent to intimidate those dangerous neighbours of the distressed Colonists.

The Colonel arrived at a settlement of friendly Indians, where he was coarsely but hospitably entertained for a night and a day, preparatory to commencing his negotiations with the hostile tribes. Among the females of the wigwam, was a white woman, whose complexion had attained a tawny hue, from long exposure to wind and sun;

but who, nevertheless, retained the language and manners of her own nation. She seemed particularly desirous to enter into conversation with her countrymen, and Col. Ormsby contrived to have a secret interview with her, in which she implored him to take her back to civilized life. "I have no kindred living, that I know of," said she, "but still, I ardently desire to return to a state of society, congenial with my tastes and early habits. For sixteen years I have remained here in willing exile, but the motive which detained me, no longer exists. I was attached, by the strongest ties of gratitude, to an old chief, who died about a month ago, and I am now at liberty to quit this settlement whenever I please. I was born with good prospects, being the only child of a wealthy and respectable citizen of Philadelphia. But it was my misfortune to form an attachment to a specious young man, who induced me to elope from the most indulgent of father's. When my husband found that this act of disobedience had occasioned my being disinherited, he soon betrayed his motives for seeking a connexion with me. His conduct was at first unkind, and when my father actually died without forgiving me, and left his estate to another, the wrath of my tyrant disdained even the restraints of common decency. Nevertheless, he forced me to accompany him in an expedition to one of the Western States, and accordingly, we set off with an infant of eight months old, on our toilsome and dangerous journey. After travelling ten days onward, we suddenly entered a trackless forest, and I began first to suspect from the demeanor of my husband, that he intended to destroy me. There arose a dreadful storm, and night came on us in circumstances of heart-rending distress. The fiend, for surely he was not a man, who had thus inveigled me to destruction, then announced his purpose in plain and clear terms. My terror deprived me of all presence of mind, and he tore my infant from my arms, dashed it on the earth, and dragged me after him into a horrible thicket, which seemed to be the abode of wild beasts. I shrieked, but alas! no sound replied to my agony, but the terrific thunder, which seemed to shake the firm set earth to its centre. Just as the wretch was about to stab me to the heart, an Indian burst from the thicket, and wrested me from his grasp. A struggle ensued, in which my tyrant received his death stroke. During this horrible conflict, I fainted, and did not recover, until my deliverer had borne me to a place of refuge. At my desire, he returned to search for my babe, but alas! the wild beasts had destroyed it, for we had heard their yells, even above the uproar of the tempest.

"The agony I had undergone, occasioned a temporary alienation of my reason. The good old chief, into whose hands I had fallen, conducted me safely to this settlement, where I remained ten years in a state of partial, but harmless derangement. At length, a white physician happened to call here, on a tour through the Western settlement. He saw, and pitied my condition. After using such remedies as his skill suggested, I recovered the use of my estranged faculties, and would gladly have returned with him to my former grade in society. But my deliverer had by this time, fallen into many painful infirmities, and I could not desert him without base ingratitude. The physician who restored me to reason, was also a Missionary preacher, and he directed my renovated mind towards the only subject that can properly occupy the exclusive attention of an intelligent being. I became a Christian, and in that blessed faith, found a remedy for all my miseries. It was my task from this time, to impart the information I had re-My benefactor listened, with partial ceived, to others. affection, to my accounts of the holy truths sent from heaven for the benefit of erring man. I had the ineffable delight of seeing him resign his breath with a full hope of gospel salvation. Since his death, I have been earnestly desirous of returning to, a state of civilized society. lf you will undertake to be my protector, Sir, I will attend you willingly."

Col. Ormsby listened to this narrative with breathless interest. When it was concluded, he asked the female, on what day of the mouth, and year, she had encountered her tragical adventure in the forest. She replied without hesitation, and the Colonel found the date corresponded exactly with his own nocturnal journey through the same forest. He then, felt assured that the mother of his adopted child was before him. With some little circumlocution, he gave his own account of the adventure, on hearing which, she fell at his feet in a rapture

MONTICELLO.

of gratitude, and exclaimed, "You have then saved my child, and there is something left me in this world worth living for." The business of the Indians being speedily conducted, Col. Ormsby had the pleasure of carrying back to his adopted child, a mother in every way worthy of Lucy married well, and continued through life to her. honour and love her self-constituted father, while she became the comfort and solace of her unfortunate mother. Col. Ormsby used often to speak in his old age, of his nocturnal adventure in the forest. "Had I been a timid man," he would say, "that child would have either been devoured by the panthers, or have been brought up a But stay, I am talking like a foolish old man-It savage. was God himself who put it in my heart to follow the cry of human distress, and it is to him alone, that Lucy owes her wonderful preservation on that awful night. Let us give Him the glory of all our good achievements, while we take the blame of our evil ones upon ourselves."

C.

MONTICELLO.

When Spring unfolds her many colour'd robe, And gems its glowing tints with crystal dews, I love to wander thro' thy silent groves, Sweet Monticello : loveliest in the hour Of vernal freshness; when the balmy air Distils rich fragrance from each bursting gem. I see thee in unequall'd beauty now, As rising from dark winter's sable pall Thou smilest sweetly on thy loneliness. The distant mountain's undulating line Waves thro' the blue horizon, lost at length To the dim vision, in the misty air. While the near summits, darkly frowning still In wintry barrenness, disturb the eye Sent forth in search of beauty.

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Yes, I love

To gaze upon the scene, tho' all is mute;— Hush'd are the sounds of childhood's mirthful voice And youth's glad laugh, that woke the echoing hills! Oh! can it be, that one, one little year Suffices thus for desolation's work ?

Where now is that loved form, so often seen In morning's dewy hour, when flowers unfold Their many tinted petals to the sun? Gently she moved, in matron dignity Among the sweets her fost'ring hand had spread; Her infant prattlers sporting at her feet, While often she repress'd their noisy glee: For at her side, with the delib'rate step Of tranquil age, her Patriot Father mov'd. Where rests he now? Columbia's cherished son, Whose wisdom framed the charter of her rights And spurn'd the lion from her op'ning path; Who gave his life thro' long protracted years Of patriotic toils; where rests he now? Lo! in the bosom of his earthly home His consecrated relics sleep in dust. There freedom twines a never dying wreath Around his lowly tomb, and weeps the while; And History's faithful pen will bear his fame Thro' the long track of time's unwearied course.

For her, whose virtues emulated his In life's domestic scenes. Whose graces shone Conspicuously bright to every heart For her, no peaceful haven is reserv'd Thro' ages' gath'ring cloud, or sorrow's gloom. What country, boastful of the Patriot's worth Has found him but a grave ! While for his child (For whom his closing lips besought their aid) No home is left within her native clime. Quench'd is the blazing hearth ! silent the halls, Where social intercourse improved the heart. Each cherished relic of enlightened taste Once hoarded by his hand, is scattered now ! The lonely spider, spreads her lengthened web Unheeded, thro' the tenantless abode ! The very air breathes mournfully, as tho' The voice of nature would a requiem sing O'er banish'd worth, nd unrequited toil.

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RECOLLECTIONS.

Here science found within our southern clime, A stately home beneath the sage's eye. He rear'd her temple, while his waning life Shed its last lustre on the rising fane.

But all is now forgotten in the grave-Or if remember'd, only to express The barren sympathy of heartless words. Some few proclaim the patriotic deeds Of him, who slumbers in yon lowly tomb; While others shun the theme, as if it moved The soul too rudely from its selfish calm. Yet time will gather round the patriot's name A halo of imperishable light, While those, whose petty int'rests have absorb'd The heart's best feelings, shall forgotten lie In cold oblivion's undistinguished gloom.

VIRGINIA.

RECOLLECTIONS.—NO. 2.

MY FRIEND MARY WILLIE.

THE parents of my friend had died in her early childhood, before I knew her, and the little orphan girl was left to the real kindness of a wealthy relative, who cherished and educated her as if she were her own child. If you recollect Sir Walter's description of the little Moorish girl, in, I believe, Peveril of the Peak, it will afford you a very correct idea of Mary's person. She was not very pretty, being one of the darkest of brunettes, but in "the essential points, good eyes, and good teeth," she certainly excelled. Her mind, and her heart, however, were beautiful and highly adorned. The far-famed academy at ----- has long been the favorite resort of the young ladies of its vicinity, and, until a rival seminary was established at a shorter distance from the metropolis, of those city misses, who wished to avail themselves of the benefits of country air and exercise, without relinquishing, for a while, their studies. It was here that Mary Willie was long distinguished by

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her unaffected and lovely deportment, and by her proficiency in all the branches of science and the genteel accomplishments, which then constituted an elegant and finished education. Frank, generous, and affectionate, she was ardently beloved by her friends, among whom indeed, she might safely include the whole school. Of our mutual friendship, I had not purposed to relate any thing, as it would probably be utterly uninteresting to a third person—this however, I would say, that in affection and confidence we were as sisters; and when, on her quitting our village for a distant one, we exchanged farewells, it was with a mournful presentiment—we never met again.

• A while after Mary's departure, it was rumoured in our quiet town that "Mary Willie was receiving the addresses of a graduate from —— college," (and when such an affair as "a courtship" is existing, then, invariably, does

"Rumour hold her trumpet high And tell the story to the sky,"

invariably, in town or country) and then again, report was saying, "that she was soon to be married to the young student." But after some time the well-authenticated story came to us, that "Mary Willie, the young, and beloved Mary, was deserted by her friend, and that she was declining rapidly in a consumption. Charles Vaughan was gallant, and generous, and sensible, and the first in his class." He had loved Mary as other men love—ardently : and she had loved him as women love—unchangeably.

> "She gave to him her innocent affections And the warm feelings of a guileless breast-"" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " He left her-and in trouble she awoke From her bright dream of bliss, but murmured not Under her silent sufferings, nor spoke To any one about her cruel lot. You would have deemed that he had been forgot Or thought her bosom callous to the stroke, But in her check there was one hectic spot, "Twas little, but it told her heart was broke."

Those who knew Mary, and did not know Charles, concluded he must be a heartless villain to leave so youthful and lovely a girl to the hopelessness of disappointed affection :---but Charles, though deficient in firmness and con-

stancy, was far from being heartless, or a villain. Mrs. Vaughan was a haughty and ambitious woman-proud of her family, and prouder of her son : it was when the beautiful, the accomplished, and richly endowed Miss Helen Montgomery made her appearance in L------, and particularly when (young and artless, and ignorant of his engagement as she undoubtedly was) she seemed to regard with much complacency the polished manners of the youthful collegian, that Mrs. Vaughan began to draw injurious comparisons between her and the unsuspecting Mary, who was then residing at a distance from L------; and having established it in her own mind that Miss Helen would be the more suitable companion for her only son, she felt justified in employing all a mother's influence, and hers was as much as a mother ought to possess, to induce him to renounce his ill-starred engagement. Poor Charles was over-persuaded by his parent, whose will had ever been a law to him ; his betrothed was not there to plead her own cause with the eloquence of her modest look; and as in thought he contrasted, her diminutive, though sylph-like figure with the graceful height of her rival, Miss Helen Montgomery, "a most magnificent " looking girl, he wavered, and heaven forgive him, as Mary Willie did, he broke his sacred vow. Thus were honor and affection sacrificed at the shrine of splendour and wealth-and will Charles Vaughan ever know prosperity or peace of mind again ?

And as for that gentle victim of a broken troth,

"She bowed her head in quietness; she knew Her blighted prospects could revive no more, Yet she was calm, for she had heaven in view—

She "was composed to rest with many tears "—and her "fame is in the dark green tomb."

There was a little ballad written after Mary's death, by one of our school-girls, who sincerely loved her and faithfully cherished her memory. The term "beautiful" seemed to be misapplied; but we could never prevail on her to exchange it. Indeed, Mary's face was so mild, so sweet, and her voice so melodious, that it was difficult for those who heard her speak, to believe she was otherwise than handsome.

LEAVES FROM A SCRAP BOOK.

THE FLOWER OF THE HAMLET.

Oh wail ye the beautiful one— Lament for the youthful and gay, She is gone, she is gone to her lonely tomb, While white may-flowers are full in their bloom, And sweet-briar shedding its early perfume, The flower of the hamlet is withered for aye—

'Twas sorrow that blanched her cheek, And clouded her gentle brow, And she faded, the fragile, the meek, She is free from all suffering now—

Green woven garlands we bring To twine on her burial stone— And low plaintive madrigals sing In love to the beautiful one.

EVERALLIN.

LEAVES FROM A SCRAP BOOK.

A THOUSAND wax lights burned brilliantly in the palace of the Count de Ridotto, and illuminated the whole of the long, and gay street, which was thronged with musicians, showmen, and every variety of form in which pleasure could exhibit herself. Among the numerous well dressed persons who loitered up and down the street, was one for whom gaiety seemed to have no allurement. His step was slow, and his air careless and absent ; while as he walked on, he carefully enveloped his face in his ample cloak. he passed, however, directly in front of the palace, where revelry seemed to hold her court, he suddenly paused, and after an instant's hesitation, ascended the marble steps, which led to the grand hall of entrance. It was crowded with gay retainers, dressed in the most gaudy and fantastic He heeded not their eager offers of service, but manner. threw his cloak hastily from him, and without lifting the

plumed cap, whose jewelled band announced his rank, with • a proud step he entered the apartments. A slight buzz of curiosity ran round the nearest circles, as the graceful stranger passed up the rooms, and saluting the Countess Ridotto, was received with cordiality and frankness. "Who could he be ?" Ah ! that, to be sure, nobody could tell. And yet it was no mystery.

"I have told you, Julie, of my friend, Leon de Castello, and of an important service he once rendered me in France —no less than that of saving this poor life of mine. Nothing could give me half the pleasure which I have in seeing him here this evening, unless it were, that of making him acquainted with you. Count Leon, I will leave Julie to do the honors, while I attend to this new set of comers." So saying, the Countess left them.

The unwonted colour that mounted into the pale cheek of the young man, and the embarrassed air with which he saluted the fair being before him, attracted her attention, and induced her to throw aside the reserve which had previously marked her manner, and enter familiarly into conversation with him. There was something in his haughty bearing, mingled with a gentleness, amounting almost to timidity, that interested the feelings of the lady, apparently; for, when, after an absence of nearly an hour, the Countess returned to her protegee, she was obliged to tap her repeatedly on the shoulder, ere she received the slightest attention.

It was nearly three weeks after the evening of which I have been speaking, that, wearied with entertaining crowds of company through the night, the Countess Ridotto stepped out upon a balcony, which overlooked her splendid gardens and pleasure grounds. They were animated by brilliant fireworks and transparencies, and busy with the hum of happy human voices. It was past three in the morning, yet the gaiety of the company was undiminished; "the sound of lute and mandolin" stole softly on her ear, and the light tripping of merry feet, gave token of festivity undimmed by care.

It was wearisome to her, the mistress of all that splendour: and she drew her mantle closely about her face as she passed round the palace, and entered a sequestered part of the gardens. This was her favorite spot, among all the beauty that she had gathered around her, and she now sat down on a low seat, and bent her head on her hand, in an attitude, expressive rather of intense thought, than of fatigue. The bright moon, always so much brighter and softer in Italian skies than in any other, looked quietly in through the shrubbery, discovering, at intervals, the beautiful outlines of statues, fixed in their eternal repose, and filling the mind with images of tranquillity.

She had been seated, for some time, in the attitude of meditation, when the sound of voices approaching, startled her from her reverie. "It is well," said a low voice, whose shrilling music told her was Julie's, ---- '' if as strong love as one mortal can feel for another, will satisfy the generous preference you have shown me,-believe it to be yours,-but two hours in each day must be mine,-unquestioned : and the moment which shall witness the triumph of curiosity in your mind, over that of honour and confidence, will also witness our eternal separation." She passed swiftly on towards the palace, and an instant after, the Countess beheld Leon. If his feelings had not been so deeply roused, he might have been somewhat surprised at finding her alone, in this comparatively secluded spot, apart from all her gay friends; but he only did as most people would have done in his situation-he stood very still, and looked very pale-and begged the blessing of the Countess, on his union with her young friend. "" I certainly shall not interfere with any of Julie's plans, for her own, or your happiness," said the Countess, quietly; "If it be your pleasure to marry her, her portion is princely, and will be delivered into your possession on the day of your nuptials,---but, no blessing of mine goes with you."

"No ban, I trust, my respected friend," said the Count. "It is true, there is much I could wish otherwise in Julie, yet she has my whole heart. Will you tell me nothing of her early history, her connexions, nor explain the reason of your withholding your consent?"

"Nothing—nothing. You must be your own judge of what will constitute your happiness. But, did you never observe aught in Julie's face, that struck you as singular? In the deadly whiteness of her complexion,—the fair hair, that speaks her not of southern climo—the clear deep blue of her ever downcast eyes ?—have you never been struck with the singular retiringness of her deportment, and did you never see a strange wildness in her manner ?"

"" Torture me not," said Leon, hastily, "if you will explain nothing, why seek to render me wretched by suspicion and doubt? No! Julie—I do not doubt thee! Heaven grant, I may make thee as happy, as I feel thop art worthy !"

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One evening, in the month of June, in a solitary apartment, of a solitary chateau, in one of the remote provinces of France—sat Count Leon de Castello.

He had removed hither, at the solicitation of Julie, and here she formed the pride and delight of his life. Every thought, every wish, was directed to the promotion of his happiness, and in her cheerfulness, her gentleness, her various and brilliant accomplishments, he found ample compensation for the loss of the gay society of the metropolis.

Could it be, that the Count was unhappy? Alas, though he hardly owned it even to himself, he was tortured with CURIOSITY. For on each day, at nearly the same hour, his wife absented herself from his presence, and never had she, in the most distant way, alluded to the fact or its cause. He dared not allude to it, but the fever of his mind gradually wasted his frame.

This evening, he was sitting by a low fire, and pursuing his usual train of thought. Though the season was so far advanced, the chillness of the evening rendered it necessary to replenish the fire; and the Count slowly rose to order fuel, when a light in the extreme corner of the apartment attracted his attention. It was a slight twinkle,-hardly perceptible. He approached it, and found to his astonishment, that it proceeded from a small casket. It was of tortoise shell, curiously carved, and usually stood upon his wife's dressing table : he had supposed it a jewel case. But now the twinkling light beneath its lid, gave it a fearful and thrilling importance. He took it into his trembling hand, and applying his eye to the aperture, formed for the reception of a small golden key, which was usually fastened to his wife's dress, he was struck with amazement. In that small space, he beheld, what seemed a spacious apartment, richly, even magnificently furnished. A bright

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fire burned in the polished grate—and before it, was placed a small table, on which were books, a small case of instruments, and a box of the finest carved ivory. From the ceiling, was suspended a chandelier, which diffused a soft light over the apartment—then the couch of crimson—the superb lolling chair—all were of the tiny proportions suited to the room.

A door opened, and Leon's heart beat thickly as he saw -his own wife enter with a familiar air, and seating herself in the large chair, compose herself quietly to meditation. Leon had never seen her so beautiful as now. She, whose love of simplicity scarcely led her beyond the bounds of a plain robe, was now attired in the most superb. manner. In her light hair, was wreathed the most brilliant jewels; and on her usually pallid face, sat the rose of health and beauty, while her radiant eyes shone with a lustre that dazzled the eves of her astonished husband. She caressed a small spaniel that lay sleeping on the carpet, and in a few moments, left the apartment. Leon waited, with intense impatience, for her reappearance-till, recollecting himself, he replaced the box. Soon after, Julie entered the room, and her gentle smile spoke such tender confidence and gratitude to her husband, that he forgot all his doubts and discoveries, all his recent fear and shuddering, as he pressed her wan cheek and brow with the lips of confiding and generous love.

But as the next evening approached, Leon's mind was again in a tumult of anxiety and impatience. He frequently cast his eye towards the box that contained the solution of his mysterious destiny, and longed, for the first time, for the moment of his wife's departure. At last she left him, and springing to the casket he applied his eye to the aperture. All was darkness. In an agony of impatience he waited a full half an hour, which of course, seemed a full half age. At length-a soft light, softer than moonlight or torch light, seemed to enter at one end of the box and gradually spread itself till it filled the apartment with a gentle and strange radiance. This time the scene was changed. There was no longer the quiet and elegant room he had seen the preceding evening, but what seemed an extensive Its collossal pillars and fretted roof spoke of antiquihall. ty and splendour-Leon remembered to have seen such halls

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in his dreams, and he removed his eye for an instant, and rubbed it to see if he were not indeed dreaming now-alas ! he was too surely awake. When he looked again—the tiny, vet magnificent hall, was brilliantly illuminated. Two large fires blazed at either end of the apartment, and refreshments were distributed in abundance. Preparations seemed making for an entertainment. At length, folding doors were thrown open, and preceded by the softest music, there entered a procession. The beings who formed it, could not have been an inch in height,-yet perfectly and elegantly proportioned-and apparelled with a magnificence that mocked that of the household of Aladdin. At the head of the procession walked one more brilliantly attired than the rest-on his head sparkled a tiara of untold value, and his step was proud and free, as he handed Leon's own wife to the loftiest seat. A pang of jealousy shot through the heart of the Count. "Who was the presumptuous being that dared even-but what do I say ?-Alas ! I have no right to call her my Julie in these orgies." looked away from the box. A feeling of constious degradation oppressed him. He was prying into what had been forbidden expressly, if he wished for happiness. " I shall never be happy again," he thought :---and he looked into the box-No hall was there. In its stead, was the same darkness he had found previous to the gay scene which had just passed. He waited-looked-listened ;-his ear caught the distant murmuring of the sea,-and when he looked again, it was into a grotto formed of the most brilliant materials,-every variety of beauty had been yielded by the "hollow sounding sea;" and here, pale, glistening pearls, and rainbow coloured shells, "gleamed, but not unrecked of, or in vain. From beneath the flower leaves, which were wreathed in profusion among the shells, peeped out hundreds of beauteous eyes and ringlets of sunny hair, floated over shoulders, whose whiteness rivalled that of the pearls on which they reposed. The sea moaned most melancholy music, as it dashed up to the side of the quiet grotto. length, bright moonbeams shot into every corner, where lurked the timid geniuses of the scene, and seemed a signal for gaiety. In an instant, forms of light beauty were seen bounding over the floor of the grotto.

Their style of dancing was so peculiar, that Leon stop-

ped to smile, in the midst of his eager watch. The wings of the tiny beings, outspread, served, as they bent, for a footing for the light figures of their partners, and they were raised to the height of the shoulder, without any appearance of effort on the part of the gallant youths; when, at a turn of the music, they sunk gently down, or bounded to the next bright wing, outspread for their assistance. Suddenly, from the centre of a rosebud, hidden in a cluster of white coral branches, sprang the same forms Leon had before distinguished at the head of the procession. In the exquisite grace of her movements, he recognised the form of Julie-and a strange sensation came over him, as he looked at the accompanying figure-the face-could it be ? -he could not mistake-it was himself! his own figure, looking even handsomer than he had ever supposed himself. He gazed at the pageant, doubting if his senses had not forsaken him :--when a figure, apparelled in the deepest mourning, appeared in the circle. Her grief-worn face, formed a sad contrast to the gaiety about her. With a slow, and melancholy step, she passed on-raised her wasted hand, as in warning: and bent her eyes sadly on the figure that represented Leon. The moon hid herself in thick clouds-the figures disappeared-and the sea dashed more mournfully than ever, against the desolate grotto. Leon heard a deep sigh near him-he looked up, and the dimness of death passed over his eyes, as he saw Julie standing close to him, her eyes fixed on him with such an expression. He felt that their separation was decreed.

There she stood, with her pale face, paler than ever with sorrowful emotion, and her ever downcast eye, beaming with compassion—but, alas ! no longer with love. ——"Leon," she said, so softly, that he felt, rather than heard the sound entering his heart, "I would not distress you by alluding to what must befall us, were it not, that I wish to explain some circumstances that are mysterious. You have seen something of the manner in which I pass the time when I am absent from you. You have seen that I am not like yourself, at those times, of human size; but the soul, Leon, has no definite boundary. Many a one would find plenty of room in the little figures you saw. I have enjoyed much of happiness in the state to which I

LEAVES FROM A SCRAP BOOK.

was introduced, a short time previous to my first sight of you. But the love that filled my soul, and expanded it till it was fitting for its human temple, is gone; and it is well that I return to the fairy haunts, where I have passed my life happily—to the sunset revels among the golden blossoms of the cassia—the dances on the moonlit leaves of the jasmine.

I shall still watch over you, Leon. I shall dwell in the flowers that daily adorn your apartment—for though I no longer respect or love you as I once did, I have a pleasure in seeing you that I am not disposed to forego."

"But why, Julie, did you assume the form of humanity?—why, but to make me forever miserable ?"

"I will tell you. It was a dispute with us one day, whether human beings or fairies were the happiest. Lauriana, my very particular friend,—for fairies have their particular friends,—you must know, insisted that the curiosity of females was a principle that was continually working disasters in your world, and continually would, to the world's end—and if it were not for the consequences to which this unhappy principle led, men would be quite as happy as fairies. I took the opposite side of the argument. The dispute ran high, till the leaves of the mimosa, where we were assembled, actually shook with terror at the noise of our quarrel. At last, I offered to leave my flowery home,—and assuming the human form, decide for myself whether curiosity was not a passion equally strong in the heart of man, as of woman. You know, Leon, how the saperiment has resulted."

"" And yet," said Leon, "how was I to blame, Julie, for looking into the box? how could I know that what I should see, could have any reference to you?"—" Certainly you could not know,—and the first time, was unnoticed but the second—Ah! Leon, I appeal to your own consciousness, was it not voluntarily sought?" Leon was silent, and the deep blush of degradation covered his forehead. At length he said,—" But the Countess Ridotto?"—" was my excellent little opponent Laurina, who took upon herself to open your eyes far enough to suspect a mystery, where, otherwise, your blind love never would have found one."

"And the box ?-" Ah, that," said Julie, " was the place

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I had appointed to see my friends, the fairies, who, if I had not done so, would have felt neglected. You have seen but a part, a small part, indeed, of the splendour in which I pass my life. Think not then, that in leaving you, I return to sorrow or repentance. No, I shall be very happy, for I shall no longer be human."

"My figure,"-said Leon, "how came I there ?"

"Just a freak of mine, a mere fairy creation to represent you; for even, when absent from you in person, you were ever present to my soul. But, farewell," continued she, sadly, "you will find many a one who will supply my place more worthily—but none, who will love you more deeply and constantly than would your poor Julie."—Her voice died away,—he felt her breath cool on his fevered forehead, and a light touch part the hair from his brow; when he looked up, she was gone.

E. B. W.

HOME OF YOUTH.

"There's nae place like our ain home; Oh! I wish that I was there!

There's nae home like our ain home, To be met wi' any where !---

An' oh ! that I were back again

'Mid a' our flow'rs sae green,

An' heard the song o' my ain one's, An' was what I has been !"

Sister ! forget you the home of our youth, Where we first lisped prayers of hope, of truth; Where the wild flowers wreathed our cottage o'er, And the field's their brightest colours wore; Where the blithe bird's sweetest murmur awoke In the waving boughs of our own loved oak ?— That, that was our home !

Where the clear rippling brook, with curl so white Went laughing on in sunniest light; Where the summer's breeze thro' the willow play'd, And the violet hid in a grassy shade; Where the sunbeams dance, the waters play, And life seems a "never ending" day ?— There, *there* was our home !

Oh! how loudly ringing our voices were; Then our step was buoyant, and "light as air,"— As we sung our songs 'neath the laughing sky, We thought not of death, or of sorrow's sigh; Those were joyous hours, and that home of mirth, Ay, there were glad hearts around its hearth,— That, *that* was our home.

Oh! vainly we search that happy place, For the sunny locks, and the smiling face; There are laughing eyes and young fairy feet, Yet none like those we were wont to meet, And the festal hall, and the dance and song, But whispering speak of the *once* bright throng In our own first home!

Thou tell'st me to look at the broad blue sky, And to think of the home so far, so high; Are the flowers bright and unfading there, Do the songs float sweetly in "upper air?" Then I would, that the time were come, when we, Sweet sister! may rove THERE fearlessly As in our own first home!

Glen Crean.

ANNE.

LETTER FROM A MOTHER,

TO HER NEWLY-MARRIED DAUGHTER.

I find by your letters, my dear Caroline, that you are very anxious to hear from me. You fear I have forgotten you; and want my advice, as you say, on a thousand subjects. Your fears are groundless—a mother never forgets her child—but I had my reasons for this delay. In the first place, I knew your time would be very much engrossed in the arrangements necessary on beginning to keep house. It is an important era in the life of a woman to be taken from the paternal roof, where she was a child, a dependent, an indulged favorite perhaps, and placed at the head of an establishment which she is expected to guide and grace. I think there is generally too much advice and interference from relations and friends at such a time. I believe young married women would oftener take a right course, if left to their own reflections, from *principle*, than they do when urged to adopt such and such arrangements, because they are fashionable, or necessary to their station, &c. : considerations usually named by the people of the world.

In the second place, it is no very slight affair for me to write a letter. I want every thing in a particular way; my table and chair must be arranged with due reference to the light, my pen made, my glasses too must be worn. Ah ! it is when I begin those employments which used to be so easy, so delightful in my youth, that I feel the infirmities of age, feel the full penalty which immortals must pay, for being permitted to remain long in their earthly taber-And I have no Caroline at hand to watch my innacles. clinations, and prevent my wishes. But do not, my darling, think I regret your marriage; or, indeed, regret that you have left me. I rejoice at both, because I believe your virtues will more fully unfold, and your usefulness and happiness be better promoted in the union you have formed, than though you had remained with me. I feel alone, to be sure; but then I am not lonely, for my heart is with you. And I am studying and thinking how I can assist you in the discharge of your arduous duties.

Experience cannot be transferred. We may give wise advice, but we cannot give wisdom to follow it. It is as often a weakness in the aged to dictate to the young, as it is folly in the young to slight the warnings of the aged. Men and women must commune with their own hearts, and take counsel, each individual, with the spirit within them, if they would possess that strength of character which, depending on principle, is the only stable foundation of excellence.

You request me, dear child, to counsel you concerning your religious deportment, --- and in referring you to your own conscience, and entreating you never to adopt a principle of belief or conduct, which, in the silent and secret recesses of your own bosom, you cannot reflect upon without self-reproach, I give you the best rule my experience You need entertain no fear that this rule will lay suggests. you under any restraints, except those conducive to happi-"The innocent are gay"-and I do think cheerfulness. ness should be inculcated as a virtue. Christianity is not sadness-nor is religion gloom. Never separate your duty to your Father in heaven entirely from your duties and This idea of refeelings towards his creatures on earth. ligion as an abstract performance, something to be done, or suffered, or believed, as the price of eternal life, is no where inculcated by our Saviour. I wish you, Caroline, to frame your whole conduct and conversation on the christian model. I wish you to live as an immortal being. We forget our immortality when we sin-and we regret our immortality when we continue to sin. I think there can hardly be a more grievous punishment to a mind feeling its capacities for virtuous enjoyment, than to know that the fountain of pure thoughts and pleasures is dried up by the hot breath of passion, or frozen by the cold apathy of worldly selfishness. You are surrounded with the means of happiness, and I wish to see you enjoy it. But thoughtlessness is no part of rational enjoyment. You may be cheerful, you may be gay, but, my child, always be thoughtful. Reflection is to the mind, what exercise is to the body-a strengthener. Of the many follies and vices committed in the world, far the greater part are owing to indiscretion, to a want of thought. I have seldom met with a person who did not praise virtue; indeed, I believe there are few persons but what do admire virtuous conduct -why then do not they practise it ? Because they lack strength of mind to resist temptation; which, in other words, is to lack judgment. If a true estimate were made, it would be found, even for this world, that a life of innocence was the best and happiest men lead. And it is this right estimate of things, I would now particularly urge on you. Your season of life, the new scene opened before you, the flatteries that now surround you, all these have

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a blinding power, a power over the senses, which will certainly deceive you, unless you reason and reflect carefully.

There is, in the arrangement of the household routine, so much depending on the discretion and deportment of the mistress of the family, that I sometimes think good sense is hardly so indispenable to men as to women. The faculties of men are exerted less at home than in the world; while, to a woman, home is, as one may say, all. In this narrow circle, every inaccuracy must be apparent, and consistency of conduct, which cannot be expected from an ill governed mind, is the foundation of domestic com-How much is included in that one phrase-domesfort. tic happiness ! How I hope my Caroline will ever enjoy it ! But remember that the heart of woman is too finely tuned to the harmony of heaven, ever to be happy without indulging in devotional feelings. I cannot think of a woman as an unbeliever. I cannot think of a wife that does not pray for the husband she loves, or a mother, that does not pray for her children, as I now do for thee, my Caroline.

TO *****.

" One hour with thee."

One hour with thee, in Spring's sweet morn, While flowerets scent the dewy lawn; And buds forth-springing, Around one flinging Their fragrance from the rosy thorn.

One hour with thee in leafy June, Amid yon wood, with verdure strewn; Where flocks are playing, And, thither straying, Sport in the sultry summer noon. Vol. 11.---NO. V. 30 H.

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One hour with thee, while Autumn's bresze Is waving o'er the burdened trees, Whose boughs are bending With rich fruits, blending Sweetly with all the rapt eye sees.

One hour with thee, one hour with thee! While sinking in tranquility, The sun reposes, As daylight closes, Beneath the glow of yonder sea.

One hour with thee, too, by the light Of yonder hearth-fire, sparkling bright; Whose magic power, While tempests lower, Gladdens the gloomy winter night.

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MISS SEDGWICK'S NOVELS.

REDWOOD, NEW ENGLAND TALE, HOPE LESLIE, &c.

THERE is hardly one among the crowd of pretenders at the present day, who has not received more newspaper praise than the author of these excellent and highly interesting volumes. Even the reviewers, though they have spoken of her with the deepest respect and admiration, have hardly satisfied our enthusiasm upon the subject. Her claims have, however, sunk deeply into the hearts of her countrymen; and her fame is destined to be far more durable than that of any other female writer among us. In America, she deserves the rank accorded to Miss Edgeworth in England; and an hundred years hence, when other and gifted competitors have erowded into the field, our country will still be as proud of her name. She has been a close observer of all the shadings of human character,—in kind and playful humour she has penetrated into all the hiding places of the heart ; and she has brought them before us in pictures as simply beautiful as nature herself. Her style is unambitious—it has none of the pomp of metaphor, or the trickery of arrangement—it is always pure, graceful, and fascinating. Language with her, is the breath of the soul ; and that breath is "articulate melody." But her greatest security for immortality is the bland, religious spirit, which emanates from all her writings, and sheds, as it were, a glory around them. She has seldom written a page from which we do not receive the salubrious influence of elevated christian morality. We may not be able to quote lines, or sentences peculiarly pious—it rests upon them all, like "the baptism of Heaven upon the flowers."

High as public opinion has placed her, she, like Bryant, never disappoints us; whatever she has done is well done. The articles she has written for the Atlantic Souvenir have been the best things published in that well selected annual; the "Catholic Iroquois," in particular, has exceeding beauty. The "Travellers" is eagerly read by young people, though it is not perhaps decidedly a favourite with chil-She is very doubtful of her power of attracting judren. venile readers : she playfully says, " I know how to interest their minds and affections when I am talking with them,—but that is the preached word,—to write a sermon is a more difficult matter." Yet we think her modesty leads her to under-rate her own efforts ; we are at least sure, that some pathetic touches in the "Deformed Boy" drew tears from our own eyes. As for her translations of Sismondi, it is impossible to add one word to the praise bestowed upon them by Madame Sismondi : "Tell Miss Sedgwick they are translated just as a wife would wish to have them !"

The "New England Tale," on which her reputation was first founded, is unquestionably, our most successful portraiture of New England. Some christians have considered the character of Mrs. Wilson, as an unkind and uncandid caricature of their opinions. Had Mrs. Wilson been intended as a representative of the whole body of Calvinists, this would unquestionably be just; but as an *individual*, Mrs. Wilson is true to the life—most of us have met such in our pilgrimage.

Notwithstanding these objections, Miss Sedgwick's first novel had almost unexampled popularity. Some think she never has, and never can excel this attempt. We think differently. We considered Redwood far better than the "New England Tale." If there be an artist who hopes to surpass "Aunt Debby Lennox," he may as well lay down his pencil and die. It may sound like exaggeration; but we do honestly think it is as perfect in its kind as any character Sir Walter Scott ever imagined. Who cannot see the muscular, gray-haired old woman, with the kindly heart, and the blunt freedom of manner, which so peculiarly characterises our good, honest, independent yeoman?

It seems as if we remembered beings present at the following scene, when Aunt Debby arrived at the "pool," as she chose to call Lebanon Springs :

"Every eye seemed fixed on Deborah, who, on entering, had given a good-natured nod to the Armstead party, and had proceeded in her operations with as much nonchalance as if she had been in her own little bed-room at home, and mistress of all she survey-She walked up to a small looking-glass, threw aside her boned. net, and began smoothing her refractory locks with a pocket-comb, while she recounted to Ellen, in her homeliest phrase, and with all the exultation of a victor, her success in securing the best hospitalities of the manger for her good steed, and boasted, that like a faithful mistress, she had insisted on being an eye-witness of his accommodations. It must be confessed that Ellen felt a little disturbed at the ludicrous figure her companion made in the eyes of the fashionable party who were observing her. She averted her eyes and looked out of the window, when Deborah, who had finished her toilette, and was surveying some pictures that garnished the walls, again attracted her attention. "For the land's sake, Ellen," she said, " come and look at these pictures, and tell me what this means-here is something that puzzles me;" and she fixed her eyes on an embroidered Hector and Andromache, the fruit, of at least three month's labour of one of the young lady "That man," she said, pointing to the Trojan artists of the inn. hero, "is dressed in the uniform of the Connecticut reg'lars; at least, it is as much like that as any thing; and I take it to be the likeness of Col. Smith. I remember he had a wife and one child, and he parted from them just before the battle of Garmantown, where he lost his life, and a great many other brave fellows, that have never been stitched into a pictur, lost theirs too. It's always your generals and colonels that get all the profit and honour while they live, and the glory when they are gone; while the poor fel-

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lows that suffer hunger and cold, die are never named, nor thought of. But what signifies it! for 'The same event happeneth to all,' as Solomon says." "And it is the honest life that precedes the event, and not the honour which follows it, that makes all the difference," said Miss Campbell, advancing to Deborah, and entering into her feelings with evident pleasure. "Very true, Miss—and very well said," replied Debby, heartily. "May be Miss," she added, with an earnest manner, which indicated that a very slight observation of Miss Campbell had inspired her with great respect for her powers, "may be, Miss, you can help Ellen explain these outlandish names that puzzle me. I am sure there was not among all the Connecticut reg'lars such a name as Hector; and as to the other, I can't make any thing out of it."

Of Grace Campbell we have but a sketch—but it is eminently successful and spirited. This highly intellectual and elegant woman is drawn with as much truth to nature, as our humble friend Aunt Debby. Miss Sedgwick is emphatically a lady-like writer. She is at home in the higher circles, and refinement is a graceful habit ; yet it is evident she loves to watch the comparatively unfettered developements of nature in middle life. Her own sentiments are, doubtless, uttered by Grace Campbell :

"There is nothing in life so tedious to me, as the genteel ladies and gentlemen one meets forever in town—we flatter one another's prejudices, we adopt one another's opinions, and tastes, and habits, till every thing individual and peculiar is gone—we are all formed in'the same mould, and all receive the same impression—pure gold and base copper, all must bear the same stamp to be current coin. It is a refreshment to me to see the natural character as it is developed in the strong peculiarities one meets in the country. I love the common people—an unpardonable sin it may be, Mrs. Norton, but I do love them—I love to see the undisciplined movements of natural feeling—I sympathize with their unaffected griefs—I love to witness their hearty pleasures—I had rather receive the expression of their good will, than the compliments of a successful winter's campaign."

Perhaps public opinion is more divided concerning "Hope Leslie," than it was with regard to "The New-England Tale" and "Redwood." All think it a work of great merit; but all do not prefer it. We can easily account for this diversity of opinion. "Hope Leslie" has more of the glow and vitality of genius, and more of its in-

BIRTH DAYS.

equality than its predecessors : it is a work of more power, but it has not the same uniform, correct beauty. The celebrated Sismondi said, "Magawisca is the noblest conception imagination ever formed"—and his praise was just.

If we have spoken enthusiastically, we have spoken sincerely; and we have small reason to fear want of sympathy, when we eulogize an individual who has done so much for our literature and our morals—one so highly distinguished by public admiration, yet living in the midst of society to bless and adorn it.

F.

BIRTH DAYS.

Why should we count our life by years, Since years are short, and pass away? Or, why by fortune's smiles or tears, Since tears are vain and smiles decay?

O! count by virtues—these shall last When life's lame-footed race is o'cr; And these, when earthly joys are past, May cheer us on a brighter shore.

Who are the old ? not they whose cares Have white locks o'er their temples spread ; 'Wisdom alone is man's gray hairs,' And these may crown the youthful head.

FASHIONS.

"Varium et mutabile semper femina." Virgil.

MRS. HALE—THE Mantuan Bard, I have quoted, has been frequently stigmatized for his want of gallantry in the above line—to say nothing of his giving his hero a second wife, instead of killing him with grief for the loss of his first. What-

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ever may be said in answer to this latter circumstance, your correspondent Laura, who has so very kindly volunteered to explain her apparent incivility in the street about two months ago, has rescued him from the justice of the charge, by showing that the most offensive epithet in the above quotation, has hitherto been incorrectly translated; and that far from casting a slur, the poet intended, by the authority of his name, to shield them from an unjust impu-Instead, therefore, of accepting the translation tation. which our sex have uniformly given to the word "mutabile," we must receive it as an assertion, on the part of the poet, that woman is able to be mute, or to keep silence, a thing which has heretofore been doubted; and would not have been believed by many, had not Miss Laura incontestibly proved, that it could, and sometimes would be done at the expense of civility and good breeding. I rejoice, therefore, at the circumstance to which I alluded in the Magazine of March, last; because it has led to the rescue of the sex from one of those calumnies, which the self styled lords of the creation are so fond of heaping upon them.

It does appear strange to me, that we men should be so fond of turning into ridicule, the habits and fashions of the ladies ; which, if they were properly considered, would show the deep felt regard which the dear creatures have for the solid interests of mankind at large, and prove the deep insight they have into moral and political economy. It is not long, since I read an article from a Southern paper, stating, that a bonnet was to have been sent on to a Northern friend, by a lady of the South ; but, on carrying it on board of the vessel, it was found impossible to get it down the hatchway. Now this, to be sure, has been tortured into a subject of merriment when it ought to have been the theme of commendation. The ladies care very little, so far as they are individually concerned, for the size of their bonnets, the fulness of a gown pattern, the length, or number of their curls. But inasmuch as the wealth of a nation depends upon the occupation of its members, and the amount of labour produced, compounded with the interchange of the products of that labour for foreign commodities, so those individuals must be considered as most active in the advancement of the interests of the country, who give the liveliest stir to the commerce and the manufactures, by

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the consumption of the greatest possible quantity of the material. The ladies, therefore, in the plenitude of their regard for the subjects of deep national concern, think that they cannot more effectually advance the commercial and the manufacturing interests of the country—(for they are neither tariff nor anti-tariff men, but behold the interests of both parties with much regard)—than by employing as much of the material in their articles of dress as can be worked up by taste and skill—showing thereby, that their own personal convenience and comfort are completely merged in the all absorbing consideration of national prosperity.

The history of the world and of its improvements is the history of woman—I should correct the expression, the history of woman is the history of the improvements in the Some twenty or thirty years ago, when manual world. labour performed all the drudgery which is now consigned to wheels and cogs, boilers and bilge water, some five, six, or seven yards of silk, muslin, or gingham would suffice for the flitting and flitting of the most gay and volatile of the sex. But as soon as the powers of steam are applied, and labour is changed from physical to intellectual, the ladies, in their charitable regard for the operative class of the community, began to devise means for their continued employment; and as the material is produced with half the labour, the equilibrium must be sustained by consuming a double quantity. The same cause has occasioned that sattins, and silks, and muslins, which once were with difficulty admitted into the parlour, have now found their way into the kitchen, almost to the exclusion of checks, calicoes, and ginghams.

I knew one lady, who for the same reason, sported a large head of French puffs and curls, because wearing her own hair, would prove her not only as encouraging, but . engaged in the support of domestic productions.

It does seem peculiarly hard, that while the ladies are thus carrying their principles into practice, even at the expense of their loveliness, they should have to encounter the sarcasm and the ridicule of the other sex. Let us hope that they will not be discouraged in their endeavours by such mean and inconsiderate abuse. They may be assured, that there are those who duly estimate their motives and principles and who respect them accordingly.

U. R.

LADIES' TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

LADIES' TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

In some few instances, Societies for the promotion of Temperance have been formed by the women of our country. They doubtless would become universal, were the importance of the subject properly considered.

The influence of women seems absolutely necessary to the suppression of the odious vice of intemperance. Their power over the appetites of children must be exerted. Indeed, it seems hardly possible women can be blameless, when so many human beings reared by their care become the slaves of appetite, till they are degraded beneath the brutes. Every mother should make the inquiry, whether she has been sedulous to train her children in the habits of temperance; if not, if she has given them "sweetened brandy," and "rum and sugar," and taught them to love the poison which may destroy them forever, she must not flatter herself she is guiltless of their blood.

There are many good people who yet cling to the idea that ardent spirits are medicinal. They would not, for the world, allow their little ones to drink rum—but they give it, mingled with molasses for a cold—and prescribe that worst and most insidious of enemies, *bitters*, as a remedy in many disorders. Now societies of intelligent women might do much towards correcting this vulgar and pernicious prejudice in favour of rum as a medicine.

Women have access to the chambers of the sick, and they are consulted more frequently than the physician, respecting the management of young children. And if ladies were united in some systematic plan of visiting the abodes of misery, often made so by intemperance only, and urging upon the wretched wife of the drunkard, the importance of guarding her children from the contagion, their influence would be speedily felt in preventing the *beginnings* of the evil.

The ladies of Boston are active in labours of benevolence. Their societies for charitable objects are well known and appreciated. Perhaps no charity in which they have engaged promises such important effects, as that for the instruction of the infants of the poor. Cannot our benevo-

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lent ladies devise some means for teaching the mothers of those poor children the necessity and the benefits of temperance? The experiment seems worth trying.

Among the many addresses on the subject which have, of late, been delivered before the different societies for the promotion of Temperance throughout our country, we have seen none that shows the extent and danger of the "fiery plague" of alcohol, more forcibly than that of John Neal. It is a manly and eloquent composition, and we hope it has been extensively and attentively read. But the sentiments relating to the influence and the example of women deserve to be embodied in a work expressly designed for the ladies. We give all our limits will permit.

" It is not enough that our mechanics, our labourers, our strong men, our gifted, and our youth are engaged in the great work. Our women must be with us, or we cannot hope to prevail-our mothers, our wives, and our daughters-the other half, and in such matters, by far the most influential half of our whole population. It is not enough that we confederate together abroad, as men, to discourage the use of strong drink, in our workshops, in our taverns, or in the highway-to make sobriety one of the qualifications of a ruler-to encourage the culture of the grape, or the use of cheap and safe wines that would be accessible to the poor, and not lead to a desire for any thing dangerous-to labour night and day for the overthrow of the Destroyer-it is not enough that we do all this, if the wives, and mothers, and sisters of our country, continue to make our very homes a snare to us, every sociable coming together, every fire-side interview, every joyous event, an excuse for tampering with the shadow, or playing with the skirts of the enemy. As for what we may do-

"Our strength away in wrestling with the air :"

So long as women persist in pouring the fiery drug into the caudle cup of the babe—mingling it with the food of the infant—substituting fever for health, and sorrow for strength—counterfeiting the stream of pearl, and hiding the treachery with flavour, and colour, and perfume; for all these things are to be done, before the youthful purity of taste can be perverted. What are we to do, when we have, under one pretence or another, brandy mixed with our very food—our sauces—our jellies—our cakes and our pies—with whatever is intended to be better and richer than usual ? What are we to do, as men; after we have been made to relish the flavor of ardent spirit in this way—from our cradle to our grave—accustomed to it in our pap—taught, in our very childhood, to sit up to the table and throw off a glass of wine, *like a man*—of Portuguese wine too, such as the Portuguese themselves never drink, for we, like the English, have it with what we call a *body* to it, in other words, overcharged with brandy—in a glass of our own too; for where is the child without a wine-cup of his own ?

Let every mother beware. No human creature ever yet loved the open, perceptible, undisguised flavour of rum, or brandy, or gin, whiskey, or Portuguese wine—or tobacco. But he is led to a relish for them, while a babe—or a child—worried or shamed into a liking for them, till he has overcome the loathing and horror, the prohibition and the penalty of Him that loveth his creatures; and goes down to the chambers of death—a drunkard and a beast.

The women of our country, they who surround us with a living sunshine, with life and virtue like an atmosphere—even they are chargeable, with perhaps a chief part of our present degradation, guilt, and sorrow. But for them, we never could have been what we are—a nation labouring with a fiery plague, that afflicts every twelfth of our number—and in the way of becoming a people of drunkards. Not that they themselves are lovers of strong drink; but they it is, that have taught our fathers, and ourselves, and our children to love it. Are they not the first and the chief teachers of men? And yet they sing of the red grape; they plant the vine about every path we tread in life—among our very household-gods; they offer the wine-cup to all that approach them and they make little or no distinction, where they may, between the temperate and the intemperate, the dissolute and the virtuous.

Do they recoil at the charge? It is true, nevertheless. Were they to do as they ought—were they to stand forth in their purity and power—were they to forbid the hope of the intemperate—were they to do no more than they may do, without reproach; they would reform posterity without the help of man. Next to God therefore, let us put our trust in woman—

> "The hope of the nations-the bravest and best, That e'er smote the plumage from tyranny's crest."

"MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT." Boston, Wells & Lilly. The six volumes now offered to the public, contain much that will be valuable to the reading community. The first four comprise the Life of Dryden and Swift, and Biographical Memoirs of no less than twenty-four emineut writers, or illustrious persons. A mass of facts relating to individuals has been collected and connected, which would seem quite a labour for an ordinary mortal, but which, to the genius of the Great Known, was probably only a relaxation, or a sport. We should like to know whether Sir Walter ever feels weary of reading and writing-one thing is certain, he never indulges in repose. Nor do his novels, much as they are imbued with the spirit of history and tradition, display so unequivocally the industry of the author, as his other works. We cannot in the novels easily discriminate whether he is most indebted to imagination or research for his facts-but in his Life of Napoleon and these Biographies, the apparently thorough knowledge of events recorded and persons described, leave an impression of his unwearied application on the mind of the reader which seems sufficiently to awaken the energy of the most supine. We see the effect of his industry. His genius is the fire, but if he did not labour continually to keep it replenished with the fuel of knowledge, the blaze would soon decline, become feeble, and finally expire.

The fifth and sixth volumes contain Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk, a spirited and lively sketch of events in France during the agitating period of the first restoration of the Bourbons, the return of Buonaparte from Elba, Battle of Waterloo, &c. till the final extinction of the Imperial power—and Essays on Chivalry, Romance, and the Drama.

These essays are replete with information on the subjects discussed. Chivilry, in particular, will be read with avidity by those who have a taste for the tudy of antique manners and customs. The age of chivalry was an important era to the female sex. The men of those times whom we call barbarous, paid thomage to woman, little short of idolatry; and though such fantastic, worship vas not so productive of rational happiness as the esteem now rendered to her irtues, yet we may trace the deference and delicacy of attention to which fenales are, universally, in civilized society, considered entitled, to the sentiments of chivalry. We give a few extracts illustrative of the manners of ladies and lovers of those days of castles, and champions, and giants, and drag-

ons, when nothing beneath the sun was esteemed of so much consequence as the smile of a woman.

"Amid the various duties of knight-hood, that of protecting the female sex, respecting their persons, and redressing their wrongs, becoming the champion of their rause, and the chastiser of those by whom they were injured, was represented as one of the principal objects of the institution. Their oath bound the new-made caights to defend the cause of all women without exception; and the most pressing way of conjuring them to grant a boon was to implore it in the name of God and he ladies. The cause of a distressed lady was, in many instances, preferable to hat even of the country to which the knight belonged. Thus, the Captal de Buthe, though an English subject, did not hesitate to unite his troops with those of the Compte de Foix, to relieve the ladies in a French town, where they were besieged und threatened with violence by the insurgent peasantry. The looks, the words, the sign of a lady, were accounted to make knights at time of need perform double heir usual deeds of strength and valour. At tournaments and in combats, the voices of the ladies were heard like those of the German females in former battles, calling on the knights to remember their fame, and exert themselves to the uttermost. "Think, gentle knights," was their cry, " upon the wool of your breasts, the nerve of your arm, the love you cherish in your hearts, and do valiantly, for ladies belod you." The corresponding shouts of the combatants were, "Love of ladies ! Death of warriors ! On, valiant knights, for you fight under fair eyes." Where the honour or love of a lady was at stake, the fairest prize was held out to

Where the honour or love of a lady was at stake, the fairest prize was held out to the victorious knight, and champions from every quarter were sure to hasten to combat in a cause so popular. Chaucer, when he describes the assembly of the knights who came with Arcite and Palemon to fight for the love of the fair Emilie, describes the manners of his age in the following lines.

> "For every knight that loved chivalry, And would his thankes have a passant name, Hath pray'd that he might ben of that game, And well was him that thereto chusen was. For if there fell to-morrow such a case, Ye knowen well that every lusty knight That loveth par amour, and hath his might, Were it in Engellonde, or elsewhere, They wold hir thankes willen to be there. To fight for a lady! Ah ! Benedicite, It were a lusty sight for to see."

It is needless to multiply quotations on a subject so trite and well known. The defence of the female sex in general, the regard due to their bonour, the subscrvience paid to their commands, the reverent awe and courtesy, which, in their presence, forbear all unseemly words and actions, were so blended with the institution of Chivalry, as to form its very essence.

But it was not enough that the "very perfect, gentle knight," should reverence the fair sex in general. It was essential to his character that he should select, as his proper choice, "a lady and a love," to be the polar star of his thoughts, the mistress of his affections, and the directress of his actions. In her service, he was to observe the duties of loyalty, faith, seccrey, and reverence. Without such an empress of his heart, a knight, in the phrase of the times, was a ship without a rudder, a horse without a bridle, a sword without a hilt; a being, in short, devoid of that ruling guidance and intelligence, which ought to inspire his bravery, and durect his actions."

"It was the especial pride of each distinguished champion, to maintain, against all others, the superior worth, beauty, and accomplishments of his lady; to bear her picture from court to court, and support, with lance and sword, her superiority to all other dames, abroad or at home. To break a spear for the love of their ladies, was a challenge courteously given, and gently accepted, among all true followers of Chivalry; and history and romance are alike filled with the tilts and tournaments which look place upon this argument, which was ever ready and ever acceptable-

Indeed, whatever the subject of the tournament had been, the lists were never closed until a solemn course had been made in honour of the ladies.

There were knights yet more adventurous, who sought to distinguish themselves by singular and uncommon feats of arms in honour of their mistresses; and such was usually the cause of the whimsical and extravagant vows of arms which we have to notice. To combat with extravagant odds, to fight amid the press of armed knights without some essential part of their armour, to do some deed of audacious valour in face of friend and foe, were the services by which the knights strove to recommend themselves, or which their mistresses (very justly so called) imposed on them as proofs of their affection."

Boston, Crocker & Brewster. MEMOIRS OF MRS. HUNTINGTON. The fact that this work has reached the third edition in America, besides being reprinted in Scotland several times, is sufficient testimony of its popularity. That its effect on society, and especially on the minds of the writer's own sex has been good, few who read the book will feel inclined to doubt. One of the most striking characteristics of the excellent example Mrs. Huntington has bequeathed the world, is that it may be followed. Her piety was not elicited by singular circumstance, or strange situation. There is little or no excitement attendant on her story, and yet for abiding interest, we hardly know the biography of a woman superior. This edition has an "Introductory Essay, and a Poem" written by James Montgomery, a Scotch poet. The Essay is finely written, the influence of the " mighty dead" strikingly delineated, and the quiet, unassuming virtues of the amiable woman to whom the tribute of the poet's pen is paid, well described.

PALEY'S THEOLOGY ILLUSTRATED. Boston, Lincoln & Edmands. The edition of this invaluable work now presented to the public, is intended particularly for Colleges and High Schools. It is ornamented with a series of plates, thirty-nine in number, which, with the notes of Paxton, selections from Charles Bell, and some original explanations by a gentleman of Boston, seem to supply every facility for comprehending the book which illustrations should furnish. The arguments of Dr. Paley are usually stated with uncommon clearness; it seems almost impossible any person can read them without feeling convinced that the conclusion to which the writer arrives, is the truth---still these visible decfinations will carry home the conviction in a manner which may be seen as well as understood ; and it will be remembered too, much more distinctly than from mere descriptions. The lasting effect such representations have on the memory, especially in youth, is sufficient to stamp their excellence. The plates were executed in this city, and are very cleverly done. The book should be read by every one who bears the name of christian.

PERIODICALS.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.—The last number contains thirteen articles, mostly on interesting subjects, and written with the ability which usually characterises the work.

"The New Theory of the Earth," in particular, we think deserving of attention, probably, because it treats of subjects which have often employed our

imagination, if not our reason. The idea of "a central fire," and that our solid globe has once been a moving meteor of flame, and is even now only case-hardened, as it were, the inside being filled with a mass of boiling lava, is, we confess rather fearful;—but then the reasons in favour of this hypothesis are, in the reviewer's opinion, very satisfactory, or at least, the present appearance of the earth is begter explained by this theory than by that of any other. And we feel quite inclined to be of the same opinion. The History of the Louisiana Treaty, must interest American readers much-

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—This journal is henceforth to be published every two months, that interval being found most convenient to the arrangement of the original contributions, which will form a prominent portion of the work. The subjects treated of in this publication are of such immediate and obvious utility, that it seems hardly possible it can fail of being liberally supported. Among the articles in the present number, we may name Infant Schools—Mechanics and Natural Philosophy—Maternal Instruction and Geology for Schools, as being very good, and calculated to be axtensively useful.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Boston, Pierce & Williams. We regret that Mr. Willis invited for his work a comparison with the New Monthly. It is almost, if not altogether impossible to support a periodical here, as the British magazines are sustained, namely, by purchasing the talent of the nation. We lack the golden key by which the treasures of intellect can only be unlocked for constant circulation. Setting aside this comparison, which was injediciously made, we see no cause why the public should be disappointed in the American Monthly Magazine. Mr. Willis has written some beautiful poems, but in prose his success has never been eminent. He is not sufficiently success in his style ; his reminiscences are too often of his college life, and his descriptions of "Lady's love," are seldom happily done. We do not make these remarks in the spirit of fault-finding, but of friendship ; we sincerely wish success to his literary efforts, and are anxious he should earnestly improve the fine genins he possesses.

Unwritten Music has some exquisite touches, but as a whole, is not much to be commended. The Review of Neale's Literary Remains, is happily and kindly done, and the Shunamite is very fine. But the best article in the work, is, in our opinion, The Republic of Letters. Aborigines of America is quite respectable, and the Poems of Lunt and Rockwell good. 'The Letters of Fritz and Fitz Flirt, do no credit to the work. An unsuccessful attempt at wit is worse than dulness. The latter may weary, the former disgusts.

On the whole, we think no definite opinion of the work should be formed from this number, prepared, as it doubtless was, under many disadvantages. We are inclined to think there will be an improvement, because we believe Mr. Willis cars improve it.

WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW. Cincinnati. There are two excellent articles in the March number of this work—" Universal Geography," and

"Philosophy of Human Knowledge." If it be now true, as Mr. Flint asserts that the "literary men of the West look over the mountains to the Atlantic country" for their models, it will not long continue thus. Such a critic as the editor of the Western Review, will soon awaken the people among whom he resides to a knowledge of their mental powers, and to the pride of "knowing, and consequently valuing their own writers." And then their literary improvements will probably move on with the celerity of their social progress. The West is a grand and beautiful portion of our country, and it is with pride and pleasure we hail their efforts at intellectual eminence. The culture of the mind and of the heart are so essential to Americans, that a rivalry among the different States to be the foremost in encouraging talents and providing for education, if managed in that spirit which " provokes to good works," would be highly beneficial. How long, in such a case, would the North maintain its ascendency ?

EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. 96. Boston, Wells & Lilly. The first artiele in this number, review of the Life of Robert Burns, is one of the very best things of the kind we have ever read. The character of the rustic Bard is portrayed in such a masterly manner, that the heart which is not agitated by the picture of suffering genius, even though the misery was, in part, self-incurred, should claim no sympathy with the spirit of the poet. There is one trait in particular, the literary patriotism of Burns finely described. We have always thought that one of his brightest excellencies. Perhaps it was that in his poems no other characteristic made so deep an impression on our own mind. We never could, when a tiny child, never can, even now, read those passages in his poems, in which is expressed his enthusiastic love for his own dear land, without tears. And we are glad to see the Reviewer allows him much praise for "his fearless adoption of domestic subjects." Bishop Heber's Journal is also a very attractive article. Of the remaining articles, seven in number, the American Tariff, and North West Passage, will probably be most interesting to Americans.

QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 87. London, Murray. Boston, Wells and Lilly. Of the seven articles in this number, Hajji Baba in England, is the most amusing. De Granville's Travels in Russia is too laboured to be witty, and as that is the aim of the paper it must be called a failure. Elementary Teaching is a sound and serious exposition of some of the faults, we should say iniquities, which have been perpetrated under the name of education. The children of this age, especially the children of America, have much reason to be thankful that their lot has placed them in the age of mild reason, not in that of savage punishment.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Several books and communications are on hand, which will be attended to next month.

LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

JUNE.

No. VI.

THE COUNTRY AND THE COMMON.

"'Tis born with all : the love of nature's works Is an ingredient in the compound man, Infused at the creation of the kinds And though the Almighty maker has throughout Discriminated each from each, by strokes, And touches of his hand, with so much art Diversified, that two were never found Twins at all points, yet this obtains in all, That all discern a beauty in his works, And all can taste them : minds that have been formed And tutored, with a relish more exact, But none without some relish-none unmoved. It is a flame that dies not even there Where nothing feeds it ; neither business, crowds, Nor habits of luxurious city life, Whatever else they smother of true worth In human bosoms, quench it, or abate."

COWPER.

THERE is something in the color of green that always awakens, in my mind, or heart, pleasant associations ;—with one exception. I do not like to recollect that Shakespeare gave his monster Jealousy green eyes. I wish they had been yellow or red. In all the old romances the green knight always proves a hero, and the page in green is sure to manage his master's suit successfully. It is true that ladies fair have not often been represented in green colored costumes. More's the pity—it argues, I fear, that ladies are not in their charms, so much like flowers, as the poets would lead us to believe; for are not flowers always contrasted by green?

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The milkmaid had a taste true to nature. 'Green,' she said, became her complexion—which was doubtless that of the rose. But there is a time when every person admires the hue of green. What is so beautiful in nature as the green grass and leaves in the spring ! The flowers of summer, are not; nor do they ever draw forth such spontaneous and universal admiration. Every one talks with rapture of the spring—but those who own and cultivate the earth, enjoy that season the most. It is their privilege, and a rich reward for their labor.

I like to see the hard-handed farmer, who has passed all his life in tilling the earth, pause as he goes forth at this season, to his daily task, and gaze on the change which a few weeks have wrought on his domain. He feels a pride, a joy, which none of our dwellers in cities know—he feels as if the beauty and richness, nature is so profusely pouring forth, was a boon expressly for him. This pleasure of ownership in the soil he has cultivated does not arise merely from a sordid calculation of the profits he shall gain. It proceeds from the principle implanted in the human bosom by Him who ordained that men should subdue the earth, and have dominion over it. Your farmer is the only legitimate sovereign in the world; he received his patent of power from the Creator himself.

I have just returned from an excursion into the country; but I have no intention of risking a plagiary by a rural description. Would not every reader anticipate that my theme would be of budding trees, smiling fields, and dimpled streams, and singing birds-all rejoicing that the winter was over and gone? Now, though the contemplation of nature in her varied forms never can, except to a frivolous mind, or a base heart, be insipid or disgusting, (those two emotions of soul are only raised by something which created beings have done or attempted,) yet descriptions of natural scenery are exceedingly apt to weary even the most refined admirers of waving woods, and moonlit lakes. Words are never more impotent to express our thoughts and feelings, than when we endeavor to convey to others the impressions which the sublime or picturesque in nature has awakened within us.

It is different with regard to those objects which arouse men's passions. Place a heap of gold before a crowd of

persons, and we can believe that each one would like to possess it. The motives that prompt the wish may all be different, yet still they are such as can be explained to our understanding. But send those same persons to view the Falls of Niagara, or the scene from the summit of Mount Ætna,--could they, by language, communicate to each other the diversity which would be in their emotions? They 'Tis with the Author of nature only that the could not. heart can hold full converse touching the things which pertain to the dominion of nature; and therefore, we are never satisfied with descriptions of rural scenery because they never embody those peculiar thoughts the scene itself would have awakened. The silence in which such ideas must dwell. doubtless has a tendency to keep them elevated and pure. Who can grovel in spirit when communing with nature ? Go then, my fair readers, all who can, and take a peep at the fresh green fields. It will make you happier and wiser. If you cannot take a trip to the country, at least take a walk What a tyrant is fashion ! Fashion around the Common. has proscribed the Common,-and our young and lovely ladies endure a stroll through the heated, dusty atmosphere of Washington Street, threading their way among the crowds collected around stage houses, and beneath shop awnings, rather than dare to enjoy a promenade in one of the most beautiful places to be found in our country; perhaps in the Will Boston folks always keep their Mall and Comworld. mon for strangers to admire, without enjoying either themselves? There is, to be sure, one improvement necessary to make the Common a place of comfortable as well as pleasant resort. There should be seats beneath the majestic trees. One does grow weary with walking continually, though it be in the most charming place on earth. But were seats provided there, the Common and the Gallery of Pictures would furnish attractions for all who have hearts to love the beauties of nature, or taste to admire the touches of art.

THE ROSE.

THE ROSE.

The bending grain scarce waved its golden hair To the soft stirring of the summer air, An early Rose in faded beauty hung, And as her dying breath was faintly flung, Thus poured her melancholy song, while round Her sister flowerets bent to catch the sound.

> Many a summer day Here have I pined away

Amid my shadowing branches, like the hope that lies In a young joyous heart,

Till pierced by sorrow's dart,

Even in its freshness it begins to droop, and dies.

Have fined me full soon

Of all my little hoard of sweetness, that I kept

To tempt the butterfly

Its hidden charm to try,

As the cloyed epicure mid dainty flowerets crept.

My leaves in the warm sun

Are dropping one by one;

But close beside me, on her slender stem, there grows My bud, my promised flower,

Now scarce one little hour

Unto the fair day opened, and not yet a rose.

Upon her native tree,

With purest breath, and free,

Long may she sit, unmatched in beauty, like a Queen : And, as her leaves unfold,

May no intruder bold.

Insects, unwholesome fogs, or winds e'er glide between,

To shorten her young day,

And, treacherous steal away

The taintless purity of her unripened charms;

But may the freshest dew

That lives the morning through,

Sit on her lip, and bid her breath distil its balms.

Green be the leaves that shade Her modest form, and made To guard her from the night-winds when their touch is cold: And of the richest dye Around her calix lie The various shaded moss, of brown, and green, and gold.

She ceased-the Rose had spent her latest breath,

Emblem of love maternal-ev'n in death

Nature still prompts that one, that fervent prayer.-

Her child,-the mother's first, last, dearest earthly care.

A. M. WELLS.

REMONSTRANCE OF AN ALBUM.

"Good people all, of every sort, Give ear unto my song; And if you find it wondrous short, It cannot hold you long."

GOLDSMITH.

I was alone—engaged in reading the Ladies' Magazine, for December, 1828. I was perusing the criticism upon the "Legendary;" and one particular assertion in the article excited my attention so much, that I re-read it, in an audible voice. It was this-"" neither wish nor wisdom can be infused into an Album." Immediately, I heard a mighty rustling of leaves; and my Album, which lay unregarded on the table beside me, became suddenly endowed with the power of speech, and began vehemently to exercise its newly-acquired prerogative. I listened with the greatest attention, took notes of the speech, and here record it, for the benefit of all Albums and their owners .--- " Time was," said the mortified Album, with a long-drawn sigh, "time was, when the race to which I belong was regarded with the greatest respect and attention-sought for by the most beautiful and intelligent of the earth. Courted, caressed, flattered by the world-the fickle, capricious world-Oh ! "it was happiness too exquisite to last !" We were the depositories of many fine thoughts and lofty images; of many

affectionate farewells and tender recollections : of much excellent advice and profound wisdom. The moralist and the poet contributed to enrich our pages : the one, by his virtuous exhortations; the other, by his sublime imagery, and glorious inspiration. No tongue then defamed us-no author condemned us. We were at peace with all-we had no enemies. Our minds are still the same-Is not the memory of youthful friends pleasant? Are not associations, connected with "the absent and the loved," sacred ? And what place more proper than the page of an Album, to record the friendship of youth ? Here may they look, in after days; and, as they gaze on the well-remembered penmanship of early friends, "by-past times" are brought to view, and a thousand recollections of "other days" come rushing back to the mind. Surely, Albums are not useless : surely, they ought not to be neglected or contemned. True, we do sometimes afford shelter to folly, and admit nonsense to our pages—but, this is a world of nonsense. You will find it "set as a seal," not only upon the leaves of an Album, but upon almost every thing else, on earth. Man is fickle-the creature of caprice-yes, he is "unstable as water," and popular favourites must not expect to be long caressed. Albums have had their day of popularity; and now, O miserable, unfortunate race ! the tide of persecution is turned full upon us, and we shall soon be overwhelmed. The race is falling off-we shall go down to the grave, "unwept, unhonoured and unsung." Long ere this we should have fallen, but for those friends who are found in colleges and boarding schools. They have been, and are still, our warmest supporters, and deserve our grateful acknowledgments. But, our ruin is inevitable-we are attacked, not only by those "Lords of the creation," from whom we could expect nothing but reproach-we are attacked by that sex who have hitherto loved and defended us-on the pages of a "Ladies' Magazine," our sentence is written; and, by female voices, our condemnation pronounced. "Our glory "-alas ! alas ! "it has departed !" And I-how shall I survive my disgrace ? for, thou too art my enemy !"-The disconsolate Album ceased, and I answered thus : Say not thy services are unrewarded, or "lightly esteemed," I will cherish thee—for thou dost contain many memorials of "buried loves"---of early friends,

now sleeping in the dust—many traces of the absent and the departed. I will cherish thee through life, and preserve thee sacred. I will be the champion of Albums, and defend their cause." Thus ended our confab. I have recorded the above *facts*, and here give them to the public, with the hope that they may prevent the enemies of Albums from wounding the feelings of this neglected race, in future; for, unless their persecution ceases, it is to be feared they will meet with the fate, which a poet prophecies will befall the Indians—that they will

> "Disperse like the returnless wind, And none of them be left, to find One they could call a brother."

Reader, "my task is done—my song hath ceased," and we must part. I trust you are, like myself, the friend of Albums, and will advocate their cause.

"Here endeth " 1. M. A.

ABRAHAM'S TRIAL.

Peace dwelt in Gerar's vale—God's chosen one, There fed his flocks, amid the vine-clad hills, Th' olive there with verdant, shadowy boughs Flourished, commingling with the myrtle groves. And there the Patriarch had his altar raised, Where oft the holy man called on his God, The everlasting One in whom he hoped; And often to this sacred spot, he led The pious Isaac, darling of his heart, The child of his old age, God's promised gift, And destin'd father of a num'rous race.

The aged mother looked upon her boy With all the tender love that mothers feel, And the deep, holy thought that this her child Was the Almighty's gift and special charge. None but a mother's heart can know her joy To guard his infant steps, to spread his couch, To watch his gentle sleep, and on his cheek And lip to mark the glowing hues of health— When years had added vigor to his limbs, Like the young antelope, Beersheba's hills He bounded o'er; or climbed in youthful glee The graceful sycamore, or lofty palm, Or careful watched his father's numerous flocks. Thus lived the parents of the Hebrew race, Each loving each, and all approved of God.

Easy is virtue's path when clust'ring joys Surround our steps, each moment sending forth Some fresh perfume of bliss to charm the soul; But few with pious Job can bless the hand That strips us of our joys and leaves us lone And comfortless, to walk a thorny road Unblest by aught to cheer the gloomy way. Oft does the Almighty prove his faithful ones In furnace of affliction—as the gold Is rendered pure by ordeal of fire, So by sore trial shines the virtuous mind.

Calm in those eastern skies the morning dawned, Revealing nature in her loveliest forms, But not as wont, suggesting to the mind Of the old patriarch, gently pleasing thoughts. His high wrought soul was rais'd above the earth, Intent upon accomplishing the deed His God required-With tenderness of love, Sparing the mother's weakness; not to her This man of God the dreadful secret told ; But rising early, bids his child prepare To journey on with him from Gerar's vale. They pass the brook of Besor, Sorek's stream, Judea's wilds and Bethl'em's sacred plain. The third day, to the man of God, reveal'd A mount refulgent with celestial beams, Token sublime that here Jehovah look'd, Of his obedience, to see the proof-

One moment at the mountain's base they paus'd, But soon its steep ascent began—the child, Unconscious, bears the wood; the fatal knife To slay the victim, and the fire to burn, The father carries in his trembling hands.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

They reach the mountain's top, an altar raise; The child, in simple innocence, exclaims "My father, we have here the fire and wood, But we have yet no lamb for sacrifice !" The father look'd with anguish on the boy And nature plead in his behalf—but soon A sudden vision broke upon his soul. He saw his darling son an emblem stand Of that great sacrifice which God would make Of His Beloved for the sins of man—

The patriarch seized the knife—A voice is heard— "Touch not the lad—Abra'm, thy faith is prov'd; Thou fearest God, since thou hast thus resign'd Thine only, well beloved child to me." Th' astonish'd father scarcely dare believe He hears aright—When looking up, he saw A lamb before him—victim sent by God, The ransom for his son; he quickly seized And gave it a burnt off'ring to the Lord— Then on their way rejoicing, back they went To Gerar's valley; to his mother's arms The child is given—and in the father's breast Dwells joy serene, and sweet approving voice Of conscience whispering, thou hast proved thy faith.

A. H. L.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

Is again resuming the Sketches, I have but obeyed what seems to be the wishes of a majority of my readers that is, judging from hints I receive from friends at home, and letters from correspondents abroad. I intend therefore to prepare occasionally, a story from the Manuscript, but I shall no longer give the reminiscences of other days an exclusive preference over the "manners living." The truth

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SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

is, the past history of our country can as yet be only history. The events and persons are not sufficiently removed by time, that grand mystifier, to assume the shadowy and uncertain shapes and characters which is the allowed foundation of the romantic. We read a *story* of the past with suspicion,—not that we care so much that the whole should be true, as that *truth* should not be disfigured. We feel that the past history of our country is a triumph, and we fear that in attempting to illustrate those transactions by fictitious tales, we shall belittle that history. But there is one species of history, the biography of eminent individuals, which is generally acceptable. And I am intending to collect such notices as soon as practicable.

CAPTAIN GLOVER'S DAUGHTER.

SUNDAY, especially in the country, is the true holiday of a Yankee. In saying this, I do not mean that it is considered as a day of recreation-no, indeed,-there are very few native born and native dwelling Yankees but would revolt at the idea of finding their own amusements on the Lord's day. They intend to keep the day holy, but they wish to appear respectable in so doing, and they like to enjoy themselves. What better method to attain these objects than regular attendance on church, dressed in their best, where they can see and be seen ?- the elderly people having an opportunity for cordial greetings and disquisitions on the weather, either when they meet on the road or around the church door ; and the young ones exchanging smiles, glances, or warm pressures of the hand, which between those of the same sex indicate friendship. Ladies only indulge in friendship-but when the eye of a young man is habitually and continually directed across the gallery, or into a neighboring pew of fair damsels, we may not wrong him by imputing to him a sentiment which he does not call friendship. At least, one half our rural beaux fall in love at church.

"Pray who was that handsome girl who sat in the pew on the left of the pulpit," said young Albert Eaton to his cousin James Rowe.

"On the left of the pulpit?—O! that was Captain Glover's daughter."

"She is the finest girl I saw in your church, James. Does her father live in the village?"

"O, no-he lives down by the mill."

"Not in that small house by the bridge?"

"Yes, by the bridge—in that little hut"—and James cast a glance of keen inquiry on his cousin, and it might be there was some derision in his smile.

Albert Eaton's father was a man who had gathered much substance, and waxed rich in speculations, and he now lived like a rich man, engrossed with the cares of adding to his possessions, or harrassed with the fears of losing his property. Riches never bring content; at least they never bring it to a worldly man. Albert happened unfortunately to be an only child, and as all the estate would finally descend to him-(and sorely did it grieve the elder Mr. Eaton when the idea crossed him that he must die and leave his property,) he had been lectured on the necessity of economy, good calculation, and taking care of his money, till he had often wished there was no such thing as money in the world. He particularly hated half-cents. "Always remember and save the half-cent in your bargains," his father would say. Albert was a good natured soul, but he never heard his father say, 'save the half-cent,' without a frown, "As well be a beggar at once and he never would save it. as practice such beggarly economy," Albert thought.—And truly, what is the benefit of possessing property, when we only note its increase by increasing anxiety !

It will probably be surmised, by the reader, that Albert would not regard the poverty of a lovely girl as an insuperable bar to his addresses. Neither would he have so regarded it had that poverty only exhibited itself in the lack of money; but, to lack a decent house to live in, placed the indigence of Captain Glover's daughter in a mortifying point of view to Albert Eaton. Few people form their own opinions of what is really excellent in character from reasoning. We are the slaves of circumstance, education, fashion. Albert had always lived in an elegant dwellingall his particular friends resided in fine houses, and he fancied those persons worthy of his admiration must be found in fine houses. He saw and felt the meanness of being devoted exclusively to the love of money; but he did not dream that the undue value placed on those luxuries which money commanded, was a passion just as sordid and selfah. The only difference is, that the latter error may more easily be corrected. And it was not many days, before Albert acknowledged that virtue, intelligence and refinement, as well as beauty, might be found in a humble dwelling.

Captain Glover was a man of considerable talent, and in his youth, extraordinary good looking. His father gave him a farm, and assisted him to build a house, and he married a pretty, amiable girl : thus beginning the world with bright prospects for a farmer ; every body prophesied he would do well, and so he would have done, but for one single failing. He was indolent. The sluggard is not so criminal as the drunkard; but he is far from being inno-Yet there are but few men, notoriously lazy, who cent. would have maintained so respectable a standing among the stirring generation of Yankees as did Captain Glover. His temper was as unmovable as his frame, and he would sit the live long day in his elbow chair, chatting and laughing without once being disturbed from his imperturbable good humor by the advice, or even reproaches of his wife, (she did scold sometimes, and nobody blamed her for scolding,) or the noise of his children. Toil on his farm he would not-and he really felt relieved when the sheriff attached and sold it to satisfy executions which had been renewed to the utmost limit of time allowed by the law. His creditors were loath to distress such a good natured fellow, till he urged the sale of the farm, alleging that the fences were going to ruin, and the sooner it was disposed of the better. Relying on the old saying that the lame and the lazy are always provided for, Glover gave himself no uneasiness about his future residence, or business, till a brother of his wife, out of pity to her and her children, offered him the employment of tending an old mill. Glover accepted the situation, and very contentedly established himself, as he hoped, for life.

There seemed indeed little prospect that any one, though differing in politics, would covet his *place*. The mill was on a small stream, which divided the town of B — from the village of L — ; consequently, like a neutral between two parties, was not much patronized by the inhabitants of either. The stream was scanty, and usually dry six weeks every summer; and the ice and other accidents obstructed

the operations of the mill about as long every winter. Here then was a glorious situation for an idle man. Three months in each year perfectly at liberty to enjoy himself without a twinge of conscience to upbraid him. He did enjoy himself, notwithstanding his house looked little better than an Indian wigwam, or an Irish cabin. But his wife, poor woman, was never contented, and finally she fell into a consumption, and died. Mrs. Glover had always been considered the main-stay of the house, and it was now confidently prophesied that the family must be broken up. And so it would inevitably have been, but for the eldest girl, a child of eleven years old. Margaret Glover was a shy, modest little creature, and duringher mother's life, renowned for nothing but the despatch with which she performed an errand; and furthermore, she had been praised by Miss Molly Griffin, for being always careful to make her courtesy and shut the door after her,-two observances from which the thoughtful spinster augured that Margaret would make an accomplished and useful young lady. And so it proved, for immediately on her mother's death she took charge of the children, five younger than herself-managing them and the household affairs with the diligence and discretion of a woman. The inside of their humble dwelling was in reality more comfortable than the outward appearance would have indicated. The larger room was ceiled around and plastered over head, and always kept as neat as a fairy would have prescribed. It was a pleasant sight to look on the bright row of pewter plates and porringers in the open cupboard, with the white milk pail and wooden bowl on the bottom shelf-all arranged in the best order for display. It was innocent and useful vanity however, (if vanity ever deserves to be so considered,) for the praise bestowed on Margaret's industry and neatness never made her proud, only more anxious to deserve such commendation. Neither were her thoughts all engrossed by her housewifery, as is too often the case with your notables. The necessity she felt of instructing her younger sisters and brother, aroused her to improve her own mind, and she soon excelled in her taste for reading and judgment of books. Nothing like self-instruction for strengthening the mind. One twelvemonth's determined attention to our own progress in literature, is worth years lounged away in the schools.

In the latter ease, we are too often satisfied if our instructors know what we should learn—in the former, we learn for ourselves.

There are but very few people among us reduced to such poverty as to place their children at service, or put them from their care while young. Even Captain Glover, indifferent as he was to the opinion of the world, would have felt disgraced had he not maintained his children. It was a wonder to many how he did it-but whoever knew a . miller to starve ! Notwithstanding the few customers to his mill, his children were fair and fat, and his pig throve, and his cow (or rather his brother's) always looked sleek. These things were set down, not to the captain's credit, but his daughter's, and she became the heroine of her own immediate neighborhood, and her praise even reached the extremities of the two contiguous towns-quite a miracle for the fame of a woman. She had many heroine accomplishments to be sure, was fair as the fairest are described, sung sweetly, and cut bread and butter for her little sisters and brother as gracefully as Werter's Charlotte; and all before she was seventeen.

Such was the girl who had captivated Albert Eaton, a graduate from Harvard, with all the pride of the college in his head, and the hope of eminence in the profession he had chosen, the law, in his imagination. Could he marry a poor miller's daughter, who lived in a house resembling a salt-box ? He probably never would have married her but for one lucky circumstance in the constitution of our laws—the militia system was all that gave him any hope of reconciling his parents to his choice of a wife.

Americans have two ardent passions; the love of liberty, and love of distinction. These passions mutually stimulate and increase each other; the enjoyment of equal rights as citizens giving every man a chance of becoming eminent, and that eminence being derived from living under a free government, the Americans are thus necessarily as ambitious of fame as they are tenacious of freedom. We have been often stigmatized as a money-loving race; but it is not to indulge in luxuries that wealth is sought with such avidity. It is for the consequence which attaches to the possession of riches. Our people care little for their own comfort, in comparison with the estimation in which their

CAPTAIN GLOVER'S DAUGHTER.

means of comfort are held by others. To be convinced of this, travel through the country and look at the style of building houses, and managing appearances. Every thing is conducted to make an impression on the beholder. Instead of neat, snug cottages, thoroughly finished, and sheltered by trees and shrubs, we meet continually, great, "shingle palaces," standing plump in the highway, perhaps; and whether the interior be finished, is a matter of small consequence, provided a coat of white paint has been daubed on the outside to catch the eye of the passing traveller. The man who inhabits it has the name of being rich, and that satisfies him he is comfortable. It is just the same with regard to public employments. Few individuals enter into public life who would not be wealthier and happier as private citizens-but then they would not be known, would not see their names in the newspaper, except for raising a curious calf, or a mammoth cabbage, and so they sacrifice their ease and often their estate, to be distinguished. Every office, from petty Juryman to President, has its attractions for our ambitious citizens.

This mania for distinction has been nurtured and gratified by the titles conferred on the militia officers, and a sad time will it be for many a title-loving citizen of our Republic, should the militia system be exploded. At least I am glad for my heroine's sake, that the necessity and glory of bearing arms at a regimental muster had never been questioned in her father's day.

Captain Glover had been chosen an officer partly for his good looks, but more for his good nature. He made a very popular captain, never troubling his company with much military manœuvering, and always treating well. Indeed he had the honor of expending a considerable part of his small estate in the service, and never offered to retire till he had neither money nor credit to support the expense of his office. His patriotism was rewarded by bearing the title of *Captain* into his retreat; and truly those who would sneer at that warlike prefix to a miller's name, have small reason to boast of their philanthropy, or gallantry. That title was the inheritance of Captain Glover's children. The fair Margaret, notwithstanding her attractions of mind and person, never would have been received into the rich and proud family of Mr. Eaton, had it not been for her father's title ;

or at least, if Albert had married her, his parents would never have forgiven him and acknowledged her. But aided by the distinction of being Captain Glover's daughter, the young man found means to introduce her to his parents, and the mill never being named, (he of course forgot it) his parents were satisfied with the appearance and accomplishments of the young lady, and as their residence was about two hundred miles from her father's, consequently they knew nothing of her, and very willingly gave their consent to the union.

"I do not care, Albert, about the fortune of the lady you marry: I only insisted she should belong to a good family," said Mrs. Eaton.

"She must have been carefully educated, and that I consider a fortune," said Mr. Eaton, senior. He had been charmed by noticing her industry at her needle. Margaret did appear well, for her judgment was matured by reflection, and the fine powers of her mind developed by that species of self-training which expands the heart and affections to the performance of duty.

Good sense and native ease made her appear to advantage in the splendid circles to which she was introduced, and Captain Glover's daughter was considered a model of propriety in manners as well as character.

There is nothing will make young women so lovely and beloved as the strict performance of every duty devolving on them in whatsoever station they are placed. Had Margaret, depending on her personal beauty, set up for the fine lady, she would probably have been only the village coquette, and married at last some poor man—for though Albert was certainly fascinated first by her appearance, yet had he not found her mind so cultivated as to give him assurance she would appear well as his wife, his pride would have conquered his first fancy for her, especially when he had to seek her in such a house.

THE SEA MAID.

THE SEA MAID.

Far in a beauteous Isle which rose An emerald in a chrystal sea, Her home a lovely sea-nymph chose, Where all was flowers and melody. Her features wore a youthful smile, No tear bedewed her cheek so fair, No winter chilled her happy Isle, Nor sorrow marked its footstep there. An angel oft, in light arrayed, Came down to bless the sea-nymph's home, And oft he warned the favored maid,

Across the waters ne'er to roam; But every vale and every hill With safety she might wander o'er; And there content and cautious still, She promised to avoid the shore.

Yet once, upon a tempting eve, She sported near the silver tide; Then rashly dared the bank to leave, And far across the waters glide. Night came with storms-the shore was lost-No angel smoothed the troubled main-And helpless mid the billows tost, She never found her Isle again.

TO THE VIOLET.

Beautiful flower ! thy graceful form, With sparkling dew-drops wet, Shows like the glowing amethyst With diamonds richly set: Thy parted leaves with azure hue Seem redolent of Spring; And on the calm and breezy air Their balmy fragrance fling. 34

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Sweet violet! the primal flower That decks the opening year, And still, when all have faded hence, Thou'rt found yet lingering here ;---Thy modest beauty fills the field With ever-constant bloom : Thy deep-blue blossoms sweetly yield E'en freshness to the tomb. Hail to thee, lovely flower! thy form To me is far more sweet Than all the buds of yon parterre, Where thorns and odours meet: More dear,-because they mind me of A faithful friend, whose breath Is constant to its yows through life, And changeless, e'en in death.

J. F. O.

THE BROWNIE OF CAWDOR CASTLE.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

It is well known to the readers of Scottish History, that frequent and bloody civil wars desolated the Highland country of Scotland, for some time before its union with England under the successor of Elizabeth. In one of those deadly feuds between the rival clans, the castle of Cawdor was surprised by night during the absense of its chief, and the inhabitants put to the sword without regard to sex or age. The lady of the castle was a woman of rare courage and presence of mind. Finding that the few men who surrounded her despaired of making a successful defence, she suddenly appeared among them, accoutred in her husband's armour, with his unsheathed broadsword brandished The disheartened warriors, conceiving that their aloft. chief had unexpectedly returned to the defence of his castle, rushed forward with renovated hope, and made a desperate effort to repel their assailants. But even this heroic

A SCOTTISH LEGEND

resistance was unavailable, where numbers poured forth on every side to supply the place of the slain. Day broke upon an awful scene of cruelty and carnage. The bodies of three of the chieftians' children were seen in the moat of the castle, having been hurled from the battlements by the relentless wretches who found them locked in peaceful slumber, entwined in each other's embraces. The chief returned to witness this spectacle of unequalled misery, and prepare, as his situation best permitted, to revenge the horrible outrage on its savage perpetrators.

The bodies of his three little sons were interred in the same grave, but every search for the remains of the lady and the sole remaining infant, proved fruitless. The mouldtering ashes of the castle were examined. The secret vaults were penetrated. One tower which the conflagration had spared, was scrutinized from turret to foundation stone, but not a vestige of the dauntless heroine appeared, save the helmet which she had worn during the battle. This was cloven in such a manner as to force on the mind of the distracted husband, the horrible belief that his heroic wife had received her death stroke while magnanimously heading the little faithful band who had attempted the defence of the castle. But the fate of the unfortunate lady had not been so speedily consummated. In a moment of unutterable anguish, when she beheld the bodies of her slaughtered sons strewing the ground on which she stood, her courage utterly failed, and all the mother rushed into her heart. At this instant a gigantic highlander approached with his uplifted weapon to put an end to her life and sorrow. But he beheld in the place of an armed warrior, a woman drown-She had cast off her helmet and hastily thrown ed in tears. aside such parts of her armour as she could put off without assistance, and was kneeling on the ground beside her murdered children. "I cannot slay a mother weeping over her dead infants," said the soldier, lowering his battle axe, and gazing with emotion on the spectacle. "But if I do not, others will, unless I convey her to a place of safety." Just at this moment the shrick of an infant was heard, and the youngest babe appeared falling through the air from the blazing turret above his head. With a strong and agile grasp the highlander arrested the child in its passage to the earth; and instantly seizing the prostrate mother, he disap-

THE BROWNIE OF CAWDOR CASTLE.

peared from the scene of carnage. He hurried on in breathless haste, with the infant in one hand, and the swooning mother grasped firmly in his other arm, until he arrived at the thick wood, in which was a cave hollowed in a stupendous rock. Here he deposited both his burdens, and spreading his plaid over the mother and child, returned with the speed of flight to the blazing castle.

But this act of benevolence had been seen and reported to the hostile chieftian, and the generous highlander was summoned before his infuriated commander, who dealt him a death stroke at the same instant that he inquired wherefore he had dared impede the work of vengeful destruction? The dying man felt that his doom was sealed, and while the death pang smote his generous heart, he collected breath enough to reply—"I hurled both mother and babe into the roaring stream—their bodies are even now sweeping onward to the ocean."

The chieftian would have soothed the victim of his rage with words of consolation, but ere he could frame an expression of regret for his precipitate injustice, the gallant soldier had drawn his last breath.

Meanwhile the unfortunate mother and her babe lay securely sheltered by the hospitable cavern. The pious fraud of the dying highlander prevented all pursuit, and the lady, having recovered from her swoon, applied herself to staunch a wound which she had received in her side. Exhausted with pain and anguish, she then gathered her babe into her bosom, and slumbered in safety with the rugged rock for a pillow. When morning dawned, she was surprised to find herself warmly covered from the dropping dews of the cavern, and a creuse of milk, with a loaf of barley bread, deposited by her side.

After refreshing herself with food, she attempted to rise and look round her place of refuge. But alas! the pain of her ill bandaged wound, together with the profuse effusion of blood, had rendered her utterly unable to rise from her recumbent posture. The day passed in agony of body and mental despair, and the damps, and darkness of night, brought only a bitter increase of her complicated sufferings. The wretched mother felt her senses gradually receding, and the last effort of her failing reason only sufficed to dictate an incoherent prayer to heaven for succour.

In this situation, with the vague thoughts and broken imaginings incident to delirium, the night passed in indescribable tortures. All the hideous phantoms which people the fevered brain, were congregated around the hapless mother, who gradually lost even the sense of maternal anxiety. The neglected babe screamed, and the cavern gave back the sound in a thousand yelling echoes.

"What voices are these" said the frantic mother ! "Am I surrounded by Demons? Yes! I see them! There is a hideous fiend bearing off my slaughtered infants. Forbear ! Forbear"—she shricked, endeavoring vainly to rise from her stony couch. "What unearthly form is this? speak! if you have the use of speech and reason,—mine are both fast failing."

"I am a friend to the miserable," uttered a soft, low voice—"trust your babe with me! I will sooth its wailings and supply its necessities—the wretched should succour and console each other, and though I should never have crossed your sight in prosperity, in such dark and hopeless adversity as yours I, even I may be serviceable."

The lady looked again, and by the dim light which day break diffused through the cavern, she beheld a hideous, distorted object, with just enough resemblance to humanity to startle and shock the imagination with superhuman terrors.

It held the child in what might be its hands, long, bony projections, which served to handle the infant, who was too young to be terrified at its unearthly nurse.

"Who, or what are you ?" said the astounded lady !

"I said I was the friend of those whose wretchedness is so remediless as to need my good offices," said the same soft, musical voice. "Fear nothing, --- or if you cannot command your fears when you contemplate me, look no more on my terrifying deformity, but close your eyes, and let me search your wound." But the terror of the unfortunate lady was so great, and her mind was already so much shaken by bodily and mental anguish, that she apprehended not the purport of these words. Delirium, wild and fearful, seized her paralyzed faculties, and she fiercely resisted every effort which could be made by the strange inmate of the cavern, to apply a remedy to her galled and exasperated wound. Nor did her reason again revive to any full perception of her awful condition. Death came in merely to relieve her manifold sufferings at the end of four days from the commencement of her tragic adventure.

Years past over the unfortunate chief of Cawdor, before he recovered from the blow that had dessolated his home of bliss. After several frantic attempts to revenge the deed of unparalleled atrocity which had destroyed his peace, he left his country and sought forgetfulness of his domestic miseries in visiting foreign climes. Time at length healed the wounds of his heart, and he returned to finish his melancholy existence among his kindred, and lay his bones in the tomb of his fathers. The castle of Cawdor had never been rebuilt since its conflagration ; but the chieftain reared a comfortable abode on the site of his feudal home.

Here he established himself, with such of his kindred as had survived the desolation of civil feuds. His chief amusement as well as occupation was hunting the red deer of his native hills, and maintaining a sort of rude hospitality in his reduced establishment.

One day the chase had proved uncommonly interesting and fatiguing. A beautiful doe had been surprised by the hounds in the forest adjoining the castle, and had led her pursuers a wild and circuitous route of many miles, till the evening hour found them in the same forest from whence they had commenced their chase. The hounds bayed in harmonious cadence to the cheering horn of the hunter, while the wearied and panting animal turned with a faint show of intended resistance. But the experienced huntsman rushed in, and seizing the exhausted deer, threw her with a single effort on the ground, and presented his wood knife to the dismounted chief, that he might put an end at once to her sufferings and her life. The chief advanced, and stooped to draw the knife across her throat, when an arrow directed with unerring aim, pierced the bosom of the huntsman, whose grasp instantly relaxed, and the unwounded doe sprung from his loosened hold. At the same instant a boy bounded forward into the midst of the circle, and clasped the animal around its neck with signs of anger and grief in his expressive countenance. The doe seemed to recognize her deliverer-she fawned upon him like a spaniel, and licked his hands and face, while the big tears fell over her hairy face, and her distended side panted with

long drawn inspiration. "Ay my precious creature !" exclaimed the boy, addressing her as he would have done a human being, "I have saved your life, and now I care not what they do with me-the bloody murderers." The boy was coarsely dressed, like a peasant of the lowest order, but there was fire in his dark eye, and manly daring in the aspect with which he confronted those from whom he probably expected instant death. But the spectators were too much startled by this unexpected and singular incident to proceed to any present measure of vengeance. They started wildly at the bold stripling, who seemed to forget their presence while he carressed his hairy favorite. At length, just as the chief had exclaimed, "who are you, who dare to molest me and my followers in their lawful sport ?" the boy bounded off, accompanied by the doe, whose speed he appeared to emulate successfully. "Follow! Follow!" shouted the chief, "and let us see the end of this mysterious adventure."

Onward pressed the wearied hunters, accompanying the disappointed hounds, who again opened a cheering cry, and pursued their former prey with renewed ardour. Their utmost speed was barely sufficient to keep in sight of the objects of their pursuit. After a brief but swift course, they saw the doe, whose neck was still encircled by the arms of her deliverer, enter the cave, and disappear in its gloomy recesses. "Follow !" said the chief, "and search the cavern instantly." But the hardy mountaineers, who would have met death without blenching at the command of their feudal head, now hung back, aghast and terrified.

"What mummery is this ?" said their incensed commander—"dare you disobey my positive orders ? Enter ! and bring forth the youth and his hairy companion."

One of the boldest of the attendants, now ventured to expostulate. "We would meet any mortal enemy at your slightest command," said he, "but we dare not cross the path of supernatural powers. This cave is the dwelling of a Brownie, and that boy is known to be his attendant spirit. This is not the first time that he has rescued the prey from the hunter, and bitterly do those who dare to intermeddle with him, rue their boldness."

"Eachin speaks truly," said another; "we all know and avoid the haunts of the brown man of the cave, whose do-

THE BROWNIE OF CAWDOR CASTLE.

minion extends throughout this whole forest. Let us retreat in time to escape the vengeance of one against whom human courage is of no more avail, than the bulrush against the steel claymore." Apparently the chief assented to this proposition. He looked anxiously towards the cave, and signed to his attendants to disperse, while he slowly and mournfully returned towards the castle. But no sooner had his ready companions quitted the terrible spot, than he stole cautiously back and entered the cave, with a light step, while the hunters' horn sounded a retreat, and the dogs bayed at a distance. The chief concealed himself near the entrance of the cavern, and distinctly overheard the following discourse : "My father," said a voice which he knew to be that of the stranger boy-"I have rescued my beloved Cathleen—my dear foster sister, even from the murderers themselves. With one shaft aimed truly, I pierced the bosom of the wretch who was about to shed her innocent blood." "Hold ! hold ! my son," interrupted a low, musical voice-" did your arrow pierce the chief himself? Forbid it, kind heaven !" "No ! No ! my father, it was the huntsman, not the chieftain, on whom I took sudden vengeance !" "Tis well my child !" exclaimed the same secret of thy birth to thee, for death has laid his icy hand on my heart, and I must soon quit thee, my soul's darling, my only treasure."

" Draw near my beloved, for my strength and breath are failing. Fergus, thou art destined to be the Lord of this forest, where thou hast hitherto only found a home in common with the beasts of the field. The chieftain is thy father, and it is time thou wert acknowledged by him, and reinstated in thy lawful rights. Thirteen years ago, my son, thy father's feudal castle was burnt to its foundations in his absence, and thy brothers butchered by an implacable and remorseless enemy. Thou wast then a tender, unconscious babe, and thy wounded and despairing mother found refuge in this cavern, with thy innocent self upon her bleeding bosom. I sought to comfort her sorrows, but she shrunk with horror from my hateful presence, and died on this rocky bed, ere four days of misery had elapsed. Thy despairing father quitted the country, and thou wast left to my care, in helpless infancy-I nourished thee with

the milk of a doe, and brought thee up to share, and comfort my solitude. Nature spoke irresistibly to my heart, for thou wast the child of mine only brother-yes! my Fergus, thy father and my wretched self were twinned at our birth; but my unearthly aspect, my hideous and irremediable deformity, was concealed even from the mother that bore me. My father bribed the nurse to carry me from the country, that I might never blast his sight by my presence. Most faithfully did she discharge her trust-she brought me up in the tenets of that holy faith which teaches that man is to regard this life only as a passage to a better world. Nature, in denying me the limbs and features of humanity, gave me a soft heart, and a gentle temper, with a capacity for loving and apprehending the precious truths of the gospel. My nurse and I found our way back to the place of my birth, and I made my habitation with the beasts of the field, and found a friend who supplied me with coarse clothing, and other essentials to humble life, without betraying me. I would not now exchange my doom with that of any other being; for alienated as I am from my fellow creatures, I have escaped the contagion of vice, and the numberless temptations and sorrows that man, in his proper shape, is heir to—but I am approaching the close of my hapless existence. Yet a few more throbs of this straining and heaving heart, and my mis-shapen trunk will return to its mother earth. Go to thy father, my son-give him this parcel—it contains proofs of thy birth and lineage. In this cave is the tomb of thy mother, and here also will be found the clothes and ornaments which she wore when she found in my sylvan home a place to die in. Let me be buried here, but let the clansmen know, that the Brownie of Castle Cawdor was no other than the brother of one chieftain, and the preserver of another."

TO MY BOY.

FREDERIC, 'tis sabbath day, my love, Hang up thy little drum; Lay by the sword and rocking horse, And to thy mother come.

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TO MY BOY.

Nay, put aside that pretty whip, Nor so unwilling be; But come, and let thy play-things rest, And sit awhile with me.

See'st thou the church on yonder green ? And people gathering there ? They do not now diversion seek— They meet for holy prayer.

And God, who dwells beyond the sky, Sends from his throne above Blessings upon those humble souls Who worship him in love.

He gives thee every thing thou hast, Life, health, and friends, and food; Will thou not love his holy day? And love a God so good?

Now look abroad on yonder scene, The air is still and sweet; There is the green and waving grass So soft beneath thy feet.

And here's the tree above thy head, And here thou oft hast played, And heard the pretty birds sing out Their morning serenade.

And is not this a lovely world, So sweet, so fair, so bright?

The sun, how glorious in the morn-The moon, how mild at night-

The twinkling stars, that glisten down Upon yon streamlet clear,

And shine upon the awful deep, That rolls its billows near.

And Frederic—God did make it all— And yonder little bird,

And glorious sun, and earth, and sea, Exist but by his word.

BECOLLECTIONS.

Then come and fold thy willing hands, Let no wild thoughts intrude, But thank thy God for all his good, In cheerful gratitude.

And ne'er again, my darling boy, Indulge in foolish-play, And break upon the sacred calm Of God's own sabbath day.

A. M. T.

RECOLLECTIONS.—NO. 3.

MY COUSIN SOPHY DANE.

THE singers' seats have looked very lonely since my cousin forsook them. She was the tallest and lightest figure in those seats; and her voice, "as tuneable as harp of many strings," was the sweetest in that gifted choir. We had no organ in our church—it was the deep varying melody of her voice which broke on the ear so gratefully—so solemnly—

"Like the first note of organ heard within Cathedral aisles; ere yet its symphonies begin."

I recollect at this moment, how I used to sit, with my eyes rivetted on her face while she was singing, and I could fancy she had wings, and a crown on her head, and was holding a lyre in her hand. She seemed like an angel—I have never before or since beheld a similar face, excepting one—her brother Robert's. Those deep set black eyes, and clusters of jet black hair—yet she was never called a beauty, possibly because she was so very pale—and some thought her forehead too large and high ; its whiteness might have atoned for that.

She was the enthusiastic lover of the scenes of nature; the wild, the beautiful, and the tremendous. In these scenes she remembered their mighty author, and to him she gave the constant and unreserved homage of her heart's best affections; and living in devotion, and obedience to his commands and humble reliance on him, as she did, she feared not misfortune, nor danger, nor death. My cousin would have been a heroine, or a martyr, had her duty called her thereto.

I saw her shed tears once, once only, although she had suffered many afflictions. Her eldest brother, Berrian, fell in battle, in the early part of the late war; he was a noble, high spirited young man. Many were the brave youths who fell in that war, and sorrowful tidings frequently came to us of the death of one and another whom we loved.

It was a fine summer afternoon, when the bugle and drum announced to our school that a party of about six hundred soldiers, who were going to join the troops stationed atwere now in sight; and we looked so imploringly at our instructor, that he could not refuse us permission to stand in the well shaded piazza while they were passing. A number of them were natives of our own village, and their eyes glistened as they gave a parting look at the school-house where they had spent most joyous days. My cousin Berrian was at their head-how proud he looked-the gallant boy. As we stood partly behind the great chestnut which overhangs the piazza, I looked at Maria Kent, (our belle) her face was flushed, and the tears stood in her blue eyes-"Do you grieve for those brave men, Maria ?" said I-"they are marching on to glory." "Yes," said she, covcring her face, "but they will never return." My heart sunk. It was a new idea to me. I had supposed they would valiantly fight awhile, and then return, covered with laurels, possibly a little browned and scarred, but youthful and gay as ever. Gradually we became familiarized to the sound of warlike preparation, and to military terms, so that we should not have smiled when Master Albert Doane, who always felt obliged to use elegant and fashionable language, inasmuch as he was at the head of the classes in logic and rhetoric, and the best essayest in the school, very gravely informed the instructor that "Jcremiah Pond, the Shaker, had brought a reinforcement of mats for the schoolroom," had not a little faltering of the teacher's risibles indicated some unusual cause of merriment. Glad days were those.

It was a sorrowful time when the news of Berrian's death

came. My uncle sunk into a chair and covered his face with his hands; my aunt burst into tears and lamentations; Robert wept in silence; Sophy wept not, spoke not in sorrow, but her face was blanched to that snowy paleness which has never since been displaced by the rose tint that before had rarely left it.

He was two years older than she. In childhood and youth, at school and on the hills, and in their fairy skiff upon the little lake, they had been inseparable companions; and day by day, she had prayed for him, since he went to the wars, and she *hoped*, though others had fallen, the brother of her heart would return. It was not so to be. And, after this, Robert, the younger son, was ill, and pined away in a slow consumption.

I remember little of Berrian—but Robert was the image of his sister, only that his features were less delicately moulded, his eye had more spirit and his cheek more bloom. He was the first scholar in our mathematical class, and our school-room was hung with black for a week after his death. Sophy followed him to the grave with her pale, sweet face unwet by a tear, for she had adopted him in her affections instead of that elder brother, and she was too sorrowful to weep.

She did shed tears once, but it was for a lighter grief than that for which she wept not. There was an elm which overhung the garden-gate : it was a little in the way, but my uncle would never have it cut down, for he used to sit under its shadow when he was a boy, "and it was then so old, it seemed not older now." It was a noble, graceful tree. Sophy had played there with both her brothers, in their happy childhood, and there she used to sit with Robert in the weary days of his lingering decline, and talk of the blessedness they should hereafter enjoy in the Redeemer's kingdom. The September gale of 1815 had just gone by in its awful majesty—its terrible voice was dying away in the distance—I found my cousin sitting at her window, gazing with tearful eyes at the prostrate elm. It lay like a fallen Goliath.

It were vain to tell how heavily misfortune came upon that peaceful home—how its hospitable door was closed upon its former inmates. They were not miserable. The friend in whom they trust, hath never forsaken them.

EVERALLIN.

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WOMAN'S LOVE.

Whence has man dominion over women? Is it from his intellectual superiority? Woman can rule kingdoms, and rule them well; yet in connexion with man she becomes his natural and willing subject. Why is it ?

> Hear what is woman's love. List the soft tone Of her lone midnight musings. "Father, thou Dost know, whose image comes too oft, between My erring heart and thee. Thou wilt forgive, The weakness, in thy judgment dealt, which bows Before their earthly lords; else unconfessed Eve's humbled daughters....On my husband pour Thy blessings like the dew on lofty tree, Beneath whose shade the violet loves to live. Oh sooth the sorrow whatsoe'er it be, Which sometimes darkens his majestic brow; Or, if thy will, make me thy minister. Yet, suffer not his image in my heart To reign an idol there, before thyself! Leave me not thus to sin! and yet I would My fortune's star were dim, so his might rise !"

Thus all devote, is tender woman's heart, Till passion's fervent course, religion checks; And this, the secret spring of man's dominion. Idle to say, if more or less her lore Or reason's force. The more her mental powers, The more devoted to the one she loves. Touch but her heart; and where the mind is large,-There feeling's fount is deep, and strong its tide. Touch but her heart, and lo ! her memory's stores Her wit's fine flashes, and her fancy's fire With all their bright-hued imagery come forth,---With all her reason's powers ;---for him they come-To soothe, to please, to counsel, and to aid. And even her piety aspires to God, To call down bliss for him; --- whose smile to win To her is dearer than an empire's crown.

When Israel's poet o'er lost friendship's grave Wept sore, and mourned in hyperbolic lay, Oh Jonathan my brother! thus he cried, Thy love for me, was passing WOMEN'S LOVE! Nor inspiration's harp, by passion touch'd could more!

THE DANGERS THAT BESET THE FEMALE SEX.

THE DANGERS THAT BESET THE FEMALE SEX.

THE perspective of physical nature neither faintly nor fancifully figures out the moral world. The analogy is too striking to be mistaken; too close to be accidental; too true to be disbelieved. The dews of heaven nourish and invigorate alike the oak and the daisy. The noxious shrub, sacred in the rites of druidical superstition, fastens its fatal embráce on the very crest of the monarch of the forest, while the loathsome reptile fattens on the freshness of the vine that throws out its suppliant arms for succour and support. The dangers, troubles, trials, difficulties of mankind, have presented a trite and tedious subject for remark and inquiry. But those only have been minutely pointed out, and patiently dwelt upon, in which woman has no other than a sympathetic share. To a close observer it must be apparent that the dangers which beset the female sex, if not more numerous, a point which we are reluctant to concede, are at least as perplexing to the heart. The troubles of man are more accessible to observation, and consequently more open to sympathy. He may descant upon the trials which he meets, recount the dangers he has escaped, and often too, he may vainly boast, without reproof, of the prudence and sugacity (unseen the hand of providence) which have safely conducted him through the paths of difficulty. Far different is the case with woman. Her trials are of such a nature that even when most bravely and heroically met, they must be secretly locked up in her own bosom. Her dangers are of that kind, that even to speak of them before they are overcome, would only lay her more helplessly open to their attack. Her difficulties are of that sort which, while they need the greatest share of counsel and encouragement, render her more deaf to the suggestions of monition on account of the natural suspicions they engender.

Hence, in the struggles between conscience and inclination, between principle and prejudice, between duty and desire, the young female is compelled to go forth without the panoply of friendly assistance, and expose her defenceless head to the mercy of an unresisted foe; while on the other hand, her brother sex can go forth to the encounter in all the confidence of powerful allies. And yet should she fall

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in the struggle—shame and obloquy are heaped upon her in all the liberality of malice, while the hand of charity is seen supporting her stronger brother, or with the veil of oblivion, binding up his wounds.

Why is it, that in all the hardihood of iniquity, man is permitted even to boast of his errors, while woman is scouted from society if the tongue of detraction cast the slightest shade upon her fame? Why is it that the faults and the follies of one sex are palliated by the name of youthful indiscretions, while in the other they are all charged to the want of conscience, or of principle? Why is it that vice appears more odious in one situation than another, as if the relations of time and space or direction could influence a moral quality, or as if the permanent laws of light and shade are to be altered by accidental circumstances? These are questions that can be satisfactorily answered only by bringing into bolder relief, the injustice with which woman has been treated. Look but for a moment at the difficulties which she has to encounter, and let but strict justice be the apology for her indiscretions. The doors of the temple of science are closed against her-and she is stigmatized with inability to enter. The means of intellectual improvement are denied her, and she is accused of mental imbecility. Her faults are viewed through a magnifying medium, and she is reprehended for their magnitude and enormity; and lastly, the errors which a proper education might have corrected, and perhaps prevented, trivial even in all the exaggeration in which they are enveloped, are held up to public reproof and public scorn.

If this subject be deeply pondered, it will at once be seen how and where the injustice, so liberally administered to the sex, originated. The tales of fancy have set forth to imagination a beau ideal of perfection. They have represented as objects of love and of attainment, creatures of more than human, nay more than angelic accomplishments. The heroine of romance is invested with beauty which never assumed a human form; with perfections which are not akin to earth; described in language which never had "a local habitation or a name;" and hence, when rising from the perusal of fictitious history, we look around with a jaundiced eye for the original of the picture. We gloat on imaginary excellence, and turn with a sickly heart from the real vista before us. Our disappointment engenders disgust; our disgust magnifies trifles or distorts the features of that which, considered in its proper connexion, is really commendable for its beauty.

The tribe of fanciful writers cannot be aware that the pleasures which they afford us are to be purchased at so dear a rate. In order to enjoy them we must destroy our relish for the solid pleasures of life: and thus we become like children pampered with sweet-meats, who lose all taste for those substantial viands which invigorate the system without cloying the appetite. They say not to us

> " Lovely Thais sits beside thee, " Take the good the gods provide thee,"

but like the fairy and the genius * in the eastern tale, they bring us entranced in converse with beauty which our waking hours never have realized, and send us to the ends of the earth in quest of the objects we have seen in the pleasing trance.

The natural effects resulting from the fastidiousness of taste which is thus engendered, are seen in the appreciation in which many hold the sex; and in the dangers into which it leads the young female of attempting an achievement far beyond her powers. Hence the copious sources of affectation, show and falsity with which, from the guiltiness of individuals, the whole race has been stigmatized.

We have been led from the subject to which we have invited attention, by a train of remarks which we have considered intimately connected with the dangers by which the female sex are surrounded. The length to which we have extended these introductory observations compels us to postpone to a future occasion the enumeration of those dangers, whether arising from the indulgence of unrestrained imagination, the predominance of enthusiastic feelings, connected with an easy credulity, or from the less personal, though by no means less fatal causes, the plots and machinations of artifice, cunning and intrigue.

U. R.

* The reader who is familiar with the Arabian tales will readily recall the adventures of a certain prince, whose name, too long for common memories, occupies the larger portion of a page.

VOL. 11.---- NO. VI.

LETTERS ON FEMALE CHARACTER.

LETTERS ON FEMALE CHARACTER.

By Mrs. Carey. Richmond—A. Works.

It was never our design, when we undertook to conduct the Ladies' Magazine, to engage in those elaborate discussions, or profound researches which confer the title of scientific and learned on the work they occupy. Nor did we propose to be critical, in the sense the philologist would deem necessary, in that important department. We only intended to explain to our readers what we considered the moral tendency of the books we might notice, or more particularly their fitness for, and probable effect on female minds. We considered this course most appropriate for a woman, and the most likely to prove acceptable as well as beneficial to our own sex.

While adopting and pursuing this unpretending mode of management, we were fully sensible that the highest literary celebrity would not be awarded us, but *that* we do not seek. We are contented with a more lowly niche in the temple of fame. If we may only obtain for our work the credit of judiciously directing the attention of females to those subjects which concern them as women; if we can awaken them to a sense of their importance as women; if we can, by our reflections, aid them in their endeavors to perform their duties as women, our purpose is answered, our ambition gratified.

We would not, by precept or example, make women emulous of obtaining the same kind and measure of fame as men, because we do not believe such endeavors would contribute to their respectability or happiness. There is an allotted province for either sex, and nature has made the destination of the female too obvious to be mistaken. The domestic station is woman's appropriate sphere, and it will be honorable if she but adorn it with the graces, dignify it by intelligence, and hallow it by sentiment, tenderness and An ignorant woman cannot do this. We are anxpiety. ious therefore, for the thorough and systematic education of females as the best, indeed the only method to make them contented with their lot, and happy as well as the dispensators of happiness to those around them.

We are anxious too, that men of sense should be convinced that the cultivation of female intellect will not be attended by the dangerous consequences of destroying domestic peace in the struggle for equality of privileges. Why should they believe this, when of the number of women distinguished for their talents, the majority have also been distinguished for domestic virtues? The book named at the head of this article is another proof, among the many our best female writers have furnished, that intelligent and religious women are the proper censors of their own sex. Mrs. Carey has chosen the epistolary form by which to convey her sentiments respecting the advantages and end of female education. The letters are addressed to a young orphan whose mother is represented as being the particular This gives scope for the introduction friend of the writer. of some touching reminiscenses, and relation of incidents, from which reflections, on the most important topics connected with the morals and manners of a young woman, are deduced, and models of her conduct in every situation offered.

It is to be regretted Mrs. Carey adopted the mode of teaching truths by fables. Her good sense and acquaintance with society would have furnished her with appropriate illustrations without retailing the stories of other writers as her own. We particularly refer to the tale of the two consins in the ninth letter. The style of literature fashionable in the days of the Spectator, is now as obsolete as would be the dress of Will Honeycomb's widow.

We think the blending of truth and fable in a work like this, a blemish, but yet the discovery of the fiction does not invalidate the argument it was intended to enforce, or obscure the beauty of those virtues it describes and inculcates. We give a few extracts from different letters, that the reader may understand the spirit and tendency of the book, which was avowedly written for the ladies in the author's own State-Virginia. There are some remarks respecting the moral effects slavery is producing on the white inhabitants of the South, which should be read with deep attention by every American. One of the worst evils of slavery is the spirit of jealousy it has caused between different sections of our republic. It is hardly possible for a philanthropist of the non-slaveholding section to breathe a syllable against the system, without incurring the odium of acting from political or party motives. But the ladies may surely be permitted to speak or write freely on the subject; nor will their efforts be without effect, if they are as faithful and capable as Mrs. Carey. The whole tenor of her writings shows that the predominating wish of her heart is to do good; to "train women for usefulness"—as she expresses it. Our first quotation will show the opinion of our author respecting the talents and rights of her own sex. St. Paul never enforced the obedience of the wife to her "lord" more rigidly than does Mrs. Carey.

"The present age has sanctioned an opinion that women are equal to men in mental capacity. This is a mistake; though we admire the liberality which prompts it. There are rare instances of female talent which may appear in support of this opinion; but generally speaking there is a decided inferiority of intellectual strength in women. Their proper sphere in social life requires different qualities, and may be filled with propriety without entering into collision with the stronger sex. If men were disposed to admit women to an equality of rights and privileges, both the laws of nature and of God forbid them to accept such a concession. Woman was first in the transgression; therefore, the indisputable decree of Omnipotence has gone forth against her, and her husband is to have rule over her. Her path of duty requires different qualities from those she would have to cultivate were she to take her station as the equal of man. As soon as she undertakes masculine duties, she resigns her own appropriate sphere, and leaves unperformed the minor requisitions of social life. Misrule and disorganization ensue. The ambitious female soon finds her coveted privileges irksome. She becomes discontented and miserable. She cannot ask a blessing from heaven, for she has moved out of her appointed path of duty. She cannot look to man for sympathy and protection, for she has taken her station as his equal. Power has its penalties as well as privileges. Those who govern have troubles not easily discerned by the governed. None but weak, short-sighted people think their share of the burden of life is the heaviest.

One decisive proof of the impropriety of a woman's governing her husband may be derived from the well known fact, that *really* fine women never undertake the unbecoming task. Those who excel in this invidious art, are cunning, self-willed characters without delicacy or refinement. Even where the female talent is the strongest, a woman of refinement is the last to admit the fact, or to avail herself of it by taking the power into her own hands. It is painful to an intelligent woman to be forced to acknowledge the inferiority of her husband's intellect, to whom she had looked for support in the arduous duties of life."

At the close of Mrs. Carey's remarks on friendship, which are judicious, she draws a picture which we cannot refrain from showing our readers.

"Did you never observe a certain affected young lady, who is brimfull of mawkish sentiment? How fond of mystery she is—what a budget of confidence she has to unlade to her chere amie? I should really shrink from her friendship as a severe infliction. But seriously speaking, discreet, correct, and well educated young women, should have very few secrets. Indeed I know not what strictly legitimate mysteries they have a right to. in all love affairs young ladies should consider it a point of honor to be silent respecting those lovers they do not mean to accept. None but their parents and nearest friends should be informed of these things. But when a young lady has made a selection, and is actually betrothed, I see no occasion for concealment."

In making the following extracts respecting the consquences of slavery on the ladies of the South, we are prompted only by the wish of drawing public attention to the excellent reflections of Mrs. Carey on the evils of that system. True we rejoice that the North is exempt from the scourge and the stigma; but we have little reason to exult. It was the effect of circumstances that has given us the advantage. But when the people of the South rise superior to the fatality which has fastened this terrible burden on them; when they triumph, as they assuredly will, (and the sooner without our interference) over habit, and, as they fancy, *interest*, and break the bonds of their slaves, they will deserve an eulogium.

"When I look around and see the abuses sanctioned by custom in our state of society, I tremble. Slavery is indeed a fearful evil; a canker in the bud of our national prosperity; a bitter drop in the cup of domestic felicity. But of LETTERS ON FEMALE CHARACTER.

the consequences arising from slavery, one of the most pernicious and least noticed, is its effect on the female temper. I acknowledge it is hard to bear with patience, the trials incident to domestic life in Virginia; but I wish my country women were aware that they may and must be borne. Awful indeed will be the condition of those slave-holders who have ill-treated the creatures committed to their charge. I know cruelty to slaves is not now as common as it has been, but the daily and hourly indulgence of peevishness and irritability of temper towards these people, is the cause of much misery in the world. Slaves cannot resist any sort of oppression. The domestic circle is often a scene of self-indulgence, which would put to shame the greatest latitudinarian in morals. All the concentrated gall of an embittered temper is there poured forth. It is grievous to think how many female tempers are injured by indulging their acrid humors, when they can be indulged with impunity. I greatly fear our national misfortune has sent many an accountable soul to its last audit with a weight of guilt that never could be cancelled."

With one other short extract we must take leave of the book, sincerely recommending it to the perusal of the women of America. True there are some faults which we could wish amended, and some sentiments advanced with which we cannot entirely agree. But there is much which may be read with advantage by every christian, and certainly by every female.

"Oh, that woman should ever mistake her interest and happiness so much, as to step forth from her appointed niche in the snug seclusion of domestic life, to take a stand in the exhibition room of fashion. Let me entreat you, my dear girl, never to be seduced into display, whatever may be your attractions of mind or manner. Keep in safe seclusion, and expand your heart, in the circle of domestic affections, while your mind is engaged in the active performances of your appropriate duties. Do what you have to do with energy, but let it be gentle, meek, unostentatious The quiet stream bears as great a volume of waenergy. ter to the ocean as the cataract. Let all your actions be feminine; not weak or vascillating, but unobtrusive. Learn as much as your time and opportunities will allow, but let your motive be a desire to strengthen and enrich your mind

SONNET.

by intellectual exercise, not to add to your visible attractions before the world. The Lord has blessed women particularly in placing their appropriate sphere of duty in retirement. Those who are forced from this sphere by mistaken systems of education, are little aware of the advantages they leave behind. They bask for a while in the unnatural glare of publicity, and then often sink back into obscurity, disgusted and disappointed. Those who remain, and are inured to notoriety, become heartless votaries of dissipation. Oh that Virginian (American) mothers would abjure these errors, and confine their efforts to make their daughters intelligent and interesting in their appropriate sphere !"

SONNET.

In the Catholic Church at M....., I saw a beautiful waxen figure of Santa Maria, with the infant Saviour in her arms.

> FAIR picture of divinity! thy brow, Beaming with all the love of its original, Looks as the pure, beatified spirit, now Were glowing o'er it—a holy coronal ;— Oh! while I gaze on thee, I feel a thrilling, As heavenly inspiration sense were filling ;— There's all of angel sweetness, softly glowing O'er thy fair face—and in thy meek, blue eye, The light of glory like soft dew-drops showing Their glittering gems upon the mingled dye Of the white rose leaf,—and a glimpse bestowing, In thy mild look of heavenly purity :— And in thy cherub's face—of high sublimity The intellectual type—heaven's heraldry.

> > HENRY.

THE ATHENÆUM EXHIBITION.

WE give place to the following notices of the Athenæum; and hope U. R. will excuse the omission of a part of his criticism in compliment to the lady who would otherwise have been entirely exiled from our columns for lack of room.

THE ATHENÆUM EXHIBITION.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

MRS. HALE—I have never seen the Gallery of Paintings noticed in your periodical; and fearing my cousin Jane (in the country) who takes all her ideas of Boston from the Ladies' Magazine, would hardly believe there was such a place as the Athenæum, unless she found it named on your pages, I send a few lines, which you may insert, or otherwise, as you think proper.

And first, I must say that a call at the Gallery is the most delightful termination of a walk; and it is truly astonishing how we ever contrived to live pleasantly in Boston, indeed to live at all, without the Gallery of Paintings. We could not now be deprived of it for a whole season, without throwing one half the inhabitants into the dyspepsia, and What should we the other half into a fever—of the soul. think of, what should we converse about, were it not for the Gallery? We talk, but do we feel? I love pictures with all the enthusiasm of a child, and I love to walk about in the Gallery and look on the fair, melancholy or powerful faces, and on the soft or magnificent landscapes-but then I must do it silently. I can never make up my mind concerning the merits of a picture till I am in my own chamber, and alone. Then I sit down and endeavor to recall some piece I have seen, or rather paint it over in thought; and when it rises before me, in all the vividness of the original, I know it is the triumph of the artist which left the impression on my mind, and I unhesitatingly call such a picture good. There are a few in the present collection which have the effect of being remembered with pleasure; but, it is not the portraits. Those of distinguished persons always disappoint us, (see Mrs. Hemans) and portraits of persons who are not distinguished, should never be They are only for the displayed in a public exhibition. domestic altar. I would not have the likeness of one of my nearest and dearest friends in the Gallery, exposed to the stare and criticisms of the crowd-to say nothing of the connoisseur, for the whole profit of the Athenæum.

I said there were a few pictures which might be carried away in the heart; or at least, I wished to bear them away in mine. One of these was the "Moonlight"—by Allston. That is a beautiful thing—and true. Then there are Fisher's landscapes, very fine—only I never think of but one they are all so nearly of the same character. Doughty's have the like fault of similarity, if it be a fault to introduce so often what he paints so well—namely—water. Mount Sinai is a fine painting. A critic might spy some faults in the piece—I remember the sublimity and effect of it as a whole with pleasure. There is an inspiration (poetry) in the pictures of Pratt, which if he holds on his way will undoubtedly make him distinguished in his art. "The dead child," and the "dying Greek" are pictures which stamp themselves on the sympathy rather than the taste of the spectator; yet they possess much merit. I should like to point out a few more of my favorites, but have not time at present.

Yours,

LAURA.

GALLERY OF PAINTINGS.

THERE appears to us to be more glare with less talent, more show with less science in the present collection than in any other that we have witnessed. Most of the pieces are evidently designed for scenick effect. Some exception must be made to the general tendency of this remark—but as a general truth it may be received that the particular. merits of the individual paintings of the present collection are in an inverse ratio to the quantity of canvass which they occupy. The smaller pieces are confessedly more deserving of commendation than the larger. The productions of the "old masters" appear to us exceedingly wanting in design, but still more so in the execution.

No. 5. The "Noli me tangere" (the artist's reputation would have been better consulted by the title Noli me aspectare) appears to us childish in design, and still more faulty in the colouring. The implement half concealed amid the drapery of the principal figure seems as if the artist could not suppose the female capable of suspecting any one to be "a gardener" unless he were invested with some thing char-

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acteristic of the occupation. To represent the Saviour of the world, with a spade, a mattock, or a shovel in his hand, appears to us beneath the dignity of the art. No. 31 strikes us as decidedly the finest painting on this side of the room. The light and shade have here been distributed with a masterly hand, and the piece very forcibly reminds us of the Capuchin Friar's Chapel.

Fisher has been exceedingly felicitous in the pieces we have noticed of his. Since the last exhibition he has made rapid strides toward excellence in a department of the art which is peculiarly his own. No. 91, by this artist, we think presents a fair specimen of his skill in this respect. Leaving the remaining pieces on this side to the remarks of those who are better able than ourselves to point out their beauties and defects, we turn to No. 127, which to our eye, presents more bodily reality than any other piece in the collection. The boldness of the design, the dignity in the expression, the truth in the colouring and the eloquence of the features form a striking contrast with the passive tameness around it, and although it is situated in the immediate vicinity of a conspicuous production of a very eminent artist, it loses nothing by the comparison.

Peale has very temptingly cut open his water-melon. We found ourselves unconsciously bending over to catch the fragrance of what had previously made our mouths water.

No. 215. Whatever may have been his conceptions of the scene he has attempted to delineate, he has by no means given it to us as it is described in the glowing language of the original. Virgil represents Dido as wandering in the Virgil describes The artist presents her near it. wood. her as listening to the addresses of Eneas with her eyes steadfastly rooted to the ground, and with features unmov-The arted as if she had been a statue of Parian marble. ist has endeavoured to improve upon the poet by the addition of passions and feelings natural to an injured woman, but which to us appear out of place in the abodes of the We candidly confess that we prefer the concepdeparted. tion of the poet to that of the artist. There are however many redeeming excellencies in the two productions of the President of the Royal Academy of Prussia. We cannot think, however, that the figures in the back ground of No.

215, which we suppose is intended for Sichæus the former husband of Dido, is among his happiest fancies.

We would premise that our remarks on the exhibition are predicated solely on a fondness for paintings unconnected with any talent in discriminating the excellencies, or any acuteness in detecting defects. We have no science, little taste and less judgment in the matter. It is therefore with much diffidence that we hazard an opinion on any specimen of the art. The present collection, if unenriched by foreign talent, appears to us to have called forth more indigenous skill than any other exhibition which we have witnessed.

As a matter of convenience to the company who are daiby assembled to witness the exhibition we venture to suggest, that a reference to the catalogue for information in relation to the artist, owner, or design is frequently inconvenient. A label attached to each painting conveying this information, would be much better and would not detract from the appearance of the piece any more than the numbers on all, and the letters S, O, L, D, on a portion of them. If this should be found to diminish the profits arising from the sale of the catalogue, let the loss be made up by enhancing the fee for admission.

U. R.

The examination of the Bedford St. Infant School was attended on the 11th, at the Rev. Mr. Green's Church by The scene might be easily described; a crowded audience. but who could utter the emotions it awakened? Judging from the deep interest and enthusiasm displayed in the countenances of the people we should say but few, if any, left the house without wishing the benefits of Infant Schools could be enjoyed by every little child in our land. The members of the Legislature generally attended, and may we not hope they will carry to every section of the State an earnest resolution to exert themselves in improving the primary schools, and encouraging Infant education. The latter, however, must depend chiefly on the efforts of the ladies. Men may give their money to promote the objectwomen must give their hearts to the employment. We shall, next month, refer to this subject again, and more particularly.

EDGE HILL, OR THE FAMILY OF THE FITEROVALS-by a Virginian-Richmond. T. W. White, 1828.

The author of Waverly has surfeited us into an epicurean taste, and then fed us on dainties till he has rendered us dyspeptic. We have in a great measare lost our interest in the fictions of romance. Human nature has so often been painted, so often carricatured that but little is left for future writers but a servile imitation of their predecessors. The present age has done much towards filling up the measure of moral and fanciful description, and if we are not estimated by our successors as a solid or interesting, we shall surely pass for a voluminous age.

The work before us is not one by which either we or the author would desire that the literary reputation of our country should be influenced or rated. It is less pretending in its character; yet the plot is simple and has a good share of interest; and although enlivened by few incidents, those few possess an additional charm in their associations with scenes of national importance. There is one circumstance which will recommend it to a large class of readers ;- it is of domestic manufacture-and even those of a different political creed will more than half prefer it to many exotics of established fame. The scene is laid in the "old dominion" at the period of our revolutionary struggle when the British lion was roaring with a voice heard from the sarge to the summit of the western hills. The story is natural, and the language generally pure and appropriate. The style, though not remarkable for any peculiarities, is easy, and sometimes animated ; and the descriptions, although not sufficiently decided to give a tone to the work, are clear and correct. The dialogue is kept up with tolerable spirit, and on the whole we think the work interesting and creditable to the author.

SPECIMENS OF AMERICAN POETRY. By Samuel Kettell. Boston. S. G. Goodrich & Co. 3 vols. Nearly two years have elapsed since the public announcement that this work was in progress, and we had began to fear it would never be completed. The reasons for this delay are satisfactorily explained in the preface; and an examination of the contents will convince the reader of the difficulty of the task undertaken, as well as the ability with which it has been executed. The work is one of much interest and importance to the American community. Here the carious student may find the remains of our elder poets in the quaint phraseology, enriched and embused

with the scriptural learning, of that primitive and peculiar people. The first volume will not be very attractive to the admirers of poetry, but to one who woeld study the character of those men who founded and freed our nation, it will be invaluable. The notices "Biographical and critical," are necessarily short; but some of them are very finely written. We allude particularly to those of Mather, Trumbull, Mrs. Sigourney, Pierpont, Percival, Neal, Bryant and Brainard. The slight notice taken of some poets whose names and rhymes have found admission, is not to be regretted—perhaps it would have been better, had a *few* been entirely omitted. But we acknowledge our disappointment that Mrs. Wells and her beautiful and pure poetry should be so cursorily dismissed. We think her one of our most gifted female writers; and the fact that she obtained the premium at the opening of the Chatham Theatre, New York, might have been alluded to. We must be watchfal that our own sex suffer no injustice at the literary tribunal, and the more that we have never made any extravagant pretensions on their behalf.

To sum up our opinion of the work under consideration, we think it well done—that it will satisfy the expectations its announcement created; and that it should be purchased by every American who can afford it, and be borroused by all who cannet.

AMIR KHAN, AND OTHER POEMS : the remains of Lucretia Maria Davidson. Samuel F. B. Morse. New York. G. & C. & H. Carvil. The writer of the above work was a native of Plattsburg, New York. At the age of four years she began to display her talent for poetry, though none of those early specimens are preserved. The earliest piece which the book contains was written at the age of eleven ; the subject was Washington, and it was considered so extraordinary for a child, that it was, by her aunt, suggested she had copied it. The effect this had on her is a proof of the integrity and nobleness of her heart, and that inspiration which marks her for a child of geniss. The moment she could check the tears which the unjust charge had called forth, she wrote a letter in rhyme to her aunt, which at once dispelled all suspicions. We cannot follow this interesting young creature even through her brief memoir ; but we recommend the perusal of her Biography to every young lady. It is inserted in the same volume with her poems. The love of knowledge seemed the ruling passion of her soul, and yet she could and did sacrifice that darling wish at the shrine of duty, and affection. That should be a lesson to the poor. Then her watchful improvement of every opportunity presented should be a lesson to the rich.

By the generosity of a stranger she was at length placed in a situation to indulge her thirst for literature—her progress was as rapid as her talents had promised; but death was at hand.

" The flower of genius withers in its bloom."

She died before she was seventeen.

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We preferred giving this slight aketch of Miss Davidson rather than an analysis of her poems. There is a sympathy, felt by every one who has a heart, with the posthumous productions of a young author which disarms criticism. We feel that the writer can never make another exertion, that the book of earthly fame is closed, and we are ready to grant the efforts already made more than justice. But justice must award high praise to this sweet girl ; and yet we admire her character more than her poetry. We quote from the miscellaneous pieces, one which may be called a fair sample.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

To Miss E. C.-Composed on a blank leaf of her Paley, during recitation.

WRITTEN IN HER SIXTEENTH YEAR.

I'm thy guardian angel, sweet maid, and I rest In mine own chosen temple, thy innocent breast; At midnight I steal from my sacred retreat, When the chords of thy heart in soft unison beat.

When thy bright eye is closed, when thy dark tresses flow In beautiful wreaths o'er thy pillow of snow ; O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art, And listen to music which steals from thy heart.

Thy smile is the sunshine which gladdens my soul, My tempest the clouds, which around thee may roll; I feast my light form on thy rapture-breathed sighs, And drink at the fount of those beautful eyes.

The thoughts of thy heart are recorded by me ; There are some which, half-breathed, half-acknowledged by thee. Steal sweetly and silently o'er thy pure breast, Just ruffling its calmess, then murm'ring to rest.

Like a breeze o'er the lake, when it breathlessly lies, With its own mimic mountains, and star-spangled skies; I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping, To guard thee from spirits of sorrow and weeping.

I breathe o'er thy slumbers sweet dreams of delight, Till you wake but to sigh for the visions of night; Then remember, wherever your pathway may lie, Be it clouded with sorrow, or brilliant with joy; My spirit shall watch thee, wherever thou art, My incense shall rise from the throne of thy heart. Farewell ! for the shadows of evening are fied, And the young rays of morning are wreathed round my head.

THE HAPPY VALLEY: HAPPY DAYS: THE WARNING. Printed for the Boston Sunday School Society. Wait, Green & Co. 1829. pp. 40. 40 & 96. If no other good were effected by associations for the support of Sunday Schools, it would be sufficient proof of their usefulness to point out

the facilities afforded for moral instruction, conveyed in an engaging dress, which these institutions have in general engendered by their publicationst The children of the poorer classes of society, whose moral principles are no less important than those whose example is destined for future precedent, have heretofore been destitute of such means of improvement as are the most efficacions because the most simple, the more permanent because more strongly associated with images which as easily captivate the memory as they entertain the imagination and improve the heart. It is a common remark that History is nothing less than Philosophy teaching by examples. It is no less true that a nobler, a refined species of morality is taught by those simple and natunl stories which have been published by many institutions whose object has been to improve the character of the world, not by a useless expenditure of words or precepts on those who have been confirmed in their errors by obstinate and almost inflexible habit ; but by mixing the salutary influences with the earliest flow of the current of life, and impregnating the fountain so strongly that the future streams which mingle with the waters cannot wholly subdue their control. Such must be the effect of the exertions of those benevolent individuals of whatever religious sect or party, who have for their object, the unpretending but important task of improving the morals of the young. The little books before us are of a description well calculated to promote the object for which they are intended. Their authors appear to be fully capable of writing for the improvement of more advanced minds ; but in pursuing their object they have wisely remembered the close analogy between the mind and the body,---that high seasoned viands are not for young appetites ; but that the food for children must be simple, light and nutritions. Accordingly they have with considerable success, brought down a refined species of morality to the comprehension of the young ; presenting it in an engaging dress, and associsting it with interesting narratives that must indelibly impress it upon the memory.

THE GARLAND OF FLORA. Boston, Carter & Hendee. Those who love flowers and fine sentiments should forthwith acquaint themselves with the contents of this elegant volume. They will find descriptions, and very apposite ones too, of nearly all the race of Flora, which, by becoming identified with human passions and feelings, have a history independent of their vegetable character. A thorough Botanist would probably call the Garland a romance, and throw it disdainfully aside for Linneus, Persoon, Smith or Nuttall; preferring the awful nomenclature science has bestowed on the flowers to the poetry and pretty sayings these same children of the sun and the dew have called forth. But those who pursue the study of Botany more as a recreation than a profession will find the Garland a very interesting and useful manual. There is another class of readers and writers too, which will find it invaluable. We mean those who complain of a treacherous memory, and according

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ly never task themselves with laying up aught in their minds, but depend altogether on a note book or "volume of extracts" for their mottoes, quotations, &c. The book is handsomely printed—has a beautiful frontispiece—and displays the goed taste and diligent research of the compiler. But we missed one of our most gifted poets among the crowd of names—Bryant deserved a place with his beautiful poem "To the yellow fringed Gentian." The following will show the method of the work.

ROSE.

"Rose; English.—Le rose; French.—Rosa; Italian & Latin. The rose is at once the long acknowledged emblem of *love*, youth, and *beauty*—the queen of flowere—the favorite of the world !

Berkley, in his Utopia, describes lovers as declaring their affection by presenting a rose bud just opened; this, if fortunate, was succeeded by a rose fully blows, and the lady was considered engaged for life."

FLORA DOMESTICA.

" Oh ! sooner shall the rose of May Mistake her own sweet nightingale, And to some meaner minstrel's lay Open her boson's glowing veil, Than love shall ever doubt a tone, A breath of his beloved one."

LALLA ROOKH."

Thus the history of the rose is continued by quotations from about seventy different writers, occupying nearly eighteen pages; hut all who love roses; and what lady does not? will find sufficient of the beautiful and carious in the collection to reward their perusal.

OURIEA. A TALE FROM THE FRENCH. Boston, Carter & Hendee. We seldom meet with a story so original as this. It is the history of a negress, who was, in infancy, carried from Surinam to Paris—adopted and educated by an elegant and intelligent woman, in all the refinements of fashionable society. When Ourika is fifteen she discovers the prejudices of society which condemn her for the guilt of a dark skin, to ignominy. Her griefigand struggles are powerfully and touchingly told. But the christian religion at last spoke peace to her vexed spirit. There is joy in reflecting that God is no respecter of persons. The work is a translation from the French, and is very interesting.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The notices of several books, prepared for this number of the Magazine, are emitted for lack of room. A number of communications are likewise on hand; yet not so many but what we could wish more, and better.

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No. VII.

THE PILGRIM MAIDEN TO HER LOVER.

Farewell, my love !---beneath the sky We ne'er shall meet again, For when these lines salute thine eye Afar upon the main Will Mary be-yet blame me not, Nor deem my heart untrue; My country-that may be forgot; Yet shall I think on you. Farewell, my love-thy soul I know Was fondly knit to mine, And thou wilt grieve that I should go-Yct might I e'er be thine ? Thou wilt not worship where I kneel, My God thou dost despise; And could I look to heaven, yet feel Reproved by those dear eyes ? Farewell, my love-thy gorgeous hall May centre earthly bliss: And thou hast fame, and gold, and all The world calls happiness-These baubles have enthralled thy mind, And thus thy bane will be-There comes an hour when thou wilt find They cannot comfort thee.

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Farewell, farewell !----my course is bound Across the roaring billow ;

And I may rest on desert ground, A wreath of snow my pillow-

There deep, dark forests stretch afar, By savage footsteps trod :

Yet there the beams of Bethlehem's Star Shall guide us to our God.

And there, in that lone world, we'll rear To Him a shrine so pure,

Though guilty nations shake with fear Our temple shall endure;

And faith can see Jehovah bless Our refuge with his grace.

And freedom make the wilderness Her chosen resting place.

And fondly shall I tend it there, And watch its buds expand;

The first sweet flower—I'll name it thine— And ere the soft leaves wither

I'll lay them on this heart of mine, That they may fade together.

Farewell, a last, a long farewell,

Since thus our fate must be— Thou wilt not follow where I dwell,

Nor I return to thee:

The favor of the world thou hast, But mine is heavenly peace-

And that like meteor's glare is past, While this will never cease.

Farewell; the grove where oft we met, Thou must now seek alone;

There should one tear of fond regret Gush forth that I am gone---

O, hallow then to me that tear, And be one, one prayer given,

That though our paths are severed here, They may unite in heaven.

CORNELIA.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

POLITICAL PARTIES.

Miss Thankful Pope lived and died an old maid in consequence of a difference in political sentiment between herself and lover; and she always declared, (after she and her lover separated,) party spirit was the bane of all social intercourse, and would sooner or later, prove the destruction of our liberties. Why she should make the last remark I never exactly understood, as she certainly retained her liberty in consequence of party disputes. Her own account of the matter, however, is the best explanation of her creed, and so I shall give her history just as she related it to her nicces, the two Miss Wiltons.

These young ladies were visiting at the house of their grandfather, and one forenoon of a summer day they accompanied aunt Thankful on a ramble. After proceeding some way along the high road which was skirted on the left by a wood, aunt Thankful suddenly struck into a bypath leading directly into the forest. She pursued its apparently untrodden windings, followed by her nieces, till they came to the banks of a considerable stream. The young ladies concluded their walk in that direction was terminated, till their aunt remarked there was a log across the river at a little distance, over which they might pass---"and there is a spot on the other side I should like to have you visit," said she.

So they proceeded up the stream, and soon reached the rude bridge; Helen, the youngest girl, began to tremble, and fear her head might swim; but there being no cavalier at hand to whom her timidity might have been interesting, she finally listened to her aunt's sensible assurances, that there was no sort of danger "if she would only look straight before her, and not frighten herself by her own screams." She followed this rational advice (which in a like emergency I recommend to all young ladies) and went over as safely as though the bridge had been made of iron, with a railing reaching to the moon.

Aunt Thankful proceeded onward for half a mile or more, the path still winding amid trees and shrubs, yet the

growth of bushes and briars had evidently sprung up after the land had once been, in the phrase of the country, cleared, till they came suddenly out on more open space, where a family had once dwelt. There were no buildings; but broken bricks half buried in the ground, scattered stones, and a cavity in the earth which had been a cellar, indicated the spot where the house had stood. The garden too might be traced by the proximity of shrubs and plants never indigenous in the same locality; and many flowers still blossomed there, in spite of the rank weeds and tall grass that seemed to grudge them a space for display. The north side of the ground which the garden had occupied, might be traced by a double row of lofty elms, most of them still standing, and forming, as they threw abroad their luxuriant branches in a variety of graceful curves and inclinations, an avenue grand and beautiful. At the termination of this shaded walk was an enormous tree of the evergreen species, called, as aunt Thankful affirmed, "the balsam tree;" at a little distance, on one side of this, had formerly been a summer house, as was apparent from the lilac and rose bushes and other flowering shrubs clustered together; all overrun and nearly choked by a luxuriant woodbine that had been trained over the building. Further on, a fine clear spring bubbled up by the side of a rock; the water had once been collected in a reservoir—this was now filled with rubbish, and the stream ran off by a channel concealed by tall brakes and flags, till its course was lost in a thicket, formerly a nursery of fruit trees on the south. Beneath the balsam tree was a turf seat, whether natural or artificial the young ladies could not decide; wood-sorrel, with its pretty, yellow blossoms, mingled with the moss that grew near the roots of the tree, and little nameless flowers were peeping up amid the thick green grass which spread around, wearing that cool, moist look, which is so charming to the eve during the hot, sultry hours of a summer day.

The ladies sat down on the turf seat, while Helen, who had been, with her usual quickness, taking note of all, exclaimed hurriedly—

"Who did live here, aunt? What could they mean by leaving such a sweet spot? They had no taste I am sure, thus to allow this pretty place to become a ruin !"

"O, yes !- and I thought there were no ruins in our

country—and that that was the reason why our writers could not contrive a good novel. But here I am sure is a ruin," said Catharine.

"Nature will soon repair it, though," said aunt Thankful. "Nature is still the empress of our land, and it will be many years yet, notwithstanding all our industry, before we shall sufficiently conquer her domain to have works of art, as in Europe; more attractive of observation here than the wonders and luxuriance of nature."

"What a dear romantic spot this must have been," continued Helen.—"See, yonder was the orchard on the side of that hill to the south; and how grand the forest appears stretching away in the distance till it blends with the blue mists of yonder mountains. O, we live in a lovely land !" "And in a *free* country," said Catharine, proudly. "I

"And in a free country," said Catharine, proudly. "I do love to think, and repeat that I live in a land of freedom."

"We are not free," said aunt Thankful.

" Not free !" exclaimed both of the young ladies.

" No-not free-had we been so, this pleasant place would not have been abandoned, nor should I." Aunt Thankful paused, and Helen, who was steadfastly looking at her, saw she blushed. Now Helen had a confused recollection that her mother had told her something respecting a disappointment aunt Thankful had suffered in her youth, and it occurred to the young lady that the affair might somehow be connected with the scene before them. She felt a little curiosity (quite natural for a young girl) to know the particulars, and she contrived to frame her questions so adroitly that her aunt could not well avoid relating the whole story; and to say the truth, she was pleased with the opportunity of telling it -a sure sign that her heart no longer endured pain from the retrospect, though her reason might regret the termination of the affair. It was a long story as she related it, occupying full three hours; but thus the abridgment may be told.

"I remember," she began, "when this place, then a wild wood, was sold by my father to a Mr. Kendall, an Englishman by birth. He had resided in Philadelphia several years, and there married his wife; but finally ill health induced him to remove and establish himself at the North. He was a man of more taste than calculation, as our people thought, for he preserved many of the fine old trees when his land was cleared, and he built himself a neat little cottage, instead of a two-story house, and laid out a large garden, spending much of his time in embellishing it with rare plants and curious flowers, and was never once heard to boast of his large corn or early potatoes. However, he was quite popular notwithstanding, for he was industrious, and was reported to be worth a handsome fortune, and moreover he was very hospitable, and his wife made a pudding which was unequalled; though our good wives all believed her husband taught her the recipe.

"Mr. Kendall had a daughter about my own age, (I was then a child,) and a son several years older. George was a very studious, steady boy, and his discreet behavior soon made him a favorite in our sober society; and hearing his name so often quoted as a pattern for our youths, it is no wonder I learned to consider him a paragon of excellence. I was intimate with his sister; and finally, George and I became attached to each other. I was called very handsome in those days—you need not smile, Laura. I know that usually every antiquated damsel claims to have been a belle in her youth, and they generally claim too, the honor of having rejected several lovers-not an old maid breathes but imagines she might have been married had she chose. Such pretensions sound very ridiculous when urged by the spinster of three-score. I shall say no such thing; but I do say, and it is not boasting, that when of your age I was as handsome as either of you.

"Well, George and I were engaged, and happy days we past, when he came home at the college vacations, he and his sister Mary and I. How often have we all sat here beneath this very tree; George playing on his clarionet or reading, Mary and I busied in making some article of clothing for him, or netting him a purse, or cutting watch-papers—O, that was a sunny time of life to me !"

The voice of aunt Thankful trembled as she dwelt on the recollections of her youth—she paused and wiped her eyes. Helen was a gav girl, and her aunt felt somewhat fearful of her mirth; but she need not. There is a sacredness in the exhibition of the deeper emotions of soul which will check the levity of every person of delicacy or feeling; and Helen, even before she was aware, was wiping her own eyes in

sympathy with her aunt's grief. After a pause of a few minutes, aunt Thankful resumed her story.

"George closed his academic career with honor, and immediately commenced the study of the law, in which it was expected by his friends he would become eminent, as he had many natural qualifications for a public speaker. need not say how happy his success made me, nor how proud I was of his talents, till an incident occurred which destroyed all my complacency in his merits. Like all'our young men who are intending to figure in the world, he soon turned his attention to politics. He was educated a federalist; but whether he wished to show he was entirely free in the selection of his political creed, or whether he was a sincere convert to the cause he espoused, or that his coursewas dictated by whim, I cannot sav-but to the horror of our whole community we learned he had been writing articles, and very spirited ones they were too, for a democratic newspaper. This was during the winter of '98 and 9-when party spirit raged so bitterly. O, I shall never forget my astonishment when I found George was what we termed a Jacobin. Strange as it may seem to you, strange indeed as it now seems to me, I did then believe that if the democratic party succeeded in electing their candidate, our liberty, laws and religion would all be sacrificed, and that we should experience all the horrors here which we read were perpetrated in France. I had no reasons for my opinion; it was adopted solely from education and feeling; yet I made the sentiments of my party the standard of rectitude, and had George committed a murder, I should hardly have been more shocked than when he declared himself a republican. The first time I heard it from his own lips, was at a large party, whither he had come to seek me, when he found I was not at home. I had not seen him for five months, yet the first thought that entered my mind when he addressed me was, that I would ridicule him for his political heresies till I made him deny, before the whole company, that he had written the obnoxious articles, or else he should apologise, and disclaim all intention of being serious in his new opinions. But he would do neither; and finally I was so mortified, for I had often declared I knew he never would acknowledge his principles

before me, that I burst into tears and determined to go home. He followed, and offered in a very mild tone to attend me : this somewhat soothed me, and I accepted his arm. During our walk, which was a silent one, I concluded that if we talked the matter over at home, my father would join with me, and we should convince George he was wrong. Accordingly, as soon as we were seated in our parlor, I introduced the subject by telling my father what George had It is impossible to describe the scene that ensued. said. Μv father was a native of the "land of steady habits," and he would have held himself eternally disgraced had he yielded one word of his sound principles as fallible. George was naturally calm in his manner, but he had a bold spirit when it was aroused, and a persevering temper, and he prided himself on being able to chop logic with any one. cannot tell which had the best of the argument; I only know that the longer they disputed, the firmer each grew in his own opinion, and such I believe is usually the case in political controversies. The reason is now evident to me. They are never entered into with any wish to gain a knowledge of truth, but only a triumph for a party.

"Well, my father at last grew terribly irritated, and he rose up, and told George, while he held such disorganizing sentiments, he never wished to see him enter his doors again.

George looked at me. I sat unmoved as a statue, and returned his appealing glance with a smile of scorn. He bade us good night, and I never saw him again."

"What did become of him? Did he commit suicide? I hope it was not here "—exclaimed Helen, looking eagerly around as if she expected to see his grave close at hand.

"No, no," said aunt Thankful, rather pettishly, "there is no fear that a politician will ever die for love. Politics have some good tendencies; the ambition of their votaries, and the continual excitement in which they live, prevents the excessive indulgence of any single passion, or in other words, the politician who would succeed, must practice self-command. The proud man is often obliged to humble himself; the indolent is aroused to activity; the rash man becomes circumspect; the narrow-minded displays generosity—in short, there is an influence in a republican government calculated to call forth and strengthen the noblest powers of men, reason and judgment ; and it would always do this were it not counteracted by the prejudices of party spirit fostered by the selfish and designing. Strange we should think prejudice confined to one particular party, when it is the foundation of all. I am now sensible it was only my prejudices that condemned George.

I expected he would write me the next day, but I determined to return his letter unless it contained a recantation of his opinions : however, he never troubled me with any application, and that leads me to think he was honest in his principles, and that he calculated time would show me he had not been a traitor to his religion or his country. He soon left the town, and shortly after I heard he had gone to Savanna and taken charge of a paper devoted to his party. I believe I was not a thorough politician, for I wept at the thought of his danger from the sickly climate, when I ought to have rejoiced at the prospect of his sickness or death, if that would have been of any advantage to our cause. You shudder, but it is certainly true that party spirit, when indulged to enthusiasm, withers every kindly emotion of the heart towards those it counts as political enemies.

"It was soon rumored that Mr. Kendall was inclining towards the opinions of his son, and he and his daughter were immediately treated with what we thought, merited contempt. I believe no one went further in this unchristian conduct than myself. The truth was, I was very unhappy; I had lost my lover, and I endeavored to persuade myself that all I suffered was owing to the horrid principles of democracy which were constantly gaining ground.

"Poor Mary! I used her cruelly, and never once reflected that she was following the same course with myself, that is, imbibing as her own the sentiments of her nearest friends. Many do this, but such should never claim any merit for the correctness of their opinions, nor indeed claim to hold correct principles at all. How do they know the path in which they have been guided is the best, when they have never examined any other? You know how that contested election terminated. I was absolutely amazed, and expected the judgments of heaven would follow our nation because of the wickedness of its rulers. I had still so

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much confidence in the integrity of George Kendall that I thought when he discovered what a party he had joined he would recede. But I learned he was appointed to some office, and I treated Mary worse than ever. But at last she escaped from my insolence. The house of Mr. Kendall took fire one night, and was consumed with all the contents. He could not rebuild it without accepting assistance from his neighbors, which, as they had treated him like an enemy, he would not do; and so he and Mary went on a visit to George, and there they have ever since resided."

"Did George never return here ?" asked Catharine.

"Never," said her aunt. "Yet he cruelly retained this I say cruelly, because it led me to believe he inproperty. tended to return. Many persons wrote to him offering to purchase it, but he replied that it was not to be sold. I therefore concluded that he was conscious he was in the wrong, and only waited a favorable moment to come and throw himself at my feet and retract his political errors. But months and years passed on, and the next election found him still a republican. Indeed, as those political excitements began to subside, I saw that neither party could claim to be infallible, and I felt more reconciled to the course George had pursued, and if he had returned I should have welcomed him. But I could not think of beginning the correspondence either with him or Mary, and seeking a reconciliation, because I feared they would think I was making advances to him-and if he rejected them-0! it would be too humiliating, notwithstanding I knew I had been to They probably thought me inexorable-and so six blame. years rolled away, then I heard George was married !"

I have told you this story that you may be warned against indulging the rancor of party feelings. I do not say ladies should abstain from all political reading or conversation, that they should take no interest in the character or condition of their country. I cannot think, in a land so favored as ours, such indifference and ignorance is excusable in a rational being. But their influence should be exerted to allay, not to excite party animosities: their concern should be for their whole country, not for a party. In their own little circles they may in a quiet manner do much to calm the irritations which public excitements would otherwise mingle with social life; to do this requires some knowledge, but more prudence. "But you said we were not free," remarked Helen.

"None are free who become the slaves of a party," replied aunt Thankful ;"" nor will they tolerate freedom of sentiment in others. My meaning was that if George Kendall had been permitted, without persecution, to enjoy his political principles unmolested here, he would never have gone to the South. We shall never be free in spirit while bigotry and intolerance are cherished among us."

THE BALL.

AFRIAL forms are gliding through the mazes of the dance Like moonbeams playing fitfully, midst bayonet and lance: And gentle bosoms undulate, as swells and sinks the lake, When music's notes, like Southern airs, to graceful motion wake.

There, conscious beauty proudly treads, with majesty of mien, Claiming the humble homage paid by vassals to their queen: Here modest loveliness retires from each enraptured gaze, —Give me the pearl's soft brilliancy, before the diamond's blaze.

And love is wandering anxiously the laughing groups among, Watching for that kind glance which needs no utterance of the tongue.

Or singling, from the glittering crowd of jewels rare, the gem More dear to him than all the wealth of monarch's diadem.

Oh'tis a joyful sound, to hear—amid the mingled hum Of merry voices, sighing flute, gay laugh and pealing drum,— The still, small whisperings of a heart we know is all our own, To feel the pressure of that hand that clings to ours alone.

And 'tis a joyful sight, to see those melting hazel eyes In quivering diffidence towards ours, just trembling on the rise, That look of full acknowledgment—that eloquent appeal— That blush, which like morn's crimson flush, love's dawning doth reveal.

The author of the following poem is doubtless aware that prudent people consider it rather hazardous to select a partner for life in the ball room. However, he seems so very sincere in his dream of constancy that we concluded to give his effasion a place—constancy being one of the cardinal virtues of a true knight.

THE MOTHER.

But the ball-room—the ball-room !---'Tis desolate and lone, The splendid pageant's vanished—music—revelers—all are gone. The empty hall is echoing to my solitary tread,

Like the cloistered aisles, beneath whose vaults repose the silent dead.

Yet, still that heart-surrendering look is lingering mid the gloom Like a sunbeam flitting radiantly around a lowly tomb.

Hope's leaves may wither—all life's flowers may, one by one, decay; But from my soul, that look of love can never fade away.

D. I. U.

THE MOTHER.

THERE is no state of life in which we aspire to imitation so much as the period when we are just emerging from childhood. We see those around us who are scheming,our energy is aroused, and our plans are laid. At such a crisis as this did I create a world of enjoyment for myself. My parents had removed to a village where I had previously formed some acquaintance. The young people all around me were preparing to leave the village; some for the south, some for the north, others for the eastward. My brothers had all been to the southward, but I had not. One of them had come home to pass the summer, and invited me to go back with him, and my parents consented I should go. I had to encounter the dreaded scene of parting. can never forget it, so full was it of interest-bright were my expectations of the future; but sad was the reality of the present.

We set sail—nothing of interest occurred on our passage. Any one who has undertaken a sea-voyage can easily imagine the dull, monotonous tone of it; such as sea-sickness, occasional bickerings among the passengers, "a sail O!" These triffing occurrences fill up in general a large measure of a listless sea-voyage. Sometimes we are subjected to "bad captains," "bad crew," "bad cooks," "bad accommodations," and bad passengers are not unfrequent : but in the present instance, we were favoured with a fine

THE MOTHER.

captain, an excellent crew, a good cook, and most agreeable passengers. Our passage was a remarkable pleasant one; we encountered no gales, every thing was propitious to our wishes. We only reefed a topsail once, and that was unnecessary, as we only prepared against the fear of a storm. Thus safely were we borne on the bosom of the mighty waters.

We arrived at New Orleans, and I was received most cordially. Our youth who have visited a southern port know that there is a genuine warmth of feeling peculiar to those who have resided there when they receive a friend just arrived from the north. I believe with most people at the north, that they do in a measure forget the connexions they leave behind, they are so entirely engrossed by the wants and sufferings of those around them, -and there are not a few destitute and suffering. We may deprecate the views which brought them to this state ; but there is a common bond between them, a sort of sympathy for them, a melancholy foreboding which makes them reflect that they may be a like wanderer, and distressed in a country which makes them connect themselves with a set of men whom at the north they would shun. For these reasons they are the more strongly affected when they receive a friend just arrived; they can greet them as the companions of a less corrupting climate-the innocent companions of former days. It may be that, from sympathising with the unfortunate, they are at last brought to participate of the same condition. But who can look on a companion who is without a home, perhaps driven from home by misfortunes in business; who has fled thither from the grasp of unfeeling creditors, to seek an existence in a country of diseases and privations; he is far, far away from his loved connexions; he cannot return to them, his creditors would cast him into prison. Who then can look on a frail creature like this and not feel one touch of pity ?

I have visited the strangers' burying-place in New Orleans, and my heart sunk in sadness when I read the names of young men who lie there. Some had gone to seek a fortume; others to avoid creditors. But a few months had they been there ere they were swept away in all the pride of their strength. Contagion spread like wildfire, like a deadly desolating forrent; not all the artillery of war could mow them down with a more destructive aim than did this dreadful contagion. No friend was near to close their eyes; they dropped in the ways, smitten by the hand of death. No funeral had they; but as they were found in the streets, so the grave received them. There too lay the young wife; the tender, delicate female, who had left her home to follow her heart's best love through weal or wo. But she can no longer share the burden of her husband's sorrows—God hath taken what was only lent, and she rests there in the unbroken slumber of death. I can never think of my visit to the strangers' burying-place without calling up many of the sad thoughts which then came over me.

Spring arrived ; it was time for me to think of returning ; but my friends urged me to stay a little longer, and a little longer, till I protracted my visit to a dangerous period. After the middle of May they told me I should surely die on my passage. The yellow fever was again beginning its desolating course ; already many had died of it, and I considered myself as safe to attempt a passage as to remain there—at any rate I should die a little nearer home. Only one more vessel would sail for the northward, and I took my passage in her. It was a wretched little schooner—badly found, and under the command of a mean captain ; directly the reverse of the one in which I had sailed out. We began to experience gales almost as soon as we launched into the open sea. We were all sick, and it did seem as though death would overtake us every instant.

One day while I was on deck I was surprised to see an aged female creeping up from the steerage. She appeared overcome with extreme debility—no one went near till I came forward to assist her. She accepted my assistance thankfully; but seemed unwilling to give the least trouble. She sat down almost overcome with the exertion she had made to gain the deck. My attention was irresistibly drawn towards her—her countenance betrayed that she had borne her burden of sorrows. She held on to a tattered bible which she seemed to retain in her hand with an uncertain grasp; she could only read a line or two at a time, then she would brush away the tears from her eyes, and resume her reading only by intervals; still at every pause she seemed to gather fresh strength to proceed. Her countenance was alternately agitated by sorrow, and by an eviTHE MOTHER.

dent terror of the element which now tossed us on a tremendous billow, then again plunged us in a deep trough of the sea. Then again she would look up to heaven so calmly, so christian-like as if holding communion with some pure spirit there which she was about to join. Although at sea there is but little regard to appearance, yet this old lady reminded me of the beautiful little story of "the widow and her son," by Washington Irving. Her dress evinced the utmost neatness, but the many darns in her muslin cap spoke extreme poverty; a narrow, black ribbon on it told the departure of a relative; and the black crape gown which she wore was evidently turned and patched with the utmost economy. The quality of these articles indicated a once prosperous state. She had no protector; and I learned from some one on board that a person had put her there, and had strongly solicited a birth for her in the cabin ; but she could not collect money enough to defray the expences of the miserable birth which she occupied in the steeragethe unfeeling captain would not hear to trusting her for the additional expense of a better place. Her situation called up all my solicitude-her extreme debility, her unprotected state spoke to my heart. I determined to give up my own birth to her and take up with hers. When I offered it to her she looked up to me with tears in her eyes, and could scarcely articulate her thanks ; and told me she could never repay me-that she was a poor creature, and it mattered but little where she lay-she should soon be laid to rest in her grave-she only wished to go to her friends and die with them. I examined her birth and found it consisted of nothing but a few bunches of dirty cotton picked up from the wharf and put on the hard boards; over that was thrown a piece of old sail-cloth-this constituted the bed of the meek sufferer. I insisted upon her acceptance of my offer. When she was so fatigued that she could not support herself on deck I carried her into the cabin. I sat by her sometimes to administer such little comforting refreshments as I had in my possession, and she would look upon me with all the affection of a mother, and the big tear would roll silently down her cheeks. Such days as she could sit on deck I would take her up there. I sat by her, and from time to time I gathered the particulars of her situation.

She had married early in life and was blessed with an af-

fectionate husband. When they commenced in the world the country had hardly recovered from the shock of the revolution; every body was poor; and they had nothing to begin their career with but health, hope, and industrious These proved a fortune to them, as they soon habits. abounded in the good things of the earth-they were at length opulent. They had several sons and one daughter They were just acquiring a handsome education and only. were mingling in polished society, when a villain obtained her husband's consent to endorse for a large amount, and swept away a large portion of his estate; added to that he had met with heavy losses in his shipping which deprived him of every thing he possessed. They were again to re-new their habits of industry and economy, and in their old age to resort to the same means by which they had gained their property. None of their children had ever left them till then; but now they were to be scattered abroad in distant places. One departed, then another and another, till all had gone from them, and they were left childless.

Their only daughter had married, and died soon after. One son followed the sea and was murdered by pirates. Another had a commission in the United States service ; he was a brave fellow, and had contributed mainly to their support, but was unfortunately stationed at a southern port where the horrible practice of duelling was called honoura-He had a misunderstanding with a gentleman, and the offence of a moment must bear the seal of eternity. He fell -and another chord that bound the mother to this earth was snapped asunder. Old, and broken hearted; oppressed by the unfeeling world, and worn out with incessant labour, her kind husband next sunk into the grave. The loss of one treasure enhances the worth of the next in value; so the afflicted parent clung with increased love and anxiety to her remaining sons.

These were then established in the mercantile line at the north; but the misfortune so common to young merchants overtook them—they became embarrassed, and necessity drove them to seek their fortunes in a hot, sickly climate. They were uncommonly steady, and were like brothers to their fellow-sufferers. The yellow fever raged dreadfully; but no fear of contagion ever kept them from rendering assistance to the sick. Many who are alive now owe their

THE MOTHEB.

existence to them; and of those that died, their friends feel grateful to these brothers that saw them decently interred. They did not escape the disease, however, and two of them were taken down with it in one day. All their companions that were taken with it at the same time, died; but they recovered. This was in the middle of the summer, and they again, though warned of their perilous situation, still went about from house to house seeking out the sick and interring the dead; and were alike indefatigable in their exertions to preserve the citizens' property from the negroes' pillages. At last cool weather came and the sickness seemed to have disappeared, so that the people were return-Those who were indebted to the brothers' ing to the city. care greeted them with tears of joy, and the whole city universally applauded their noble exertions. But this short term of cool weather was succeeded by a few days that were unusually warm for the season : it created great alarm, but two or three days passed and no one was taken sick, and the anxiety subsided. On the last day of the warm weather, the two brothers who were before sick with the disease, were both again attacked in one day, and both died the same day; both were interred in the same grave in the strangers' burying-place. God had spared them in the midst of contagion; but in his mysterious wisdom had singled them out from a circle where nothing but health and happiness seemed to reign. Not another person was sick with the disease.

There was none left to the mother now but the oldest This son had entirely escaped the contagion, although son. he too aided the sick in common with his brothers. He had married the daughter of a rich northern gentleman against his wishes. He had followed his brothers in consequence of his misfortunes; but declined taking her with him till he should ascertain for a certainty the prospect of prosperity. He was industrious--was at length fortunate, and he sent for her. She came a distance of many thousand miles contrary to all her friends' entreaties, and even threatenings ; and while labouring under a seated consump-She came from an abode of luxury-from her home tion. and all her friends. She braved the dangers of the sea to share with only one beloved object the privations of a sick-

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ly climate and a precarious prosperity. She blessed him but a little while with her sweet presence ere the hand of death was laid upon her. She lived only to prove herself a devoted wife, then to be borne to the strangers' buryingplace to sleep there in the unbroken slumber of death.

Her husband could not sustain the shock. Her loss deranged his faculties; a fever ensued and terminated in insanity. But she did not appear to be the subject of his ravings; there seemed to be a sense of her loss, although he did not speak her name; but he raved incessantly for his aged mother. His physicians declared it impossible to send him to his native place; and as soon as the intelligence reached his mother she determined to go to him at all events. Her friends gathered round her and used every argument to dissuade her; but she said there was a power above that directed all things,---to that power she would commend herself while she went to seek her only remaining child. She had suffered under a slight paralytic shock, and that circumstance gave increased energy to their entreaties; they redoubled their exertions, but nature prevailed, and the mother went to her last son. Once more she beheld her wretched son, but alas ! no longer did he rave for her, he no longer recollected a single individual; but raved without ceasing for beings created only by his own fancy. It was a bitter disappointment to her who had anticipated he might recover could he see her; for it did not once enter her imagination that he would not recognize her. Shetold me she watched every wave as it receded, and blessed it as it bore her one ripple nearer to that beloved child. She remained with him constantly, anxiously watching for the slightest dawn of reason; but that was not permitted to be. She was at last prevailed upon to leave him for a short time to recruit her strength a little.--She had not left him many hours before the sad news was told her that he had rid himself of his wretched existence. Her beloved son, her only child, the hope of her old age, had died by his own hand. Thus was the last tie that bound her to this earth snapped asunder. She never murmured once at this recital; but meekly pressed her hands together and said, Father of mercies, thy will be done.

This son had been prosperous and accumulated considerable property; she endeavoured to obtain it to bear her THE MOTHER.

back again to her friends, and to make comfortable the little remnant of her days. But by a most singular perversion of principle, too common in those climates; a principle that bestows liberally in charity, while it withholds that which may be claimed as a right—by men possessed of these principles was she deprived of every cent of her son's estate. And it was to the contributions of charity she was indebted for the scanty sum that so poorly provided her a passage. These were all the particulars of her sad story that she confided to me.

We had had tremendous gales, and the old lady suffered very much from the violent motion of the vessel; she was so emaciated that the skin was worn off her hands where she held on to the side of the birth. Every day diminished her strength; and when the weather would possibly admit of carrying her on deck, I placed her there and supported her with pillows. She had now become so weak that she could say but very little; and I usually left her to herself, as she seemed inclined to sleep, after placing something to protect her from the sun. She was more than usually weak one day, and her sleep seemed to be broken; but she complained of no pain. I saw that the sun had begun to shine in her face, and stepped gently towards her to adjust the shade; she opened her eyes and they glistened with gratitude, but she did not speak. I felt no alarm at this, but left her again to repose. She slept, I thought, unusually long, and it was past her time to go below; she always went before sunset; but now the sun had gone down. I went to her, and there was the same expression of gratitude, the same meek look of piety, as when I looked on her before. I spoke to her, but she answered not; I took hold of her hand gently to rouse her, and it was icy cold. It was her last sleep; the long, cold slumber of death. The last words I remember to have heard her say was, she hoped she might live to see her old friends and die with them.

Preparations were soon made to consign the body to the deep, as we were in a hot climate, and it was not possible to keep her many hours. The whole crew was assembled and stood silently uncovered round the body, while the captain read in a cold, heartless manner, the beautiful prayer of the English service for this occasion. I could not bear the thought that the frail tenement of so pure a spirit

should be thrown heartlessly into the sea. And when the body slid from the board and fell with a heavy, helpless sound into the water, I instinctively reached forward as if to arrest its course; but I sunk back again to the cold reality that I must quit forever the senseless form. The night was dark, we were in the gulf stream, and as the body rolled with a deep sound into the water it parted it for a moment or two, and seemed to send up sprays of liquid fire; we could tell its course by the sparkling brilliancy of the It would have awakened my curiosity at any other water. time; but it brought over us a superstitious awe and added to the gloom of the scene as we stood silently gazing till the water was no longer agitated. Each one moved noiselessly from the spot to their accustomed pursuits; I alone stirred not; I could not move or speak. The moon soon rose, and seemed to light up the sky with uncommon brilliancy, as if to mock the gloom of my heart.

We found a scanty supply of wearing apparel belonging to her, and several locks of hair choicely folded in separate papers, and the names of each of her children written on them.

I have met all my friends—the Almighty has prolonged them to me far beyond my deserts; and I have been in many, many joyous scenes; but amidst them all, when a heavy stone has been thrown into the water in idle play, it has brought back to my mind all the sad, the never to be forgotten recollections of the mother.

A. E. R. E.

MOONLIGHT.

1

The heavens are lit—the moonbeams stream Soft as of smiling friends the dream On many an eye, upturned to find A solace for the wounded mind; And many a heart, thou moon ! to thee, With all its wealth of secrecy, Doth rise, and breathe out thoughts that long Had shunn'd the cold and soulless throng. Ay! many a broad, bright, stainless brow Doth calmly feel as mine does now. While gazing on thy ample shield, That keeps at bay the clouds and storm, Like a young conqueror, when the field Is won by his victorious arm; Whilst, like yon stars, far-far and wide, His legions reach, in glancing pride ! Gleam on ! gleam on !---oh, 'tis the hour When the pure spirit's waking power Leaps up, nor longer links with earth The title of its glorious birth. Gleam on ! I will not mix to-night With aught of earth, however bright-I will not bind a chainless soul Unto the heartless world's control,-But, viewless power! to thee-to thee-I bow my heart-I bend my knee.

ROSCREA.

EARLY EDUCATION.

THE various relations in which the female sex are connected in society afford no subject so important, and none in which they are more deeply concerned, or in which they take a more active part, than in early education. In all ranks of society, the care and control of children is consigned to them ; and if the adage be true, that the tree will incline just as the twig is bent, as it undoubtedly is, the influence of the female sex upon the whole human race must be confessed to be powerful, whether it be directed in particular cases to good or bad issues. Considerations of this kind render the subject of early education a subject in which it becomes the whole sex to take a lively interest—to study deeply and to understand clearly, in order to act effectually. On this account we do not consider it alien from the object of this Magazine to invite the attention of our fe-

male readers to a little book recently published in Salem by Foote & Brown, entitled Mrs. Hamilton's Questions, containing examples calculated to excite and exercise the minds of There is something novel in this work. the young. The book consists entirely of Questions. No answers are given; and the object of the questions is to teach young persons to think—a branch of education more important perhaps than all others, and indeed the end and object of all education. The time has been when the memory has been made the stalking horse of all instruction-has been burdened and jaded until the pupil has been led to believe that retentiveness of memory is synonymous with talent, and a good understanding nothing more than a plethoric state of the mind. The day has arrived when this fatal error is giving way to the dictates of experience and common sense. Those to whom the education of the young is consigned, are beginning to take more clear and philosophic views,--views founded on that sort of philosophy which is nothing more or less than nature teaching by a reference to her own fixed and permanent laws. Mrs. Hamilton has contrived to embrace in this body of questions many things of common occurrence or of daily notice, which will call forth from the pupils' habits of attention and observation, while an interest is kept livelily awake, in the daily details of life.

We are frequently told that *talents* and genius are natural gifts; and so indeed they are, to the same extent that the productions of the garden and the field are natural gifts. There is a predisposition in some soils for certain productions, but others can be successfully cultivated if the soil be properly prepared. We are not prepared to deny that all men are born with an equality of intellect, but in the earliest stages of life a great diversity is produced by a diversity of treatment. We should perhaps modify this assertion. The individual may be affected, and frequently is, by causes that have occurred previous to his birth, -a circumstance that has been entirely overlooked by those who maintain the contrary doctrine. It is however confidently believed that no such great difference would be found among different individuals if all were subjected to precisely the same moral, intellectual and physical culture. A little more or less sun, a greater or less degree of moisture, essentially alters the flavour of the fruit of the same tree. The same

takes place also among the *intellectual plants*, who are proportionably affected by causes of an analogous kind.

But to return to Mrs. Hamilton's questions, although there are some portions of the work which we think might with advantage be altered for the better by the substitution of questions calculated to draw the attention to subjects of a more practical nature (in this "*practical age*,") yet as a whole, and because we know of no other manual of a similar nature, we cheerfully and confidently recommend it to the attention of every one to whom the charge or the education of children is entrusted; and if they do not find that the memory is exercised and improved by its use, they will find that other powers of the mind of no less importance will be strengthened, while it will afford an intellectual exercise to children in which they will be interested without being wearied.

U. R.

THE GREEK WAR SONG.

Son of the Greek! the tyrant's arm Is holding out his chain-Arise ! with swords upon the land-And fire-ships on the main. Brave Suliote! the land you hold Is beautiful to see-But what is beauty to a Greek Unless his land is free! Son of the Greek! arise! go forth! They tread the land of vines-They bear your virgins from their homes, And tear away your shrines. And shroud them in its gloom-Make dark their way, and raise no torch To light them to their tomb.

RECOLLECTIONS.

The Turkish shouts come wildly on— The Turkish swords gleam bright— As dimly flies the morning star, And day bursts on the night. Arise! pursue them on the land; And o'er the bounding sea: It were a shame that men like Greeks To such should bend the knee. Behold they tread yon lonely Isle;

And hark ! your virgins shriek... See scimitars and sabres flash, As dies the bleeding Greek. Botzaris !...you have buried him... The sods upon his grave Rise up...as Grecian blood pours out And crimsons every wave.

Charlestown.

G. A. M.

RECOLLECTIONS.—NO. 3.

SUSAN DE WITT.

THE family seat of the De Witts stands on a rising ground within that graceful curve of the M——, where gigantic elms, such as border the river nearly throughout its course, are clustered together in one tall grove, casting their benignant shade over its snow-white piazzas. Lofty that dome towers above the neat cottages which rise at a humble distance, as guarded by the noble stream that rolls majestically on before it, and canopied by the dense foliage of those mighty trees, it stands in its proud amplitude, like a baronial palace among the lowly cabins tenanted by the vassals of its lordly owner.

This was Susan's home. Her father was an Englishman -an honorable, and generally kind hearted man, rather aristocratic, however, and sometimes a little overbearing. Mrs. De Witt was formerly the beautiful and wealthy Su-Her temper, violent and capricious as it was, san Roland. had never been controlled, for, poor thing, she was the darling of her parents, and it seemed to be the principal object of their lives to promote her present enjoyment, gratifying even her most unreasonable wishes, reckless of her future well-being-they suffered her to grow up to woman's stature, and she had allowed herself to live to a matron's age, in temper and mind, still—a spoiled child—she had, however, some redeeming points of character,-generosity, constancy, &c.; and she loved her only daughter, Susan, with a blind idolatry, loved and treated her as she formerly did her great waxen doll, sometimes chiding her severely without cause, and then again she would caress and praise her when, perhaps, she was meriting reproof-so that it was no wonder that Susan De Witt, although she gave evidence of great precocity of intellect, was frank and generous, and often good humored and obliging, should be wayward, frivolous, versatile and reckless of all but the engrossing present,-not that she was deficient in native kindness and stability, but the good inclinations of her heart were uncultivated ; having no established rules of conduct, she was the creature of circumstance, of feeling, of impulse. The poor and the afflicted loved her, for she never saw trouble which she did not, if possible, relieve; and for those sufferings which heaven alone could remove, she mingled her tears with those of the weeping mourner; and we all loved her, though she was changeable as the hues of the sun-set cloud.

She had every advantage of education which riches could procure her, and as soon as she could possibly be led, driven, or carried through the numerous accomplishments which her rank was supposed to render necessary to her respectability, she was forthwith pronounced a young lady;

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and as such, made her appearance in the fashionable circles to which her name, her property and acquirements gained her a ready admission: and here, with no personal pretensions to loveliness, except what might be founded on a fair, cleanly complexion, and a figure of surpassing gracefulness, she possessed herself of the admiration of all, by the superior elegance of her manners, and the brilliancy of her conversational powers. Her taste in the selection and arrangement of her dress was preeminently chaste and proper. Simply elegant, at all times, without beauty or affectation, Susan De Witt was the acknowledged favorite of her acquaintance, "a most bewitching girl," as unfortunately George Howe thought when he met her at a small social party, of which she was the very life and spirit, being, on that evening, in perfect good humor with herself and every one else. She had risen very early on the morning of that day to cut out and baste together some little frocks and pinafores, to dress a number of poor children who had lost more than a week of the winter school for want of decent clothing. The joy and gratitude with which her gift was received, and the consciousness of having done a kind action, had given her a fine flow of spirits, brightened her eye and crimsoned her usually colorless cheek, and the consequence was that George lost his heart on the occasion. It was, however, no "marvel" that an imaginative and somewhat melancholy student, who was but just dismissed from his university, rich only in collegiate honors, a stranger to fashionable society, proud indeed, but diffident and retiring; it was indeed no marvel that he should have been "taken captive" by the sparkling wit and the graceful self-possession of an heiress, when she was so favourably disposed toward him as to take care that he should not feel embarrassed, which was the case at this time, for Susan could not be indifferent to the lofty brow, the dark, penetrating eye, and noble figure of her new admirer. True, she had been accustomed to the ephemeral devoirs of numerous butterfly beaux, ever since she took her place in the bright circle of New England fashion, and of their heartlessness she was fully aware; but George Howe was a man of feeling, unused to dissimulation or gallantry. He was not a dandy, a traveller, or a man of the world. Though just commencing the study of law, he was all but theoretically ignorant

of the race for whom laws were made : a plain, unvarnished, high spirited and intelligent scholar, who needed no recommendation, and wanted no patronage,—his unequivocally honest face bespoke him favor and confidence wherever he was introduced.

It was unaccountable that during a long succession of equestrian and pedestrian excursions, and morning and evening visits, and sleigh-rides, in which all the juveniles of the place were engaged, among whom the word "flirtation" was no longer applied to the decided preference which George and Susan evidently showed for each other's society, and every one regarded it as a "settled engagement," and hesitated not to say "that they were to be married as soon as the young gentleman should have finished his studies and been admitted to the practice of the law ;" it was marvellous that during all this time Mr. and Mrs. De Witt should have remained completely unacquainted with this existing attachment. They were haughty, distant people, and on such a subject would be unapproachable; so no one dared to mention it to them, and as they were not particularly discerning, the first intimation they had of it was when the young gentleman solicited the parent's sanction to their marriage, the young lady having appended her consent to theirs.

The heart of the Englishman revolted at the audacity of the plebian—"low-born—with no high connections—poor —and likely to remain so; for he seemed unapprised of the influence of wealth—not accustomed to the elegancies of genteel life, he hardly appeared to know their value, or even their use. Did he suppose that a noble, manly brow would redeem an ignoble descent? A galaxy of splendid intellectual endowments might not enable its possessor to live splendidly,—a heart of golden excellence was indeed desirable, but a coffer of tangible gold was an indispensable requisite for his son-in-law." So thought that father; and so thought that mother; and the youth was calmly, but peremptorily forbidden to hold any communication with the daughter.

George was, in his turn, amazed and confounded—he was a true yankee, and a proud one. \cdot He was aware of no preeminence but that of enlightened genius, joined with purity of morals, and honest piety,—he had never dreamed

that Susan was above him. He knew she was, in many respects, his inferior; and that much of the real excellence of her character, was owing to the untiring care with which he had instructed her in whatever was good and amiable, during their two years acquaintance. " All those who know me," thought he, "will know that I am a rejected applicant for the hand of Miss De Witt." It was a cutting thought. George had a very pale, consumptive look, when he first came to our village; he had gradually looked paler; possibly his mental sufferings might have hastened his decline, I cannot say, as he left town the next morning; but if it were so, let me exonerate Mr. and Mrs. De Witt from being the willing cause of that suffering. They did, it is true, treat him very cavalierly, as they thought him too aspiring; but, at the same time, they would gladly have conferred on him almost any favor but the hand of their only daughter.

It was a sweeping blow to the hopes of Susan, I believe, (for she had learned constancy) although, she never complained of her parents; and she never spoke of George; and she always looked smiling; and if we asked her why she was so very pale, "she had the headache," or "she was fatigued by a long walk ;" but she had gradually withdrawn from our little parties before we heard of George's death. Poor youth-he died at Savannah, about a year after he left us. It was remarked, "that Miss De Witt appeared unfeeling :" " it was surprising that she could suffer so good and noble a youth, devoted to her, as he certainly was, and attached to him, as she once seemed to be, to go down to his grave in a land of strangers, unwept and unpitied;" but although Susan had been fond of displaying her wit and vivacity, she could not make a shew of the heart'sdeep sorrow. It had formerly "required half a score of confidants to keep her secrets;" but now she professed to have no secrets to entrust to her old friends, for she

> "Had locked her heart in a kist a' goud, "An' pinned it wi' a siller pin."

The truth was, she had trifled long, but it was with trivial things,—now the dark reality of sorrow was before her, she could trifle no longer. She still conversed freely on other topics, but on this she was uniformly silent, for she had no words,—it was the sadness of the soul; it might not

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be breathed, even to a friend; and the deep tenderness which had been concentrated on one noble object, might not be transferred to another mortal—she would devote it to heaven; and she would seek a refuge there from the sweeping tempest of affliction. She would visit the fatherless and the poor in their trouble, and seek to alleviate sorrow wherever she could discover it, for alas! she had felt its bitterness,—and should I be disbelieved if I should say that Susan De Witt is happier now, when, disregarding her own enjoyment, she devotes herself to the welfare of others? for, indeed, she *is* happier.

EVERALLIN.

OLD AND NEW TIMES.

When my good mother was a girl— Say thirty years ago, Young ladies *then* knew how to knit, As well as how to sew.

Young ladies *then* could spin and weave, Could bake, and brew, and sweep; Could sing and play, could dance and paint, And could a secret keep.

Young ladies *then* were beautiful As any beauties now,—

Yet they could rake the new-mown hay, Or milk the "brindled cow."

Young ladies *then* wore bonnets too, And with them their own hair;

They made them from their own good straw And pretty, too, they were.

Young ladies *then* wore gowns with sleeves Which would just hold their arms;

And did not have as many yards As acres in their farms. Young ladies *then* oft fell in love, And married, too, the men; While men, with willing hearts and true, Loved them all back again.

Young ladies now can knit and sew, Or read a pretty book,— Can sing and paint, and joke and quiz, But cannot bear to cook.

Young ladies *now* can blithely spin Of "street yarn" many a spool; And weave a web of scandal too And dye it in the wool.

Young ladies *now* can bake their hair, Can brew their own cologne; In *borrowed* plumage often shine, While they neglect their own.

And as to secrets, who would think Fidelity—a pearl? None but a modest little Miss, Perchance a country girl.

Young ladies now wear lovely curls, —What pity they should buy them;

And then their bonnets-heavens! they fright The beau that ventures nigh them.

Then as to gowns, I've heard it said They'll hold a dozen men ;

And if you once get in their sleeves You'll ne'er get out again.

E'en love is changed from what it was,— Although true love is known:

"Tis wealth adds lustre to the cheek, And melts the heart of stone.

Thus Time works wonders ;—young and old Confess his magic power.

Beauty will fade; but Virtue proves Pure gold in man's last hour !

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S******

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP.

THE Goddess has a multitude of worshippers; but many of them pay her only a blind devotion. They form a confused idea of something lovely and desirable, but have no just conceptions of her true character. They imagine her favor may be purchased with the same coin that buys other pleasures, and frequently reckon themselves among her favorites, while utter strangers to her.

The Goddess once appointed a day for all her adorers to appear before her, and present their offerings. The summons was received with universal delight. The appointed day arrived, and a vast multitude assembled—each prepared with a gift. The Goddess appeared, seated on a throne made of a silver cloud, and studded with the gems and brilliants of heaven. Her figure and countenance were most beautiful—celestial beauty, such as earthly language will not describe. There was in her manner a sweet dignity, but nothing to awe or intimidate. She looked round on the admiring throng with a benevolent, discriminating glance, that seemed to say, "I would bestow my choicest favors on you all, if you knew how to appreciate them."

At length, the signal was given for them to bring forward their offerings. Every heart beat quickly, and every one turned, involuntarily, to see if his gift were worth presenting.

The first approached, and kneeling, spread all his treasures of *wealth* upon her altar; then raised his eyes to determine by her countenance whether the offering was accepted.

The Goddess frowned! "Can gold," she exclaimed, "gain friendship? impotence of hope!" "Remove the trash!" It was done. In its stead, he arranged his *titles* and *honors* all in due order before her; again she frowned! He hastily put them aside, and in their place laid the record of his *fame*. It would not do—with a look of displeasure she bade him take it away. He obeyed;—then throwing himself at her feet, he thus addressed her: "Great Goddess. I have offered thee all that mortals value; I have nothing left—but my heart;"—he paused—her look of displeasure was gone. "I freely surrender it," he exclaimed. She smiled, and accepted the offering. Then rising from her throne, she addressed the vast assembly: "Children of men, know, that in the eye of friendship, gold is dross, honor a bubble, fame empty air; at her shrine the *heart* alone is accepted."

The crowd dispersed, though not without murmuring; for many had no hearts, and those who had, were so corrupted by vice, as made them sensible they were not worth offering. The hearts that were heaped on the altar of *Mammon*, could not be recalled; nor those which lay scattered at the shrine of *pleasure*. A smiling few approached, and presented the sacrifice of unsullied affections. As she received them, her countenance lighted up with such a resplendent beauty, that its radiance was reflected on the faces of her favorites—and they wear it to this day.

8. J.

TO M. M. H.

I've marked that beaming eye of thine, Of heaven's own azure light, In mild and tender beauty shine As if no with'ring blight Of sorrow's frown, or earthly care, Had quench'd the fire that sparkled there.

I've looked upon the cloudless brow-So pure from every stain, And prayed that time might never bow That youthful head in pain; Or cold neglect or dark despair E'er leave a shade of sadness there.

I've gazed, and wished the gentle heart Enshrined within that form, Might never feel affliction's dart Or bide misfortune's storm; And prayed those lips might ever wear The happy smile that lingers there.

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ELIZA.

SCHILLER'S TRAGEDY OF MARY STUART.

THE following is a *literal* translation of a small part of the 6th scene in the 1st act of Schiller's splendid Tragedy of Mary Stuart. The translation is *literal to a word*: this was my object, rather to present to the English reader an exact transcript of Schiller's style and manner of thought, than to give a free and copious version, thereby sacrificing the vigour and strength of the original to splendid diction.

FROM SCHILLER'S TRAGEDY OF MARY STUART.

Mortimer addressing Queen Mary, while imprisoned in England by Elizabeth.

"I remembered twenty years of my life. O Queen, I was grown up in the practice of rigid duties, being educated to a gloomy hatred of Popery, when an invincible desire impelled me to visit the continent. I left behind me the dull lecture-rooms of the Puritans, my native country; in rapid course I passed through France, seeking far-famed Italy with ardent hope. It was the time of the great churchfestival; the roads were swarmed with the bands of Pilgrims, every sacred statue was crowned with wreaths; it was as if mankind were on a *Pilgrimage*, journeying to the kingdom of Heaven—the current of the faithful multitude seized even me and bore me on to the city of Rome.

How did I feel, O Queen ! when the splendour of the pillars and triumphal arches rose to my view, the magnificence of the Colosseum encircled wonders, a high spirit of the arts locked me up in its serene world of wonders. I had never felt the power of the arts. The church, which educated me, hated the charm of the senses, it tolerated no image-worshipping the incorporeal Word alone. What were my feelings, as now I trod in the interior of the church, and the music of Heaven descended, and the prodigal fullness of the statues gushed from the wall and ceiling,-the most magnificent and sublime, as present, moved before the enraptured senses; as now I saw themselves, the Heavenly things, the salutation of the Angel, the birth of our Lord, the holy mother, the descended Trinity, the shining trans-

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DREAMS.

figuration—as thereupon I beheld the Pope in his pomp, hold High mass and bless the people. O what is gold, what the lustre of jewels, wherewith the kings of the earth adorn themselves !

Only He is surrounded with Heavenly things; a real kingdom of Heaven is his house, for not of this world are these forms."

J. G. N.

DREAMS.

A dream ! what is it ? It would seem that reason, tired with directing the machinery of mind, gives the reins to fancy, and she, unchecked by the salutary admonitions of her judicious counsellor, follows the bent of her own fitful, and capricious humour, urging us onward over flower and thorn, through shower and sunshine, at one time surrounding us with scenes of gladness-thrilling, heart-felt gladness; anon, plunging us in sullen darkness, as gloomy as it is un-These are the dreams which visit us with sleep. welcome. But, there is another class, whose pernicious effects, I doubt not thousands have experienced. These are day dreams. They enervate the mind, unfit those who indulge them, for the sober and rational pursuits of real life, or the active performance of social and relative duties, and are decidedly opposed to thorough, mental discipline. Similar objections have been urged against the indiscriminate reading of popular romances; but from accurate observation, I have been led to believe, that they do not tend so directly to produce these effects, as what is properly denominated building castles in air. In the former we are spectators, in the latter, actors.

Let a young lady of plain exterior, imagine herself beautiful; for she knows, in defiance of what philosophers may assert, or good sense dictate, that a fine face and figure will command immediate, and almost involuntary homage, while the jewel in the leaden casket is suffered to remain unnoticed. Let her, I say, adorn herself with the fascinations of beauty, let crowds follow her, basking in her smiles, or

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withering beneath her frown, and she will descend from this imaginary elevation to her true condition, having imbibed the feelings of discontent, and perhaps envy. Let those, who are obliged to procure a maintenance by persevering industry, and unremitting toil, possess themselves by this easy method of wealth and its privileges, from which, as a matter of course, the attendant disadvantages are excluded, and they will return to the performance of usual avocations with disgust; and not unfrequently does it lead them to secure the possession of their favorite object by unlawful means. The young student who hears of the splendid discoveries of a Newton, of the mathematical genius of a Descartes, and suffers his creative fancy to place him by the side of these great men, already informing the world of science by elucidating facts hitherto involved in obscurity, when he is scarcely acquainted with the elementary principles of the branches in which he purposes to excel, will find his progress impeded, by having indulged in this aerial flight; for he will perceive by actual trial, that the steps by which he must rise are gradual.

E. W.

I love to see those broad streams of water which apparently rise from the horizon up to the descending sun, and which his rays seem to attract before a storm. I almost imagine that these beautiful streams ascending to heaven, conceal spirits which are on their way thither. In the stillness of the closing day, I have even fancied I could hear them chaunt their song of departure from earth.

THE SPIRITS' FAREWELL.

We rise, we rise, on these sun-beams away, To the holy home where spirits may dwell; Joyfully, joyfully, freed from our clay, We have bidden this world farewell, farewell!

We ascend to regions of purer air, We fly the contagion of earth's atmosphere; We have sought the holy triumphs of prayer, And paid the service of love and of fear. 33 L

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Our harps of gold shall there be strung, To chaunts of sweet peace and endless joy; A song of redemption shall there be sung In strains which angels may ne'er employ.

The friends we consigned to a bed of dust, Who sought the glory beyond the skies; On us shall their vision presently burst— We shall see and embrace them with ravish'd eyes.

Released from a world of tears and strife, We hail the morn of a brighter day— We hail the bliss of immortal life, Where sorrows and sighing shall flee away.

EMILY.

EXTRACT

From the Journal of a Traveller.

MANTUA, WEDNESDAY, 14th November. Come here yesterday in the mail carriage. Passed through Guastalla. Tricks upon travellers are proverbial, all the world over. They deserve notice, generally, among the vexatious and sometimes among the amusing adventures of travellers. encountered yesterday, one of the latter description. I had paid my fare all the way to Mantua : it happened that I was to be driven the last post of eight miles, by a different postillion : the former postillion, to whom I had paid the whole, was to pay this last, and he paid him for me, in my presence. The latter was as ill looking a chap, as one meets in a thousand. His phiz was marked with several red spots : it occurred to me that nature, anticipating that he would be a rogue that would scruple at nothing, and blush at nothing, had supplied him with a few extra standing blushes. He could speak nothing but Italian. After riding a mile or two, he inquired how much I intended to

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pay him. I told him, nothing, as he had already been paid by the other postillion. No, he said, he had been paid nothing by me, or for me, and must be paid: I insisted the contrary, but to no effect. Perceiving his drift, and knowing that all reasoning would be vain, I pretended not to understand his Italian, and demanded if he spoke French: which, by the by, I was sure he did not. We soon arrived at a place for watering the pony: half a dozen hostlers and loungers immediately came running out;—to these gentry of his own craft, he boldly insisted, that he had been paid nothing: luckily none of them could speak other than Italian. They all tried to make me understand, that unless I gave him 7 francs and a half, that he would leave me; and he actually took my portmanteau, and placed it in the road.

Having great aversion to being left in the road, after . sunset, and still more repugnance to being gulled to my very face, two modes of treatment occurred, --either to boldly claim my place, and threaten to report him to the Police, on my arrival at Mantua, or else to persevere to the last in pretending not to understand; for I knew, that if I promised any thing there, he would raise an assumpsit upon it, and make me pay. At last, they found somebody who could speak French : he explained the whole story over again in French, but I was still incorrigible, and demanded if they spoke English : " vous etes anglais," said the wouldbe interpreter. Fearing, however, that some oracle of the stable might chance to come up, who could mangle the king's English, I hesitated to admit a knowledge of my own dear vernacular, and signified that I was de Massachusett ! This was a jaw breaker : they demanded again, and again,-where? I repeated the uncouth name over and over to their hearts' content, but not one of them could echo it, to save his soul from Purgatory. They however, took it for granted, that I was from some part of Germany, and one ran into the house for an old woman who understood that language. She soon came hobbling out, and demanded, in the rough, guttural accents of Helvoetluys, if I spoke German,---to which, I persevered in the same nega-This was a finishing damper. The old dame tive sign. was as much disappointed as the postillion himself.

They now all began to talk together in Italian, French and German-sentencing me to be left in the road, if I did

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not pay this picaroon on a small scale, 7 france and a half. I pointed toward Mantua, leaving the knave to draw what hopes he pleased from the indication. They showed me 7 francs and a half : I still pointed to Mantua : "Oh," said the French interpreter, "he'll pay, when you arrive at Mantua." "No," said the postillion, " presto " " subito," still showing the quantum. I still pointed : he then placed bag and baggage in the road, and showed me the cash : representing what he wanted : I could hardly keep my countenance, but still looked vacant, and pointed once more towards Mantua. "Oh," said they all at once, "he means to pay at Mantua,-never fear." At this, he deliberately took up my trunk, arranged every thing, and we drove off together, cheek by jowl, and both in equally good spirits, he hoping to get his double pay, and I knowing he would not : for I had confidence in the police, and avoiding a direct promise, was determined to represent him, if he complained, the moment we arrived on neutral ground.

The old adage is, "every dog must have his day." We arrived within the walls of the city, and I signified to him, plainly in Italian, that I had not the least idea of giving him a sou! That he had been already paid, and that he knew it, and that I believed he was a great rogue. If any one has ever seen a puppy, who, after barking at a cat, has had his nose well scratched, --- how he growls and whines ; paws his nose and jumps about, he may have some idea of the Lombard's chagrin : he jumped from his seat, like a parched pea: he stopped the vehicle, and said he would have his pay, or, at least, a franc! I of course told him, not a sou marque; and that I would stop here, and immediately took out my trunk : he seized my portmanteau, saying he would hold it till I paid him : in a moment, I wrested the portmanteau from him, and placed it on my trunk, and kept the rogue at bay. At this moment, some police officers come up with a lanthorn, to know what the matter was, and a mutual explanation ensued : my travelling companion soon reduced his demand to a couple of francs, as buono mano, for his skilful hand at the drive, --- then to a single franc,—and at last solicited half a franc, to drink my health. These extra allowances are common the world over. This was coming within bounds, and the poor Devil grasping at his half-franc, sneaked off, in no little trepidation, lest he should be reported to the police. These facts are worth relating only, as exhibiting a fair specimen of adventures that are very frequent, in a peregrination through this country.

J. T. A.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

THERE is nothing I like better than half an hour's lounge in a gallery of paintings. Not that I have any particular *penchant* for the art, much less any knowledge of its principles; but I am always amused with the remarks which I hear made by the company.

Some time since, I was poring over a catalogue in a gallery which is much resorted to, by genteel people, when my attention was attracted by a group of visiters, who appeared to be coming in for the first time. There was an elderly looking gentleman, a lady, apparently his wife, a girl about eighteen, with dark, sentimental looking eyes, and a youth of twenty, or thereabouts, whose dress and air marked him for a puppy, but who seemed to be permitted to pay a certain amount of attention to the dark-eyed girl.

The older lady admired the draperies of Copley, and the Flemish fruit pieces, and fell in love with the domestic scenes in which children were represented. "She is a dear old grand mamma;" thought I.

The young coxcomb affected the connoisseur, talked about "Correggios and stuff," and annoyed the young lady with a great deal of his stupid criticism. The old gentleman looked on every thing with quiet attention. I could not make him out. He was impenetrable for a long time. But the dark-eyed girl—there was no mistaking her deep admiration, her keen perception of the beauties of art. She hardly spoke, but her eyes devoured some of the better specimens; and the half suppressed exclamation, the long drawn breath, the abstraction from every thing around her, except the picture, shewed the enthusiast. "Fine collection of the Old Masters here, Miss Newton," said the youth, "there is where we are to look for merit."

No answer. The young lady was admiring a landscape of Doughty, and did not seem to hear the remark.

"Now here is a Tintoret, a real Tintoret, did you ever see colouring like that before ?"

"No, nor do I ever desire to again. It is too red."

The dandy shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "Lord help your want of taste."

"Look at this portrait by Sir Godfrey, Miss Newton, is it not beautiful? What flesh—What a noble air, fine contour of the head. The tout ensemble of the picture is really wonderful."

"If you mean that portrait of a lady over the entrance, I really cannot see any thing to admire about it. To me it appears to be a stiff, awkward affair. But I am not one of the cognoscenti," replied the girl with a smile.

The coxcomb's admiration of pictures which were marked in the catalogue as productions of the old masters, reminded me of what Fuseli calls "the frigid ecstacies of German criticism."

"Here is a landscape, now !" he proceeded, "by one of our American artists, artists forsooth, and a precious piece of painting it is. Why those trees look as if they had just been dragged out of the water and stuck up to dry. What a daub !"

"It is a beautiful thing," said Miss Newton; "to me it tells a whole story of rural felicity. But I am no connoisseur."

"You are unfortunate in not having been abroad, Miss Newton. It is only in Europe that a person can learn to appreciate paintings. I dare say, now, you admire that thing called the 'Lake of the Mountains,' by Doughty ?"

"Indeed I do," replied she, "I could look at it a whole day."

"I wish you could spend an hour in the Florence Gallery, you would soon cease to admire these American paintings."

"I do not join in the wish. It is enough for me to admire and enjoy the beauties of a picture. I do not wish to be knowing enough to see its faults. But this "Lake," I think I should always admire, so long as nature's own scenery shall gratify my eye."

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"There is a picture of Fisher's, too: I dare say you think he paints well?"

"That landscape seems beautiful to me."

"Indeed ! why he has no more talent than "----

"You had better not speak so loud," said the old gentleman. "Perhaps the artist or some of his friends may hear you. Besides, if they should not, the criticisms you utter cannot possibly do any good. They distract your cousin's attention, and disturb her enjoyment of the beautiful works of art, with which I am happy to see this collection abounds. Persons who utter criticisms here, and still more, those who publish critiques in the newspapers, frequently do a positive injury to the progress of art in our country. The younger artists read them, of course, and are almost certain to have their feelings wounded by the injustice, while their indignation is excited by the foppery and pretension of these newspaper critics. In nine times out of ten the artist is judged by a false standard; and the object he had in view is entirely mistaken by his censor. He is found fault with, for not effecting what he never aimed at, while the critic is only anxious to display a knowledge of certain technical terms and great names with which the mass of the public in this country are unacquainted. The fact is that no one is fully qualified to pronounce on the technical merits of a painting who has not made considerable progress in the art himself; and no painter, who has the feelings of a gentleman, will write newspaper criticisms on the productions of his. brother artists.

"Of the effect of a painting, the public can judge without the help of critics; and the greatest service these gentry can do is, to cease their barking. The artists can then go to the gallery, compare their works with those of their brethren and predecessors; and learn a good lesson from the comparison, without the apprehension of being annoyed by impertinent remarks."

The young gentleman yawned three times during this harangue, and when it was finished, raising his eye-glass, he began to stare at the ladies who were standing and sitting in different parts of the room. There is a certain kind of puppyism which is incorrigible.

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INFANT SCHOOLS.

INFANT SCHOOLS.

SINCE last month we have visited those two which, supported by charity, are devoted to the instruction of the children of the poor in this city, and gathered some information which may be interesting to our readers.

The school kept last season in Salem Street has been removed to Atkinson Street, but is still under the care of the same instructress. There are about seventy scholars now registered as belonging to the school, though not quite that number are constant in attendance. Most of these children are under the age of four years ; some mere infants, hardly exceeding twelve months. They occupy two rooms, and have the advantage of a fine yard for a play-ground; but their seats and the arrangement of their rooms did not appear sufficiently convenient. Though most are the children of very poor people, they looked clean and decently clad : the parents no doubt make exertions to keep them better clothed than they would do, were there no school. The little ones seemed happy, indeed almost too merry-more like a large nursery than a school; but as they are, in consequence of removing the school, mostly new pupils, they have not yet become accustomed to the necessary regulations. Order is an excellent thing, and it may, and should be introduced. The art of teaching these little ones consists principally in employing that restlessness, which childhood always displays, and which is usually exerted to do mischief. on objects, or in exercises that will instruct as well as amuse. If allowed to be idle, the children will certainly be annoying each other.

THE BEDFORD STREET INFANT SCHOOL. It is but little more than a year since this school, the first of the kind opened in Boston, commenced. There have been about 170 scholars registered; the present number in attendance varies from 60 to 90. The progress of these children in knowledge, (that is a better term than learning) is astonishing to those who have never watched the unfolding of the infant mind, and delightful to every one. The ord exhibited there is admirable; and the very important enout of singing in contributing to their order as well as happiness is strikingly apparent. Whenever any symptom of weariness INFANT SCHOOLS.

or inattention appears, their indefatigable instructress has only to strike the note of one of their simple songs, and instantly the little band are in full and joyous chorus, every eye brightens, every face is cheerful. We noticed this particularly when they were summoned to their seats after the recess. Children are very apt to betray, at such times, an impatience of the tasks to which they return; but these little creatures marched from their play-ground singing, apparently with the greatest delight—

> "We'll go to our places "And make no wry faces, "But say all our lessons distinctly and slow."

Perhaps it will be said this is only a lesson,—the children would not, of their own accord, return thus cheerfully. So much the better. To make duties pleasures is the greatest triumph of education. And none who witness their hearty displays of happiness will think these children counterfeit contentment.

The rooms occupied by this school are very inconvenient. They are low, badly lighted, and the windows open on a stable! The citizens of Troy have erected a building purposely for Infant Schools, and placed it under the superintendance of the ladies. When will the gentlemen of Boston imitate this beneficence? Infant Schools must not be considered solely with reference to the benefits they confer on the children of the poor. They are exerting a powerful and salutary influence on the education of all children—they will influence the destiny of men. Already their effect is seen in suggesting improvements to be introduced into our primary schools; and in the increased anxiety to promote universal education.

The ladies must be actively engaged in the great work of early education. This task devolves on them ;—now only let them prove that they can use their talents and learning worthily, and there is no doubt they will be honored for possessing both.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LADIES' LEXICON. By William Grimshaw. Philadelphia, John The progress of liberal opinions respecting the education of females, Grigg. is evident in the increase of books and periodicals designed expressly for their benefit. Whether those gentlemen who prepare the works consult their own interest, (finding the ladies generous patrons) or whether they are really anxious the sex should improve, we cannot certainly decide-but presume the latter. So we very sincerely offer our acknowledgments to Mr. Grimshaw for the neat volume he has been at the pains to compile for the ladies. The merits which he claims for the "Ladies' Lexicon" over those now in use are, that it exhibits the plurals of all nouns not formed by the mere addition of the letter s; and also the participles of verbs. From the examination we have been able to give it, we are inclined to think it will be found a very useful " parlor companion," and that it is well adapted for Academies and Ladies' We know many people dislike abridgments, and now Webster has Schools. published his voluminous work, women may not be satisfied to refer to a small volume. But this work contains more words than at first sight one would believe possible. This is managed by only giving the definition of the radical word, and then adding the derivative formations, the meaning of which are obviously deducible from their respective roots. Take one example-the word philosophy. "Philosophy, s. Desire of acquiring wisdom; knowledge natural or moral ; reasoning. adj. philosophic, philosophical : s. philosopher : adv. philosophically : v. philosophise : pr. part. philosophising : part. philosophised."

TRIMMER'S NATURAL HISTORY. pp. 233. MARY'S JOURNEY—A German Tale. pp. 128. Boston, S. G. Goodrich & Co. These books which we have classed together, have no similarity except that they were both designed for the young, and both issued from the same press. Mr. Goodrich is indefatigable in his exertions to furnish books for children; and to him they are indebted for some of the best executed books in the pictorial department which have been published in this country.

Trimmer's Natural History is one of this kind. The engravings, 200 in number, are very well executed; and the advantage derived from them in impressing on the mind of a child, the description accompanying each, is invaluable. Natural history is on many accounts, one of the most useful studies in which children can engage; and if rightly managed there is none more amusing. Mrs. Trimmer has long been a favorite with her little friends: this volmme, however, is an improved edition, and fitted for a school book as well as the child's library.

Mary's Journey has less to recommend it as a useful publication,—it is a mere novel, and teaches little which a child will understand. There is a moral intended to be sure; but how far the resignation and filial piety of Mary will influence the reader to love virtue, is doubtful; while the character of her father, and indeed nearly all the other personages, are not patterns for imitation. There are some fine passages and powerful descriptions in the book : the author has genius, but is too deeply tinctured with the "legendary lore" of the Germans to be reasenable when he has a chance of being romantic. Of what advantage are such stories to the young ?

GEBEL TIER. Boston, Carter & Hendee, 1829. The signification of this Arabic name, according to Worcester's Gazateer, is "Mountain of Birds." On this mountain, which is situated in Egypt, on the east bank of the Nile, according to a " conceit of the Arabs," all the birds of the air hold a council annually. The author of Gebel Tier has, from this tradition, made a very interesting volume; though we regretted his birds were all such profound statesmen and philosophers. A little more humor, (and wit rather than wisdom would seem characteristic of a majority of the speakers) would have given a vivacity and variety to their reports, which is now wanting. The author rejects the idea of a universal gathering of the feathered race, because of the impossibility of the thing; (he keeps, as the reader will perceive, strictly within the probable,) the representative system, therefore, he thinks must have been adopted; and the following, is the animated description of the council, as they appeared on the last day of the session.

"The feathered delegates had already carolled their morning hymns with the returning light, and were winging their way on all sides to the Mountain of Gebel Tier, on whose ancient rocks as they stooped their flight, in a thousand varieties of motion and figure, the wondering Arab might indeed have supposed, that all the birds of the universe had congregated. This animating picture was however reserved to only here and there an insulated seer, who possessed the faculty of second sight; to the ordinary race of mortals who only discern at first view, the spectacle was wholly invisible, and in the usual course of ignorant incredulity, wholly distrusted. Glorious indeed is the privilege of beholding this reunion ! The rapid rush of the wild pigeon, the skimming gyration of the swallow, the majestic covering of the eagle, the heavy flapping of the raven, and the flickering velocity of the humming bird, all were blended in seeming confusion, yet unerring order. The gleams of nature's most brilliant colors, the mingling, crossing, fleeting shadows of the great and the little, chequered the earth, and reflected or obscured the sunbeams as the erowds settled down on their accustomed porches, to compose their wings in graceful foldings, and recover from the-panting flutter of their morning excursion."

Their own business it appears had all been adjusted, and their last meeting was to be devoted to the discussion of human affairs; and from the knowl-

LITERARY NOTICES.

edge they evinced, we should suspect them quite as much inclined to attend to the concerns of others, rather than their own, as any two-legged assembly The discussions include remarks historical and political, that ever convened. on the United States, Spain, Turkey and Greece, England and France. Our republican birds, as would be expected, assert, if they do not prove, the superior advantages of these United States over every kingdom, nation and people in the known world. Birds, like men of true genius, must, from their soaring nature, be the advocates of liberty. In contrast with the happiness, security and improvement freedom bestows on our own country ; the wretched condition of Spain, degraded by tyranny and superstition, morally and spiritually enslaved, is powerfully set forth. In short, we like the book ; it is a " bird's eye view " of the present condition of the civilized world; a chronicle of events and register of political opinions, not a romance; and we think our readers (ladies) will be both amused and instructed, should they peruse Gebel Tier. There is not, to be sure, much of novelty in the book, to one who is as thoroughly read as every lady should be in history ; but it is advantageous thus to refresh the memory with allusions that will recall former studies, and make more familiar the prominent and influential events of the past. We hope another report of the proceedings at Gebel Tier will be famished by the Editor of this; but we should like to have the peculiar characteristics of each nation represented by its birds, more prominently the subject of discussion. The following is from the last section-the Elysian Fields. It was the Ibis that spoke.

"I come, Mr. President, to make my annual return from the shades below. Many of this assembly whom I have seen before, know, that after my death, 3000 years ago, my earthly remains were carefully embalmed by the priests of Momphis, and still repose in the catacombs of that ancient city. Naught created by God ever perishes; matter is transmuted into new combinations, but the essences of birds as well as of men each in their kinds is sublimated at once for an incorporeal, imperishable existence in the world of spirits. Many of the secrets of that world we are not allowed to disclose, and to gross corporeal minds they would be unintelligible. Such things as may be told, I shall now relate to this assembly. Birds err, the latter often; could either race behold the terrific consequences of these errors, they would be less frequent; but sufficient warnings of them have been given, which it is not incumbent on me to repeat. My life having been adjudged blameless, my spirit winged its way to the fields of Elysium.

In these abodes of ever-during felicity a deep harmony, and universal participation increase the charm of every delight. Among the varieties of ethereal enjoyment it is one to see the tenants of Elysium attended by the semblances of all those creations of their genius which ennobled their existence in this world. It is one of the rewards allotted to them that these embodied shadows shall there follow them; and the pleasure is mutual, as each, purified from envy and all earthly passion, enjoys the creations of others, as well as his own. The heroes and statesmen who are rewarded with a residence in these bliesful

The heroes and statesmen who are rewarded with a residence in these blissful fields, have yet one mark to designate their errors. They are at times partially or wholly enveloped in an appearance of mist, which impedes them from seeing or being seen by others. When this is examined, it is found to consist of an infinite

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sumber of minute, vapory pieces of paper, to represent their delusive statements, and their intrigues of ambition and rivalry; when this is dissipated, there appears over their heads in ærial letters of light, the great and useful measures they prosecuted. The mist that encircles heroes is composed of an innumerable quantity of weapons of destruction, in miniature; as every man that fell in battle in a useless war, is here typified by a sword, ball, or spear, or if he perished of disease; by a small lived spot. Some are thus surrounded more then others. An illustrious chief recently arrived who extended his march to this spot where we assemble, is sometimes wholly enveloped : when the mist breaks away we see in the air inscriptions of 'religious toleration,' 'road over the Alps,' 'protection of the arts,' &cc. But among all those who as a statesman or a warrior, walks these blessed groves, there is but one combining both attributes, whose majestic form is forever unshrouded; around whom there never flits the representation of a delusive statement, or an effort of personal intrigue, nor a single minute resemblance of a destructive weapon to signify that a soldier perished in a battle fought with ambitious views; over his head appears in mild radiance an inscription : 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'"

THE LIFE AND VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS, (abridged,) by Washington Irving. New York, G. & C. & H. Carvil. pp. 311. Abridgments are usually thought much inferior to the original works. The principal reason of this is, that they are rarely executed by the same author, and therefore when we find an assertion which appears doubtful, or the record of a strange circumstance, we immediately suspect that some material portion of the book has been omitted which would have explained the one and accounted for the other. There is always in the mind of an author a concatenation in the parts of his work-a "thread of gold " running throughout the texture, which, if dissevered, no one but himself can exactly unite. Mr. Irving was doubtless aware of this, and his exertions to give himself an abridgment of his "Columbus" to the public, were incited by the wish to preserve his work from the discrepancies of a compiler who would have no motive but the hope of gain to prompt his labours. The public is therefore indebted to Mr. Irving for two "Histories of Columbus," and we hazard little in saying that the present work (the abridgment,) will be the one most popular among his countrymen. It is unnecessary here to dwell on the pains taken by the author to procure the documents for his work, or to expatiate on the beauty of the style in which is detailed a narrative of the most extraordinary event the annals of men affords. These matters have all been discussed in our public Journals, and it only remains that Americans should read the work as generally as the reviewers have praised it, to make the eulogy complete. Why cannot this abridgment be introduced into our schools and academies? As a standard book for the higher classes it would combine the advantages of its elegant diction with a narration of facts, of which no citizen of our country should be ignorant, invested with the interest of a romance. We can give but one extract-our readers would hardly pardon us were the matchless Isabella unnamed on the pages of the Ladies' Magazine.

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"Contemporary writers have been enthusiastic in their descriptions of Isabella, but time has sanctioned their eulogics. She was of the middle size, and well formed; with a fair complexion, auburn hair, and clear blue eyes. There was a mingled gravity and sweetness in her countenance, and a singular modesty, gracing, as it did, great firmness of purpose and earnestness of spirit. Though strongly attached to her husband, and studious of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied prince. She exceeded him in beauty, personal dignity, acuteaces of genius, and grandeur of soul. Combining the active and resolute qualities of man, with the softer charities of woman, she mingled in the warlike councils of her husband, and, being inspired with a truer idea of glory, infused a more lofty and generous temper into his subtle and calculating policy.

It is in the civil history of their reign, however, that the character of Isabella shines most illustrious. Her fostering and maternal care was continually directed to reform the laws, and heal the ills engendered by a long course of civil wars. She assembled round her the ablest meu in literature and science, and directed hersolf by their councils in encouraging literature and the arts. She promoted the distribution of honours and rewards for the promulgation of knowledge, fostered the receally invented art of printing, and through her patronage Salamanca rose to that eminence which it assumed among the learned institutions of the age. Such was the noble woman who was destined to acquire immortal renown by her spirited patronage of the discovery of the new world."

ABBOTT'S SERMONS. Boston, Wait, Green & Co. This book has, we understand, been widely circulated, (two editions already published,) and is very popular. Prepared as it is it could hardly fail of being otherwise. The "Memoir" introduces Mr. Abbott in a manner calculated to enlist our best sympathies, and the "Extracts from his Journal" continue the impression, giving us the picture of an individual whose integrity of heart, and strength of mind, moral purity and mental cultivation are pledges of the excellence which his Sermons display. But highly as we think of the manner in which these compositions are generally finished, we believe the "Selected passages" will be the portion of the book most frequently read, and which will have the most salutary influence. The world is filled with sermons, and it is a truth that a long sermon is in almost every mind new connected with an idea of dallness. The manner adopted of selecting the most striking and important passages is novel, but seems judicious as it is here managed. The "Extracts" are deeply embued with that pure religious spirit which from the "Memoir " appear so eminently to have characterized Mr. Abbott. Gentleness and humility are the leading features of his piety ; simplicity and sincerity are the prominent graces of his writings.

As usual we have books on hand to be noticed, and communications for our work that must be delayed till another month.

LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. II. AUGUST. No. VIII.

THE DOCTRINE OF TEMPERAMENTS.

There is, in every human mind, a thirst for forbidden. or at least, unattainable knowledge; a principle of inquisitiveness, striving to penetrate the secrets of futurity. This curiosity to learn coming events, is not confined to woman; though she was, we are told, the first that indulged it. She may 'try her fortune' sometimes, but she is not, like man, systematic in her researches after the key that will unlock the mysteries of nature, of character, or of destiny. There is no record that the fair ones of antiquity resorted to soothsaying or astrology to learn the names, or condition of their hoped-for lovers-it was the kings, herees, sages, who bowed before the oracles, and listened to the responses of the Pythonissa-and believed them too. The faith in dreams and divinations is now discarded; indeed, ridiculed by the men; not that they are less curious or credulous than formerly, but because they think they have discovered a more rational mode of augury. Our philosophers would soon detect the trick of the Brazen-head, were it now to pronounce as solemnly as in the days of king Pepin; but yet they believe that by measuring and tracing the outside surface of a blockhead, they may discover the temper, habits and probable fate of all men whose pericraniums are of a similar form.

We are not intending to speak disparagingly of a science which we believe harmless; and which, to its favorers, ap-

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pears so very agreeable; (did you ever know a phrenologist who had not a most noble head ?) but then it is impossible the ladies can have their own excellence of character tested by such a standard. It would be highly indecorous for them to exhibit, except to intimate friends, their developments of the *head* virtues; consequently they must still expect to be judged by the old-fashioned standard, namely, the good qualities displayed in their conduct; and so it yet remains necessary they should sedulously cultivate the virtues of the heart.

But there is a method of ascertaining the ruling passion, or rather the prevailing physical disposition of every individual, of which the ladies may avail themselves, should they wish to study their own peculiar characteristics, or those of their acquaintance. We allude to the doctrine of temperaments; a subject which has lately been ably discussed in two of our Reviews, the American Quarterly, and the Western Monthly. The reviewers, however, only applied their moral and mental gauge to the characters of their own sex, without mentioning a single female name as illustrative of any class of temperaments described. We intend to supply this omission, and therefore hope our readers, though they may have seen the articles to which we allude, will nevertheless find somewhat to interest them in this. The subject is of vast importance to women, if there is any truth in the assertion of the reviewer; namely, 'that the future shaping of the health, enjoyment, morals and education of every person, depends upon the direction given to his temperament '---because women, by their influence in the early management of the young, do, in fact, give the first direction to the temperament, and lay the foundation of the future character. Men are usually what their mothers or nurses have made them; and this truth, the philosophers who aim 'at improving human nature, would do well to consider-let them remember, that to accomplish their purpose they must first elevate the female mind. Wisdom was personified as feminine, and the world will never be wise while women are ignorant.

To return to the doctrine of temperaments. The ancients recognized four temperaments; the moderns have discovered and added two more to the class, and they are now named in the following order—the sanguine, the athletic, the bilious, the phlegmatic, the melancholic, and the nervous. We propose, after giving a brief delineation of these temperaments, for which we are chiefly indebted to the able article of Mr. Flint, Editor of the Western Review, to name a few feminine examples, which strike us as appropriate, under each class.

The Sanguine. To this temperament belong the beautiful in face and form. (Including of course, all young ladies.) The Sanguine have clear, bright eyes, light hair, fair, healthy complexion, and that open, unclouded expression of countenance which reveals the sensations of a happy na-The moral qualities correspond; kindness and genture. tleness are the predominant emotions, giving to the manners that softness and elegance which reveals the amiable in heart. But such characters are usually versatile; and though they are frank and incapable of hypocrisy, they must never be depended upon for constant friendship, because they are usually guided by circumstances more than by resolution or reasoning. They are easily offended, and as easily appeased—ingenious, fanciful, and usually witty, fond of display and vain; their very inconstancy and fickleness qualify them for the impulses of sympathy; and they easily transfer themselves, in imagination, to other scenes and conditions. They usually succeed well in the lighter branches of literature, but lack the spirit of perseverance in intellectual labor; and hence they seldom shine in the profound or the eloquent. Confident, gay, varied and sparkling, they are neither deep nor dull. Changeable in their ruling passion, the desire of a gay and frolic existence, they are constantly forging new chains as they break or wear out the old. In the career of ambition, they execute better than they plan. Whether life is to them the strife of arms or of love—whether it is of sunshine or clouds, they meet one vicissitude as gaily as the other. Nature has endowed them with the desire of enjoyment and the temper of cheerfulness; and hence, their life is perpetually the spring time of nature, the youth of man's vears.' But they must avoid all excess, if they wish to have their life thus cheerful and serene; indulgence will be fatal to their health or morals.

Paris, Leander, Endymion, Mark Anthony, the English Leicester, the Hotspur of the bard, the French duc de Richelieu, Henry and Francis, the modern Murat—but most of all, Demetrius Poliorcetes, as he is delineated in Plutarch, are named by the reviewer as fine masculine examples of the *sanguine* temperament. For the feminine, take Helen, Cleopatra, Catharine Alexievna of Russia, Maria Antoinette, Josephine, the Diana Vernon of Scott—and (we have a right to name a person, though living, whose auto-biography is before the world) Madame de Genlis.

The athletic. This temperament depends chiefly for its characteristics on the perfection of bones and sinews. 'The stature is colossal, the strength extraordinary, the vigor of frame great, but the spirit inactive.' Consequently we must not expect such to excel in any pursuit requiring high intellectual exertion. They will make a good drudge, and a patient one if rightly managed; but it must be by flattery. You must beware of exciting the passions of the athletic; for the exertion of his brutal ferocity will not be checked by refined moral sensations—he has never felt or never yielded to them. 'A majestic frame is the boon of Providence for the unchangeable decree of mediocrity of mind. Medical wisdom counsels him to be temperate, and not lavish his surplus strength. His life will not, probably, extend to old age; and if he fall not, as with a blow, he will only drag on an existence of many infirmities.'

The Tritons are named by the reviewer, as being the ancient ideals of the athletic, and Hercules the finished model. Then there is the Ajax of Homer, the stout carl miller of Chaucer, the Saxon elector who could break a horse shoe, the whole family of the Hessian princes—and Potempkin, the favorite of Catharine of Russia.

It cannot be expected that, among the gentle sex, there should be many examples after such a rough model. The Amazons might possibly have furnished some; but the authority for these would be doubtful. We do not now recollect a single female, ancient or modern, whose recorded character would justify us in classing her among the athletic —except indeed, we should name the good *vrowe* of that most sage and serene of governors, the renowned Wouter Van Twiller. To be sure, we have only a sketch of this lady; but then it is done with that inimitable skill which reveals the character by a single touch; a skill peculiar to writers of true genius, and to none more than the veracious Knickerbocker.

The bilious. This temperament, notwithstanding its sickly name, (derived from the fact, that the liver predominates among the organs) is the loftiest one. Those who belong to this class are not usually handsome, nor remarkable for grace of manners; but they are endowed with all other gifts. ' They have sound judgment, persevering energy, quick perception and rapid thought; and all these are guided to their proper results by concentration. Patient and inflexible, they of this temperament pursue their scarcely visible and remote ends with unfaltering perseverance of purpose. They have strong passions, but stronger powers of governing them.-Their ruling passion is ambition.' And they usually succeed; and in the camp, the court, the cabinet or on the exchange, these are the men that bear sway; the master minds that compel other minds to become instruments. The bilious has usually a sallow complexion, dark, thin hair, the skin is dry, and the frame lean in flesh ; but then he has the keen, sparkling eyes, that announce the "God within him." He should be careful to regulate his system by proper exercise. In summer, he will do well to avoid fatigue during the heat of the day. In autumn, he may labor fearlessly.

For examples of the bilious, are given, all the mighty and successful warriors and sovereigns from Nimrod down to Buonaparte—with the addition of Themistocles, Miltiades, the elder Brutus, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar,—and Pope Sextus V.

In this ambitious temperament, may likewise be numbered Joan of Arc, Margaret of Anjou, Madame Maintenon, Elizabeth of England and Catharine II. of Russia.

The phlegmatic. 'A person of this temperament has usually a light, delicate complexion; countenance unexpressive; eye tranquil; muscles voluminous, but feeble; pulse mild; fibres soft; and the lymphatic temperament abounding. Tranquil in his affections, unenterprising, slow in resolution, he engages not in undertakings where these qualities are necessary. He owes his reputation for prudence and discretion to his temperament.' Unambitious, and not greedy of praise, he easily acquires esteem, but rarely excites admiration. Whenever patience and moderate efforts only are required, he succeeds well. His temperament is only fitted for stormy times; or at least, it is only at such times, or by fortuitous circumstances, that the phlegmatic will be brought into public notice. Such an one must exercise—no matter how violently. There is but little danger he will be tempted to an excess in amusements.

Hume, the historian, is named as a fine example of the phlegmatic—also the poet Thompson.

We might give a long list of female names, that is, if we were allowed to quote from fiction; as the heroines of most of our modern novels belong decidedly to this temperament; but we must confine our remarks to history, and among the *few* women named on its pages, or who are distinguished by their own unpretending works, none seem more decidedly phlegmatic than the "good" queene Anne, Lady Russell, and Miss Jane Taylor.

The melancholic. We give the delineation of this temperament, without condensing, in the words of the reviewer.

"The chest is narrow, complexion pallid, and the countenance marked with a twistful expression. He is lean, vigorous; with strait hair; tall and slender, but not badly formed; with a narrow chest which confines the play of his lungs; and he stoops in his gait and sitting. His nerves are exceedingly and morbidly sensible, and the internal movements are marked with great ener-The circulation of the blood is languid, and the surface and gy. extremities are liable to the influence of chill. The powers of his stomach are either slow or deranged. The curse of dyspepsia is on him, and he is glad and sees opening heavens, when no other eyes can see them-and a Stygian gloom envelopes the universe for him, when it is passable fair weather for every other one. He is self-distrustful and weak in common matters; but obstinately persevering when decided. Without strong motives he wavers and seems pusillanimous; but with the proper inducements, he never swerves from his purpose. Beauty exercises a strange and mysterious influence over him. For this unquiet fascination he deserts the resorts of the wise and the learned, the caucus, conclave, and the counting-house. But though bending easily to the spell, he is slow in fixing; and when fixed, his love bears the seal of eternity. He is sincere in his friendships; slow to forgive injuries; and wrongs are indelibly imprinted on his memory. In society, ill at ease, he is embarrassed and awkward. Yet the deep tone of his voice excites an interest almost allied to compassion. Imagination is his most vigorous faculty; which creates an interior world, peculiarly his own, in which he lives and moves.

His expressions paint thoughts as in colors. When sufficient motives bring him to business, his energy and decision are remarkable. His ideas flow forth in irresistible eloquence. He dwells much, and too much on his own feelings and woes; and muses and discourses inordinately on his own sufferings. This, chargeable properly to his temperament, is set down to his vanity. His chief longings are for glory. This fires his patriotism, fills and inflames his imagination, and leads him to beautiful designs. This goads him with mighty power to nightly vigils and immoderate toil."

The melancholic must be active, must mingle in company, exercise in the open air, and not allow his imagination to dwell on the dark shadows in the picture of life.

Virgil, Tasso, Cowley, Milton, Rosseau, Columbus, Caesar, Nero, Tiberius, Demosthenes, Burke, and the elder Pitt, are given as examples of this temperament.—To which may be added Zenobia and the mother of the Gracchi, Madame de Stael, Lady Wortley Montague, and Mrs. Radcliffe.

The nervous.—Under this head our readers will probably expect to find many feminine examples. But the fickleness of character which the temperament induces in those of weak fibres, including of course, nearly all females, combined with the seclusion of domestic life, has usually prevented nervous women from becoming eminent, except perhaps in their own circle; where they are distinguished for their "extreme sensibility" and whim.

In men of this temperament, or whenever the fibres are hard, the character is remarkable for decision and firm-Such an one is usually 'lean and hungry' in ap-Dess. pearance as Cassius—with a bright, quick eye, and a mind as rapid and changeable, passing from grave to gay apparently without effort. He excels in wit, or rather sarcasm; but in close reasoning, and that eloquence which moves men's hearts, he is not an adept. Deficient in pathos, as those are who think mostly of themselves, he nevertheless 'excels in epigramatic conceits, in the quick perception of the ludicrous, in the pointed expression of his ideas. He He is delights in proverbs, and manufactures new ones. commonly eccentric in his ways; and while he is sometimes suspected by the world of levity, he retorts upon it by a cold philosophy and a ' contempt for the malignant vulgar.'

Frederic of Prussia—Voltaire, Suwarrow, Socrates, Julian, and the emperor Hadrian are classed in this temperament.

Perhaps the best specimens of females belonging to the nervous, are Christina of Sweden, Mary Walstoncraft and the undaunted Meg Merrilies, who must have had fibres as firm as Suwarrow.

There is another temperament suggested by the reviewer as the *beau ideal*—it is formed by a happy mingling and due balancing of all the qualities which compose the varied man; and as the blending of all colours in just proportion forms white, the emblem of purity—so this blending of the temperaments forms the pure and perfect character. Washington is an example of this *tempered* temperament and so is Isabella of Castile.

Thus far we have learned authority for this paper-but in hazarding the remark that there should be vet another temperament named and delineated, we have no guide but our own observation. Yet certes there seems to be a portion of the ladies---to say nothing of that tribe of the other sex ycleped dandies, exquisites, or coxcombs, whose characteristics would hardly entitle them to be classed under any of the foregoing temperaments. We have endeavored to select a name for the new class, and with all due attention to propriety and euphony, can think of none more suitable than the romantic. The romantic temperament then, includes those persons whose appearance, when possible, always conforms to the standard of fashion. Whether the waist is long or short; the form slender or plump; the complexion blooming or pale; the eyes sparkling or pensive; depends entirely on the estimation of such personal appearances by the world. The romantic has fancy, but it is deficient in judgment; hence, though he may imitate beautifully, he rarely originates beautiful designs. He excels in memory; (even so far as often to remember when to forget his best friends and most familiar acquaintance) and consequently in that kind of conversation which is "ready made." But his reasoning powers are usually weak, and his knowledge superficial. Without any violent passion, save self-estimation, the romantic is often the worst tempered and most disagreeable person on earth.

Yet he is not fickle. The same predominating principle of self-estimation which in youth makes the confident coxcomb and the gay coquette, will, in time, transform these into the irrascible tyrant and the virago. From a zealous follower of all fashions, he becomes a railer against all.

Happily however for the world, the romantic rarely has much energy of character. But, there have been instances of strength of mind and great abilities in the romantic. Diogenes is a good example of such among the ancients, and Dean Swift among the moderns.

The spouse of Socrates was probably, in her youth, a romantic girl; she was not certainly *reasonable* in her old age—and among modern ladies, our own madam Royal is a conspicuous example of the *energetic romantic*. The *romantic imbeciles*, my readers may select for themselves.

It should be the study of every person to correct the defects of his own temperament, or of those committed to his care. This may doubtless be done by judicious management. Mothers should study sedulously the *disposition* of their children, and endeavor so to modify, or correct the development of their passions, that the happiest and most useful combinations may be formed. This is the only advantage, or certainly the greatest, to be gained in an observation on the temperaments.

TO THE EGLANTINE.

DARE I invoke, and not in vain, Some nymph of Helicon for thee ?— For thee to wake one artless strain, Bright Flower of Poesy ?

Ah! how could I thus silent rest, And thus neglectful pass thee by ? Thy charms had fired my youthful breast, And rivetted my eye.

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TO THE EGLANTINE.

And still, as swifter flies the year, And Spring brings back the softer hours, I hail thee with a grateful tear, The loveliest of flowers !

Thou art all incense ! bud, leaf, flower, A perfume exquisite exhales, As if from some ethereal bower Just dropp'd within our vales.

Thou art all beauty ! for though round Thy graceful stem the thorns may grow, Thy blossoms, too, that stem surround And form an earthly bow;

In miniature as soft and fair As that which o'er the welkin bends, When the rain-dropping cloud is there, And sun-beam with it blends.

And what more delicate can be Than thy young bud and flower at birth? Unless it is sweet infancy,

That flower of heaven and earth!

And when thy perfume on its wings The laughing zephyr bears to me, Not sweeter is the gale that brings Thy odours, Araby !

With thee come all the blooming race, The 'habitants of hill and vale;

Set where along earth's varied face, In upland or in dale,

Is aught which charms the muse's eye Or captivates her heart like thee ? To gain thy crown her votaries vie For glorious mastery.

Themselves ador'd, the gentle Fair In thee each softer beauty view; Say, is not thine their graceful air ? The mantling blush thine too ?

TO THE EGLANTINE.

Then if within their bosom laid, Or round their sparkling brow entwin'd, O be not thou in haste to fade, Nor leave a thorn behind :

Nor, if in his young gladsome hour, With furtive hand the frolic boy Should rudely tear a bud or flower, Mar thou his short-lived joy.

And when to claim of thee a wreath The conscious poet may presume, O then thy sweetest incense breathe, O then perennial bloom !---

Bloom like the garland which he^{*} wove, Who went a pilgrim o'er the wave To dew with tears of grateful love A brother poet's grave.—

And with the fragrance of a rose He gather'd there and bore away, Enchantment round about him throws— Breathes through his magic lay.

In climes beyond the orient sea Thou claim'st thy birth, bright flower of song; A lovelier now pertains to thee, Where thou shalt flourish long.—

Where thou shalt too, from year to year, With all the beautiful rejoice; And still the youthful genius cheer, And still inspire his voice.

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"Who can forget Halleck's beautiful stanzas " to the wild rose of Alloway"?

GERMAN LITERATURE.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Under this head, our readers may, for the future, expect frequently to be presented with translations from some of the most eminent German writers. We believe that faithful translations, such as give, not merely the meaning of the author, but the peculiar manner in which he felt and reasoned on different subjects, will be more satisfactory, more intelligible, and far more useful to a large majority of our readers, than any other method by which we could introduce a notice of foreign literature on our pages.

It is but a short time, since the German language began to be studied here; as it becomes more fashionable, we shall perceive, doubtless, some of that foppery which always follows improvement, as its shade; and we shall hear allusions to Goethe, Schiller, Herder, &c. from those who know nothing of these writers except their names. Translations may, for a time, multiply these pretenders; but when a taste for the literature is once created, the spirit of true criticism will soon be awakened, and the detecting and exposing superficial acquirements will accelerate the acquisition of sound learning.

We hope this attempt, to make our readers acquainted with some of the beauties of those celebrated writers, whose genius is the admiration of Europe, will induce them to study the language where such treasures abound. A knowledge of the modern languages, besides being a polite accomplishment for either sex, and the source of refined intellectual enjoyment, is often found of immense benefit as a resource in adversity. Many instances might be named, of persons eminent for rank and wealth, who, when reduced by misfortune, have supported themselves by being able to teach or translate languages.

Perhaps I recommend these studies to the young more earnestly, from feeling, as I do, deep regret that I am not better skilled. I do not understand German, and probably never shall; but I cherish the hope that my children will be more thoroughly educated. In the mean time, I have reason to be both proud and grateful, that the talents and learning of my friends are so freely and so opportunely at my command. ED. MRS. HALE—The following pieces are translated from John Gottfried Herder, who was born in Prussia, 1741, and died in 1803; an author of great celebrity, and justly appreciated by his countrymen. I have endeavored, as I suggested in my last communication, to give an exact verbatim translation, thinking it best to let the author speak out boldly for himself, rather than weaken his thoughts by accommodating them to the true English idiom.

Yours respectfully and sincerely,

THE TRANSLATOR.

AURORA, GODDESS OF MORNING.

Aurora complained among the Gods, that she, who had been so much praised of men, should become by them so little loved and wooed ;—but the *least* by them, who celebrate and praise her the *most*. 'Grieve thyself not at thy fate,' replied the Goddess of Wisdom ; 'is it otherwise with me?'

'And then,' continued she, 'look at those who neglect thee, and for what a rival they exchange thee. Observe them, when thou passest by, how they lie and moulder in the arms of a *lethargic stupor*.*

Pray, hast thou not friends; hast thou not worshippers enough? The whole creation does honor to thee; all flowers awake and array themselves with thy purple splendour in new bridal beauty. The chorus of birds welcomes thee; each one meditates with new life to propitiate thy fleeting presence. The industrious husbandman, the assiduous philosopher, neglect thee not; they quaff out of the cup, which thou tenderest to them; *Health*, *Strength*, *Repose* and *Life*;—doubly satisfied, that they enjoy thee undisturbed, uninterrupted by that babbling troop of sleeping fools. Holdest thou it as no good fortune, to become enjoyed and beloved unprofaned? It is the highest happiness of Love, both with Gods and men.'

^{*} Schlaftrunkenheit' literally signifies the 'Drunkenness of sleep.' T.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Aurora blushed at her inconsiderate complaint ;—and let every fair maiden wish for herself her good fortune, who is like unto her in purity and innocence.

ECHO.

Believe it not, good-hearted children; believe not the fable of the poet, that the modest Echo ever has been a wooing lover of the vain Narcissus, or a babbling traitress of her Goddess; for, she never showed herself to a mortal, nor came there ever a sound *first* from her mouth. But listen, that I may relate to you the true history of Echo.

Harmony, the daughter of Love, was an active assistant of Jupiter in his creation. Motherly, she gave out of her heart to every living being a tone, a symphony, which pervades his inmost soul, holds together his whole existence. and unites it with all sister beings. At length the good mother had exhausted herself; and because she was by her origin only half an Immortal, she was now obliged to withdraw herself with life from her children. How did her so near departure affect her? Suppliant she fell prostrate before the throne of Jupiter and said : "Almighty God ! suffer my form to disappear among the Gods; but my heart, my sensibility extirpate not, and separate me not from those to whom I have given existence out of mine heart. At least, I would be invisible to them, in order that each sound of pain and joy with which I quitted them, happily or unhappily, with them I may feel, with them I may share."

And what would it avail thee' said God, 'if invisible thou couldst feel with them their misery, and wert unable to stand by them, nor by any means be visible to them? for, the *last*, the irrevocable decree of fate still denies thee.'

'So permit me to dare only to answer them; invisible only to repeat the sound of their hearts, and my maternal heart is satisfied.'

Jupiter touched her gently, and she vanished,—she became the *formless*, all pervading Echo. Wherever a voice of her child sounds, there responds the heart of the mother; she utters to every creature, to every brotherly being, the sound of pain and joy with the consonance of a harmonious string. The hard rock also becomes penetrated by her; and by her the lonely wood is enlivened; —and O how often, tender mother, thou timid inhabitant of solitude and the silent groves, hast thou refreshed me more in them, than in the barren circle of the toneless hearts of men ! With gentle sympathy thou givest back to me my sigh : so I may be forsaken and misunderstood, yet I feel from each one of thy broken tones, that an all-pervading, all-combining mother understands me, hears me.'

THE DYING SWAN.

'Must I alone then be dumb and songless ?' spake sighing the peaceful swan to himself, and bathed himself in the splendor of a most beautiful evening twilight;—' and I almost the only one in the whole kingdom of the feathered tribes. The gaggling goose, the clucking hen and the screaming peacock, I envy not their voices; but *thine*, O gentle nightingale ! I envy, when I, fast held as it were by them, my waves do slowly draw, and delay myself intoxicated in the reflected splendor of heaven. How would I sing *thee*, O golden evening sun !—sing thy beautiful light and my own blessedness,—steep myself in the mirror of thine rosy countenance and die !'

Silently enraptured, the swan plunged down, and scarcely did he lift himself up again out of the waves, than a smiling figure, which stood on the bank, called him to it-It was the God of the evening and morning sun ; the self. 'Graceful and lovely being,' said he, beautiful Apollo. 'the petition is granted thee, which thou so often in thy secret breast didst cherish, and which could not, ere this, be granted thee.' Scarcely had he said the word, than he touched the Swan with his lyre, and sounded upon him the tone of an Immortal. Enrapturing, the tone pervaded the bird of Apollo; dissolved and melted, he sang to the strings of the God of beauty,-with grateful joy he celebrated in song the beauteous sun, the glittering lake and his own guiltless, blessed life. Gently, his form was as it were the harmonious song ; long waves he drew thence in sweet slumbering tones, until he found himself again—in Elysium, at the feet of Apollo, in his true heavenly beauty. The song, which was denied him in *life*, was become his *dying* strains,* which must gently dissolve his limbs; for, he had heard the tone of an Immortal, and had seen the countenance of a God. Grateful, he bent himself at the feet of Apollo, and listened to his celestial tones: when even his faithful mate thus approached, who for him in sweet song had mourned herself even unto death. The Goddess of Innocence adopted them both as her darlings,—the beautiful span of her shell chariot, when she bathes in the sea of youth.

Take courage to thyself, thou silent, hoping heart ! What is denied thee in *life*, because thou couldst not bear it, the moment of thy *death* bestows. J. G. N.

HINTS.

"Tis Slander "Whose tongue is sharper than a sword."

"Soda, Soda !" said a lady to her physician, "you have prescribed the same old thing to me these ten years; do for pity's sake think of something else, Doctor, for I am tired to death of the very name of Soda."

"Madam," was the reply, "so long as the same cause exists, I must prescribe the same remedy."

From the days of Solomon, down to the present time, and backwards to Noah, and the antedeluvian race, moralists have exercised their skill in endeavouring to cure a dreadful, still-existing evil. The satirist, too, has painted the monster, in all his native deformity, and held the hideous picture before the eyes of the world, yet the vile creature is not driven from among men. He still walks abroad, poisoning and destroying with his envenomed tongue. Who does not know him? Who does not hate his name? Slander. Yet what we all despise, do we `all forgake? Alas,

^{*} Schwanengesang,' literally signifies ' Swan's song, sweet song ;' fabulously ascribed to swans previous to their death. T.

no; and probably, remedies that have been so long applied without effect, will still be offered in vain.

As this work is designed principally for the Ladies, we shall address them particularly on the subject of Slander. The vice is by no means confined to our sex—neither I trust are we most guilty. Would that some writer who has gigantic power of intellect, would level his most tremendous battery against male slanderers. But I will proceed, (to adopt theological phraseology,) and briefly consider the evils of this crime to the female slanderer.

The habitual slanderer will lose her sensibility. Much as the word has been ridiculed, we all know its original signification. It is a lovely trait in the female character. Like the diamond, its value is not diminished, but rather enhanced by the multitude of counterfeits. A tear of genuine sympathy, is worth ten thousand flaming professions. One act of heart-felt kindness will strengthen the chords of affection, more than the sweet smiles and greetings that perhaps have no other meaning than to show a fine set of teeth ! The slanderer ! You will extract sunbeams from cucumbers, sooner than one ray of sensibility from her. She would not trample a beautiful white rose under her feet, she would not rudely brush the down from a butterfly's wing; but, she will wantonly sully the purity of a maiden's fame, or destroy the peace of an unprotected widow. She weeps over Desdemona's fate, and acts out in life an Iago's fiendish part. The bare mention of the surgeon's dissecting room would destroy the equilibrium of her nervous system, and, perhaps, produce a fit of hysterics-yet she can tear away like a jackall, limb after limb, from character; like him too, purely for amusement. Ye, who seek for a soother of sorrow, for a being breathing tenderness and love, melting at wo, yet prompt to relieve, take not to your bosoms a slanderer; as soon fold to your hearts a venomous scrpent. She will "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder."

The slanderer cannot possess a high degree of mental superiority. Conversation must be sustained; those who cannot talk of things, talk of persons. They do not analyze character, however, for their own benefit, extracting the good, for example, and rejecting the bad. It is a kind of small talk that does not enlarge the mind, or increase its treasures. The mind that dwells only on little things, is

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belittled—shrinks and shrivels from its original capacity, like a palm tree transplanted from its own bright sunny clime, to the ungenial, frozen north. To the high minded and talented, the everlasting tittle-tattle of the slanderer has no zest nor raciness. They may smile, but it is in pity and contempt. A smile ! It should be a frown of indignation, that should wither and petrify those who are practising such wanton cruelty.

The moral and religious character of the slanderer, is injured, if not entirely destroyed, by the practice of this detestable vice. As the one increases, the line between truth and falsehood becomes almost imperceptible; at least, the perception is so exceedingly obtuse, that the beautiful distinctness of truth has vanished from the soul. That heavenborn charity so eloquently described by St. Paul, what place hath it in the bosom of the slanderer? To her there is no bright side of human character; she knows not the pleasure of bringing to light noble deeds, of holding up to admiration, "whatsoever things are lovely" in her acquaintance-" whatsoever things are of good report." Through the discoloured medium of her imagination, all persons are dark as Ethiopia's sons, and she would make them appear to others in the same dingy disguise. Benevolence ! The slanderer might strip herself of all that she possessed to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked; yet we could not for a moment suppose that the act was dictated by benevolence-for that pure spirit could not reside in a slanderous heart.

Since then, Truth, Intelligence and Virtue, are not to be expected from the slanderer; since we all confess the enormity of the crime, let us join heart and hand to exterminate it from our own sex, and doubtless the "Lords of the creation" will, as usual, soon follow our example.

MNEMONICA.

A SUMMER'S WALK.

Nothing, save the sight of those we love who have been long away, can afford so much gratification to a mind of eensibility and refinement, as the enjoyment of nature's beauties in the rich revelry of Summer, or the first brightness of autumn, ere its glory is touched, or a single leaf withered by the desolating blast of its later reign.

And even to look upon a favorite haunt after a long snspended visitation, calls up feelings kindred to those which swell the bosom when we give or receive the long coveted welcome—and those are the hearts nearest earthly joy.

It was upon an excursion to a very romantic little village upon our sea-board, which had been the residence of my childhood, where I had caught frogs in the pond, and birds in the brake; and where every rock, and tree, and brook remained, unchanged by time, undisturbed by improvement or innovation, that I gladly agreed to accompany some friends upon a long walk to a distant part of the village, where I had not been for a long, long season.

Our way wound smoothly enough for a great part of the distance, but the remainder was over rocks and through briers, and underwood, and along the edge of frightful declivities, where a single false step would have periled our lives, or our bones, or immersed us unprepared, in a salt water-bath; for far below, at times almost beneath our perilous fall, was spread the ocean, in all its treacherous beauty glittering in the sun-light; a bright blue mantle, studded with gems, covering the fearful places of the deep.

The harbour of this pleasant settlement is considered one of the best and safest upon our eastern coast. It is open to the south, and a continuous chain of hills upon the north of the town, break off the bleak blast which would otherwise sweep unresisted, from bay to bay, (for it is upon a peninsula that the village of which I have been speaking is situated.) Upon the east and west it is protected by points of land, which extend themselves like the arms of a mother encircling her children.

That which shelters the east side of the pool is easy of access from the harbour, but perilous to approach from the ocean; it is hilly, rocky, and uneven, stretching out for about two miles, gradually sloping down at its extreme point to the water's edge.

The opposite point is about half the length of the one just described; presenting towards the sea, a bold cliff of high and inaccessible rocks, corresponding with the features of the shore for miles along, the huge cliffs abruptly heaving their bold heads from the unfathomable depths: for in many places there are no soundings; and often when pausing upon the outermost ledges of these awful parapets, when the twilight of a summer's evening was gathering, and the flooding waters were urging their way onwards, the dark black waters splashing against the rocks, I have shuddered to think how slight the step between time and eternity.

It was to these rude scenes that our wandering steps were directed. Often had the approaching hills echoed back the shrieks of the despairing. Many dark eyes had grown dim; many a bright cheek had grown pale, in waiting, and watching, and praying for those who had long been shrouded in these deep, dark waters.

A shipwreck of the preceding spring had induced my companions to the walk, supposing it to have occurred at a place familiar to me. We arrived at the designated spot; it was not the one I had indicated, which lay still farther on. We observed a cottage at some distance, and bent our steps thither to inquire our nearest way. I did not recollect the premises at first; but upon learning the name of the owner, I found it must have been the same which had afforded shelter to my father and myself many years before, during an appalling thunder storm.

One aged female stood upon the threshold of the hut. Another, apparently much older, several paces from the door, leaning upon her staff, a little boy by her side. She was attired in the garb so common, yet so respectable in the olden time ; namely, a short gown, stuff petticoat, and checked apron. A single companion was with me, the rest of our party having strolled on. We addressed her, and found her very much disposed to converse. She endeavored to walk with us up the smooth green shade which lay for some distance before us, and we slackened our pace to accommodate her halting steps. Conversing upon the peculiar localities of the place, we asked her how long she had resided in the vicinity. She turned, and pointing to a green hollow just below on the right, said, "on that spot stood the house in which I was born. Old Hannah ! (meaning the woman we had observed at the door) old Hannah's parents lived beneath the same roof. When I

was married, my husband took me to that little cottage, (indicating a small, ruinous house, far across the water, upon the opposite point) and a snug, trig, tidy place it was. I lived many happy days there; it stands high and sightly, and I could tell what o'clock it was by the old parish church across the harbour, with my glass, when I chose. I lived there with my husband many years; and many, after he was taken away from me; but lately getting sick and infirm, people did not like to have me live alone in the winter, so they have brought me back here, to die with old Hannah."

I could not but look upon the old woman as she spoke, with emotion. Deep, and strong feeling will always command respect and sympathy, however commonly expressed; and there must have been much of sentiment and little of vulgarity in the mind, that could turn with so much earnest, yet simple pathos, to "wedded love's first home."

There was more of the hope of happiness in my own heart then, than had ever dwelt there before, or will ever live there again; and my ardent thoughts almost chided the tarrying of the long summer's day ; yet I felt chastened, and rebuked. This simple tale fell damp and chill upon What an epitome of life ! of the nothingness of my heart. its dearest enjoyments, so brief, so fleeting ! I looked upon the bowed and withered form before me, and then across the waters, to the dilapidated cottage that stood there lone, and forsaken; and tried to imagine its mistress in all the . pride of rustic beauty, and the joy of happy love. She had there been blessed with all that any of us can desirehappiness; for if her indulgencies and possessions were few, they met the extent of a peasant's cravings. She had there known a wife's hope, a mother's joy ; yet she stood before me childless-----and they had brought her back to her birth-place, to die ! Her death pillow to be smoothed, and her dying eyes closed by the hand she has so often clasped, in noisy sport, and childish glee !

She paused at a turn in the path to leave us; the sunlight was fast wasting, and it was time for us to hasten onward, for we had many a mile-stone to number upon our homeward way; yet still we lingered, loath to leave this "woman old." And she on her part appeared equally reluctant to return, gratified by the interest she had excited, and probably, not often finding in that lone spot an opportunity to indulge in the garrulity so peculiar to old age. At length we left her, after good naturedly answering all her questions in return for the lesson she had given us. When I next visited the village, I determined to seek old Hannah's cottage. The village bell was pealing over cliff and wave; I inquired of whose passage hence it told——It was the knell of the aged widow. M. M. O.

AN INDIAN'S LAMENT.

"An Indian of the Kennebeck tribe fixed himself in a new township where a number of families were settled. Though not ill-treated, yet the common prejudice against Indians prevented any sympathy with him. This was shown on the death of his only child, when none of the people came near him. Shortly after, he dug up the body of his child and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forest to join the Canadian Indians." Tudor's Letters.

I left my tribe by the rolling stream,

Where loudly the war-whoop rang-

Where the arrow's point, with poisoned gleam,

Tore sharp, like the wild beasts' fang-Where lucid burned the council-fires

Along our native river—

'Twas my father's home : I left my sires, Without a bow or quiver.

I took no tomahawk or belt;

And I pushed no light canoe—

I rushed with my boy away, nor knelt To bid to my chiefs adieu.

I left them all, but that only boy,

To roam for the white man's love;

And to live with them, and have my joy, In the white man's God above.

They loved me not; and their children cry 'The Indian—that is he !'

And when my noble boy did die, They would not look at me.

Their children turned from an Indian's son. When glad in their playful whim: Their love was to themselves alone, And none they felt for him. I buried him, and no white man came, When my only hope was fled; I was their brother-had no shame, But that my skin was red. My tears for him in silence flowed, My heart they could not see: It yearned for theirs; the white men showed No sympathy with me. Had he but died on his father's ground, And with his father slept, The tribe had raised a burial-mound, And Indian mothers wept. They would have turned, to watch his grave, Their daughters from their knee; And shed the tears, which white men have Denied to him and me. I took him up, and bore him through Thick forests, dark and deep, And laid him where no hostile shoe Will break his quiet sleep. He is sleeping there : from the white man's sight He evermore will be; And I am where the sun at night Throws gold o'er the western sea.

Cambridge.

Сам.

MAN'S MENTAL SUPERIORITY OVER WOMAN, RE-FERRIBLE TO PHYSICAL CAUSES ONLY.

The first point that presents itself, is the absurdity of the mere supposition, that there is a distinction of sex in the

world of mind. Setting aside all experience and the evidence of facts, the very idea of mental inferiority in woman is highly improbable. That mind is of an immaterial, spiritual, independent nature, capable of existing without the frail tabernacle, with which in its present state it is encumbered, philosophy and scripture go hand in hand in inculcating on their sacred pages. Taking this for granted then, shall it be deemed reasonable to believe that the inspi-• ration of the Almighty has given woman a smaller portion of his own spirit ;---imparted a weaker understanding ? Or do the laws of the natural, extend also into the intellectual world? That inasmuch as sweetness of voice is rarely, if ever, accompanied with brilliancy of plumage in the feathered kingdom, so also in the fairest forms, of which our external nature is susceptible, it follows thence that a *feebler* emanation of the divine essence must reside? Can it be true, that the soul disdains to take up her highest, purest abode in the most beautiful models of material organization ? that it is only man that is fashioned in the image of his Creator? No! reason, and the better, nobler feelings within us, are in unison here ! They tell us that when the Universal Parent, from the unfathomable depths of his inexhaustible Wisdom, breathed into the first man the breath of life, and his inspiration had given him understanding; it was not his design, nor his sovereign will, that the brightest, most exalted modes of spiritual existence should be entailed in the male lines of his posterity, so that they alone should enjoy the nearest, directest manifestations of the divine presence. But having impressed on both heaven-born intellectual natures the same seal of immortality, he said : "Go forth, entering upon your glorious career side by side, mutually imparting and mutually imbibing from the free interchange of thought, from the proximity of your reciprocal relation,-both being the offspring of the same gracious father,--those holy influences, which kindred spirits alone can enjoy. Go onward, your souls linked together in harmony, and fulfil your high destiny; the throne of the Eternal One your everlasting goal."

But we do not rest upon the mere absurdity of the case. Facts and experience corroborate the deduction of reason. Look abroad upon the world. Open the volume of history, and there gaze upon the splendid portraitures of female intellectual pre-eminence. Admire the queenly Elizabeth. Can it be possible, O sceptic, that the mind which held all Europe,—swayed as it then was by the energies of rival potentates, jealous one of another's preponderance in the scale of power,—in peaceful acquiescence to its will, breathed in a *female* form! The unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, the innocent victim of the ambitious designs of her proud father-in-law, is another illustrious name recorded in the annals of fame, reflecting in characters of gold, the sublime capacity of the female mind. In the literary world, who would wish to cope with Madame de Stael? Instances might be multiplied to a tedious prolixity; but those already cited are sufficient to our purpose.

But it will be objected, --- 'these are allowed to be examples of great intellectual power : but they are splendid exceptions ; they are uncommon, like 'Angel visits, few and far between,' are therefore not to be quoted as proofs of woman's mental equality !' Vain sophists ! conceiving this to be true, we would ask ye, is it right to point to the sun when shorn of his beams by an eclipse, and then exultingly denounce his feeble glimmerings as the brightest manifestations of his power? Or would ye look to the Pygmien nations, and triumphantly adduce them 'confirmation strong as proofs from holy writ,' of the perfection of human nature ? On the contrary, is it not more just, not to say more in consonance with the suggestions of sound philosophy, to watch the glorious progress of mind, as unshackled by prejudice, and having thrown off the chains which custom and ancient observance had so fatally linked about it, she advances upward in the bright career of her own discoveries,-lighting up and unveiling to common view by the brilliancy of her ways, the hitherto benighted and inaccessible avenues of science and learning; and veteran-like, leaving her own splendid track as the pathway for other more timid spirits to be guided therein?

Is it a mark of even common sense to estimate the capacities of the female mind by its past attainments—by the stinted, constantly interrupted growth by which it has hitherto been characterized, owing to a dark tissue of unpropitious circumstances, and the prejudices of man, that have ever opposed its progress? Surely no: justice as well as the dictates of a sober judgment compel us to acknowledge the il-

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lustrious examples as invincible evidences of the mental equality of the two sexes. Eagle-eyed fancy may delight to penetrate into the unknown future, and there portray in majestic and delicate proportions the innate sublimity of the female intellect, assuming its just rank in the world of mind, and companion-like, careering in happy unison with the proud spirit of man through the regions of literature and science : softening the bolder masculine lineaments of his mind by her nicer and more delicate perceptions, as a distant prospect is mellowed, its rougher features brightened into beauty, by the rich flood of light poured in upon it by the fair Diana, as she rolls her starry chariot up the blue gem-studded vault of Heaven. What may we not anticipate from this wedded sympathy of minds? Is it but a dream of the enthusiast, to believe that the same moral glory will crown this union of minds, as has already hallowed the tender sympathy of hearts? And that the mind of man, no longer disdaining the sweet fellowship of its kindred spirit, as though it were of an inferior nature, will from such a connexion, rise higher and higher in the intellectual scale of its being, and vindicate more nobly its own divine origin,

Our limits will forbid us saying much upon the real subject of this article viz.; man's superiority arises from his physical and not his mental strength. It is purely a physical superiority, arising from physical causes. Woman, 'the last and best of all create,' was made also in the image of her Creator. She was endowed with powers of mind as sublime, as exalted as those of the proud monarch of this lower world. But from the very delicacy of her nature, which constitutes her glory, she was appointed by her Maker to look to man for protection amidst the turmoils and discords of this varied scene of existence. Man, gifted with mightier physical energies, was designed to walk side by side in the garden of Paradise with his heaven-born partner ; to consider it his highest happiness to stretch out over her the shield of his strength and defend her from injury. Man by himself is but a part of one grand whole; like a golden harp bereft of its master-spirit. He finds the highest glory, the perfection of his nature, in its blessed union with the gentler spirit of woman. But the beneficial intentions of Heaven have in this instance, as in numberless others, been frustrated by the pride, presumption and passions of men. He who was created to be woman's defence, her shield, glorying in his superior animal strength, has looked up to himself as her lord and master, and down upon her as an inferior being,—as though the same Almighty Spirit had not weighed them both in the same balance of inexhaustible love. But thanks be to the advance of truth, the time will come, if it has not already come, when woman, exerting the powers with which God has endowed her, will assert her rights and stand forth side by side on perfect mental equality with the self-styled lord of creation. Then, and not till then, when her mental, as well as moral influences are more widely diffused and *felt* in society, may we expect to see what human nature was intended to be; not a compound of selfish passions, and perverted and stinted capacities, hardly superior to the animal creation, and sometimes sinking to the level of demons; but a godlike harmony of reason and feeling, capable of rising to the excellence of angelic spirits. N. L.

THE MOTHER'S FUNERAL CHANT.

"Weep for the young, the beautiful, the dead."-HEMANS.

My boy! my boy! how beautiful art thou ! How sweet the paleness of thy marbled brow! And art thou dead ?—Oh, must I leave thee, laid Where all things brightly fair, but change and fade ?

Thou wert my first—my own, my only one;— I could *ne'er* think to see thee *dead*,—my son ! Oh ! when I watch'd thee in thy sunny sleep, How could I fear that I thy death should weep ?

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

THE TIMES.

"It is all owing to his wife's extravagance, Sir."

"Perhaps not all—I think he must have been in fault, or he would never have become so deeply involved."

"He did continue to do business too long, when he must have known matters were only growing worse and worse; but it is all owing to his *wife*. He dreaded her reproaches more than those of his creditors. He could not endure to make her wretched; and all she ever seemed to care for was dress and visiting, and parties."

"He liked to make a show himself."

"Why, he liked to dress well, and live well, I know but the extravagance at the parties was all owing to his wife. No man of sense ever cared a fig for such parties,—it is the ladies' extravagance which is ruining us."

Such was the substance of a discourse I heard the other day, while walking in Common Street. The speakers, both young gentlemen in appearance, passed me and crossed over to pursue their consultation, by no means carried on with the tone of secrecy, in the Mall. The one who railed so bitterly against the extravagance of women, I set down for a bachelor; the other had probably a *dear* wife at home.

The incident, combined with the constantly increasing complaints of the scarcity of money, and the failure of numbers, once considered among the rich and respected in our community, will, I am confident, be a sufficient apology for calling the attention of the ladies to the subject of "the times," as they are now operating, or ought to operate on the character of the American people, rather than detailing a story for their amusement.

Many different causes are assigned by politicians and political economists to account for the present unparalleled distress that pervades all classes, excepting perhaps the farmers, in our country. We hear it ascribed to the banks, the manufactories, the tariff, the balance of trade, &c.—till the people, bewildered by so many causes which they are told conspire to ruin them, scarcely think it worth inquiry whether they, as individuals, have had any share in their own undoing. The times—the hard times, caused by untoward and unavoidable circumstances, have done all the mischief. Not a man is ruined by his own folly; nor does a woman dress herself, or arrange her establishment in a style beyond what she is absolutely obliged to do to maintain her credit in society. All have done the best they possibly could; but the times !

What nonsense! The times, in our own country, were never better, if peace, health, and abundance of all things, (except money,) would satisfy us. The whole, or certainly the greater part of this pressure of the times, as it is called, is the effect of the vanity and extravagance of the people. Almost every man knows he lives beyond his income; and women,—they are too busy with the expenditures to know any thing.

Self-accusation is always an unpleasant task, yet there is a crisis when self-flattery would be fatal. If the people are not convinced that most of the embarrassments they now suffer have been the effect of their own thoughtlessness and pride, they will never apply the only remedy which can effectually remove these evils. It is not the talismanic word 'Economy' that will do it. The wildest extravagancies, as well as the most paltry meannesses, are practised under the name of economy. As it is commonly understood, it only means the art of saving appearances, substituting one extravagance for another less obnoxious to censure; or at best, it is only thought a necessary virtue for the poor to practice, or those who wish to make their fortune.

Economy is not a pleasant word to any one, excepting a politician, or a philosopher; and as the ladies are not permitted to be politicians or philosophers, how can they be admirers of economy?

They have not, or but few of them, enjoyed the advantages of a rational education; and a romantic economist is usually the most extravagant woman in society. It would therefore be useless to urge on the attention of the ladies any rigid system of economy as necessary, even under the embarrassments so loudly complained of. Few would attempt to practice it, and fewer still would be benefitted by it. But yet it is in my opinion, within the power of our intelligent and accomplished women to check, in a great measure, the present ruinous extravagance which pervades all classes. They may do more : they may gain to themselves a permanent influence, and a respect which the distinction of leading in the present frippery fashions can never impart. Let them unite to give a new direction to fashionable taste.

There is no ambition so mischievous in our Republic as that of personal display—the display of dress; because it cannot, for the present, be expensively indulged except by fostering the industry and prosperity of other countries at the expense of our own. It is often urged that the rich, by expending their income in decorations and display, encourage ingenuity, industry, and the arts, and thus render a greater benefit to society than they could by any other method of disbursement. This may be true, or partly so, in the rich and over-peopled countries of the old world; but the reasoning does not apply to us. The costly and curious articles with which our ladies form their fashionable dresses, are not wrought in America: consequently, all that is paid for such articles, beyond the price of the original material, goes to foreign artisans.

But still, if our citizens, by their labor in the cultivation of flax, cotton &c., the raw material, as it is called, could realize a profit sufficient to pay the foreign manufacturers of gauzes, muslins, and ribbons, for their labor, there would be no reason why we should not esteem the purchasing and wearing of such superfluities, in reality affording encouragement to our own productive industry, and thus adding to national wealth, as well as individual gratification. But when such profits are not realized; when, like the simple Indian, we are giving, not only our productions, but our lands, for beads and baubles, it is time to consider whether we cannot better dispense with the finery than the means of living.

This revolution in fashionable sentiment can be wrought by the ladies,—indeed, it must be done by them, if at all, for they are the arbiters of taste, and in a great measure of public opinion; and it is they that have been the patrons and purchasers of all showy luxuries, and thus become the accessories of merchants who have introduced a love for these silly superfluities among us.

There can be no doubt of the patriotism of our women : they would, were there danger from a foreign enemy, cheerfully submit to any privations for their country; but to forego their costly jewels, and splendid silks merely because the country is too poor to afford such expensive array, is horrid vulgar.

Make it genteel, and the difficulty is vanquished. If our fashionables, our belles would only appear in simple costume, such would be considered most genteel. But they fear the distinction between the rich and the poor would not then be sufficiently marked. Almost every female could afford to follow such a fashion. How stands the difference now ? Many of our factory girls wear gold watches, and all the ornaments that grace the daughters of our most opulent citizens. And it is chiefly the extravagance of those who will follow the fashions, whatever is their station or fortune, which makes the danger of introducing an expensive style of dress, and the parade of costly furniture, as the standard, or necessary concomitant of wealth, taste and respectability.

It is neither to be expected nor wished, that the rich should forego the advantages which the possession of wealth honestly acquired or inherited, affords,—that they should practice the self-denial which poverty imposes while the means of gratification is at their command. They ought not to be required, even by the most rigid interpretation of republican principles, to do this. But they should be censured when their influence, the manner in which they expend their wealth, operates to introduce among us the love of idle extravagance in dress; of expensive luxuries in living, and that effeminacy in mind and manners which always follows in the train of sensual indulgencies.

Let the rich, and those who affect to be rich, (far the greatest number,) and who would therefore be the distingues, place their ambition on a higher object than this outward show, which may be so easily imitated. Let them make refined and exalled intellectual attainments the standard of rank, if they wish for a distinction permanent as well as conspicuous.

It is a truth well known and deeply to be lamented, that the children of rich parents, though furnished with every facility for learning, are rarely among the best scholars.

This does not happen because they are naturally dull; it is because they have received wrong impressions of the value of an education. They have not been taught to consider it absolutely necessary to their character and success in the world; but only as an accomplishment. The youth who has a fortune in expectation, if he see his parents only anxious about the display and importance of wealth, will not think it essential he should toil in his studies, like the poor man's son, who must live by his profession. The miss. who is sent to school loaded with finery and ornaments, fancies herself a young lady; and her vanity is so flattered by outshining her companions in dress, that she cares little for being called a dunce. Now these faults of the children are all owing to an erroneous system of domestic training; and the mischief has been, nine times in ten, wrought by the mother. She has permitted them to know, that the display of wealth was her idol; and this has made her sons dandics or spendthrifts, and her daughters all affectation and extravagance. When the fortune which imparted this self-consequence has been expended, as it often is, to support it, these gaudy, superficial, useless fine ladies and gentlemen, are the most insignificant, helpless and miserable beings in our country. Such reverses are not only probable in theory, but they are of very common occurrence. One would think that the fear of such misfortunes would be sufficient to check the pride which is fostered merely by wealth; and would fill the heart of every mother capable of reflection, with anxiety for her children in proportion to the temptations to finery and indolence by which they may be surrounded. She must train them to feel that they can claim their first station in society, only because their wealth gives them greater advantages to acquire knowledge; that consequently they will be expected to excel in every intellectual pursuit—and that the mediocrity in science and intelligence, which would be excusable in those less favored, would be a reproach to them. Make young persons feel and reason thus, and there is little danger that riches will corrupt them.

There are ladies whose ambition it is to lead in society, and who have talents and wealth to do it. Let them begin the reformation in our fashions and manners, and they will have an enviable distinction. Let them appear in plain and

simple attire, and let the eclat of their social parties consist in agreeable conversation; not in confectionary. They need be under no apprehension of losing caste. The only real rank consists in superior virtue, intelligence and good-breeding. It is much more difficult to imitate the graces and the charm which a cultivated and refined mind can throw around the most simple amusement, than to ape the show and profusion of extravagance. We are republicans, but we need not be levellers. The constant effort of Americans should be to elevate and improve the character of the whole community; not to war against those, who, by their superior talents, industry and perseverance, are pressing onward the first in the race, and setting an example of excellence as well as eminence. But the honor of our nation is not delegated to the keeping of a few. Every individual should feel ambitious of doing something to advance the prosperity, the happiness or the glory of his country. It is true that the rich (and that is the reason why I have chiefly addressed such) have now an opportunity, such as seldom has occurred, of giving a direction to public sentiment, which promises to be of incalculable benefit. It is now a crisis. The people are convinced they have pursued an extravagance which has brought them to the brink of ruin ;-- now let those who have the means of continuing this display, set a noble example of simplicity, and make the decoration of mind, not matter, the object of their care and study. Intellectual pleasures are cheap, compared with the gratification of personal vanity. I am not advocating what is termed blue-stockingism. No one can dislike a thorough dogmatical, dictatorial, demonstrating, metaphysically learned female more sincerely than I. But it is necessary, if men would improve, that women should be intelligent. The The contagion of folly, which a vain, ignorant, fashionable, fine lady scatters around her, like an atmosphere brilliant, but blinding, is more mischievous to the morals of society, than have ever yet been the most eloquent sophisms of the bluest of the sex.

These observations are addressed particularly to the ladies of Boston. Their influence, if now exerted, would have a powerful effect to arrest the tide of extravagance in New England. Such an example is necessary. The conviction, that many, if not most of the pecuniary embarrass-

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UNE LARME.

ments now complained of among us, are the effect of that ill-directed ambition which makes a certain style of fashionable appearance the mark of respectability, and that this false taste is encouraged, if not wholly implanted by the influence of my own sex, has induced me to write what many may think dull; but none, I trust, will deem impertinent or unfeminine.

UNE LARME.

C'est une larme Qui sert d'accent à la douleur C'est une larme Qui peint l'ivresse du bonheur Par une larme Les secréts du Coeur sont trahis L'amour se venge du mépris Par une larme.

C'est une larme Que vient reclamer la pitié Touchante larme Sunit aux pleurs de l'amitié Par une larme L'amour explique son tourment Et le regard du sentiment Séche une larme.

C'est une larme Que l'on accorde au souvenir Par une larme Le guerrier se laisse attendrir Rien qu' une larme Dit qu' on est payé de retour Combien d'Eloquence et d'amour Dans une larme.

B.

"What is the most charming music in the world, Frank ?" said I to my urchin of seven, as he sat upon my knee the other evening.

"Why, the grinding organ, to be sure, father," replied he: and I am very much of Frank's way of thinking. Talk of your Rossinis and Mozarts, your Spanish guitars and grand pianos. There is nothing like the grinding organ, after all. I can demonstrate it a thousand ways.

In the first place, the organ goes straight forward through the tune, without ever stopping to trill and flourish as your piping men and singing women do. It makes me nervous to hear them start off in the middle of a tune and fly away, nobody can tell where,—*executing*, as they call it, something which has nothing at all to do with the tune; but only goes to show off their own training, and illustrate, very satisfactorily, to be sure, the difference between nature and art.

Not so the grinding organ. No flourishes, no nonsense there. Every tune is turned off in a business like way. Every thing goes on like clock work. It keeps time to a wonder; and if an unlucky cog is out, and a note is missing, it goes right on, nevertheless, and lets by-gones be bygones.

Then the grinding organ plays the regular old fashioned tunes that we all loved when we were children. Auld Lang Syne—Washington's March—Bonny Doon, and the like. No tune comes to be played on it, till it is an old standard. Oh ! it makes me feel young again to hear it; for I cannot forget how I used to throw down my books and slate—yes, my very bat and ball, and scamper off to hear it, when some poor fellow of a Swiss or Savoyard would come on a still summer evening, and reclining against the great elm tree, a few rods from my father's house, would strike up all of a sudden, and gather all the urchins of the village about him.

How we reverenced and loved the man of music! How gladly we emptied our pockets of coppers, and even ran home to beg the long laid up ninepence of mamma, forgetting the coming general muster, and even the fourth of Ju-

SUNDAY.

ly, in the enthusiasm of the moment! How still we stood round the great tree in a ring, scarce daring to breathe, and wondered that a box, a mere mahogany box, with a crank to it, should "discourse such eloquent music!" And then, if after entertaining the village in general, he came into our own front yard, where mamma herself could hear it, what a happy, what a proud fellow was I!

How much pleasanter it is to stand at one's window, and hear an instrument that speaks of old times, and carries one back to the laughing days of childhood, than it is to sit for hours at a crowded concert or theatre, to endure a world of nonsense and affectation, for the sake of, perhaps, three strains of simple melody, which may or may not occur in the whole evening; a green spot in the wild waste of chromatics and finished *executions*. No, no, the grinding organ for my money.

F.

SUNDAY.

" Encroachment follows encroachment, till the Queen of the days is divested of her robes and her diadem, and mingled with the crowd."

> As wave on wave, with ceaseless roar, Is wearing on the lovely shore,

Of some lone Island of the sea,

And dashing high its spray on air,

To blight the flowers so fresh and fair, That bloom upon the lea:

So worldly pleasures, ceaseless throw Their wearing tide—and wanton flow, On Time's lone Island day; 'Till levelled 'neath the stream at last, Its loveliness, and glory past, Its name alone shall stay.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A short time since, I was delighted with the perusal of the Romance of Jessie of Dumblane, published in a London paper. The fate of the lover and poet, Tannahill, and the equally melancholy one of the beautiful Jessie, are told with great skill and taste, and deeply interest the reader. In perusing it, I was very much struck with the strongly marked parallel that exists in the romance of one of my own countrywomen, and that of the unfortunate Jessie! That of my countrywoman, I will relate.

In the summer of 1823, the village of Greenville, in the State of South Carolina, was very much crowded by visiters and travellers, in search of health or amusement. happened to be one among the number. Near the village, resided a very poor and destitute family, consisting of a man and his wife, and four children. The eldest child was a daughter, then about fifteen years of age; who had been reared, but not educated. Nature, however, had profusely bestowed, as if to mock at the high born and proudly bred, her gifts on the lovely girl. Cassy, that was her name, was rather taller than women generally are; but all was grace and proportion. Her auburn hair did not curl ; but just undulated adown her shoulders, and was, to the touch, as soft as eider down. Her eyes were of azure blue, prominent and full, expressive of great sweetness of temper, and seemed to luxuriate in their own brilliancy. The features of her face were Grecian; regular and brilliantly harmoni-Her skin was fair. The rose of beauty was deeply ous. engraved upon her cheeks; upon one of which, a slight dimple sported when she smiled. Her teeth were of pearly whiteness,-her lips were prominent, but delicately rounded, and bewitching in their expression of tenderness and There were what the critic would call blemishes. love. She had four moles, which were very strongly marked up-But there seemed to be a beauty as well as on her face. taste in their arrangement ; and like the dark spots upon the sun's disk, they were lost in the brilliancy of her charm. One was just above the arch of her right eye-brow,-another immediately under her left eyc,-a third at the internal termination of the left cyc-brow,---and the fourth at that angle where the lip loses itself in the check; and where

archness and voluptuousness are continually playing at bopeep. Her breath was sweeter than the Otto of roses; it was the fragrance of the violet, which had united with the odour of the wild crab apple. Such was the lovely Cassy of Greenville.

During the period to which I have alluded, some circumstances transpired, which called the attention of the inquisitive traveller to the contemplation of this interesting young In the true novel style, an attempt had been made woman. to carry her off by force. At this juncture, an interesting young lady of the village, who frequently presided at the piano, played and sung the popular song of 'Jessie of Dumblane' for a gentleman, who was a great admirer of the air, as well as the sentiments contained in the lines. Perceiving his delight, she said to him if he would write some other stanzas to the song, she would sing them for him. The gentleman remarked that no one could advantageously add to the words of Tannahill, for the song was well and properly sounded; but that he would write another adapted to the same air-but where, he asked, is my subject? To which, the father of the young lady replied, why not take Cassy for your heroine? The gentleman at once assented, and determined upon Paris' mountain, which seemed to overhang the village, for his Ben-Lomond; and retiring to his chamber, composed, during the evening, the song of 'The Fair Cassy.'

To those who have never visited Granville, it is impossible to give a just conception of the mountains I have mentioned. Although I have seen all of the most remarkable mountains in the United States, yet there is something in contemplating this that communicates a sensation of admiration and delight as peculiar as indescribable. When viewed from any quarter at the distance of two, three, or four miles, it appears to be jutting forward upon you, until you really feel as though it was impending above you. There is also, a deep richness of foliage which clothes it, that imparts to the mind the idea of youth. strength and beauty. I never looked for ten minutes together upon this mountain, without experiencing the most delightful sensations. I feel however, a total inadequacy, sufficiently to describe to others, the causes of that delight. From its base, issues the fountains of the Reedv River, which washes the western side of the village of Greenville, and loses itself in the adjoining district, in the waters of the Saluda. Such was the beautiful scenery of the place, that was rendered the more interesting from the attractions of the lovely Cassy.

The sequel of this young woman's history is short. She was visited by the inquisitive, after the celebration of her charms in song, with such eager curiosity, that at length, her virtue became suspected ; which, I believe, had suspi-cion only for its authority. I sincerely believe she was chaste at this time ; but to cast a doubt upon woman's virtue, is worse than death to her. Urged by poverty, and deeply wronged in reputation, she accepted a menial office in the employment of a gentleman, who was removing to Alabama. Never again will she turn with bewitching sweetness her soft blue eyes towards Paris' mountain, nor never again will her graceful form be reflected from the dark waves of the Reedy River. The home of her parents has lost its attractions, and the voluntary exile looks back with anguish to those hours, where the flattering multitude poured forth their Syren songs, which proved so fatal to her Those, whose minds have been strengthened by happiness. education, and whose manners are formed for the world, find it extremely difficult to resist the influence of well directed flattery. Vanity is a passion deeply implanted by nature in the human breast; and poor Cassy has realized much misery from the too great share she possessed of this emotion. I will conclude this romance, by adding the song of 'The Fair Cassy.'

THE FAIR CASSY.

The sun had gone down behind Paris' mountain, And sweetly the mocking-bird sang thro' the grove, When lonely I strayed by a soft flowing fountain, To cull for my Cassy a garland of love. The jessamine I twined round the sweet blushing rose, The snow-drop and Iris in beauty appear; Yet no vermil tints can such beauty disclose, As the cheeks of Sweet Cassy, the pride of the fair. Though the violet was kiss'd by the first dew of even, And the ivy reflected the tints of the sky-

Tho' soft be the azure of ocean and heaven,

Yet softer than these is sweet Cassy's blue eye.

May the wretch that would blight in its bud the sweet flow'r,

Be the victim of pain and the child of despair ;

And conscience add stings to each passing hour, 'Till peace be restored to sweet Cassy the fair.

FLORIO.

TWILIGHT MUSINCS.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Now at this calm, still hour, let me commune With my own heart, and ask it of its hopes, Its fears, and its desires. Heart, thou hast fears Mingling their cold alloy with sweetest dreams Blithe hope doth frequent send. Hope, what art thou ? Proverbially a shade, a cheating phantom, 'Luring youth onward, trusting to thy promise, Forever falsified, yet winning still. Fears, hopes, desires, are so commingled here, Their individuality is lost, And in the heart, hard to identify Superior reign of either, there are hopes Which 'tis deep bliss to cherish; and our thoughts Do dwell upon them, 'till imagination Gilding them brightly with so 'witching hues, Compels them to desires,-These are the sweets of life : but quickly fears Rush rudely in, and thrusting these aside, Fling darkness' shroud around their 'wildering light; Or if a ray perchance beam forth, 'tis cold, And cheerless, and the youthful heart is chill'd, And broods in gloomy melancholy; while The images reflected on its mirror, No longer joyous seem, and then we droop. Therefore, do thou, my youthful heart, beware To trust delusive hopes, or let vague thoughts, The wild imaginings of unfledged youth, O'erpower calm reason ; lest disjointed fears Should chill the warm devotion due my God, That he in mercy, blends our mortal draught With bitter drops,-when we return to heaven, And take the waters of eternal life.

IRIS.

THOUGHTS ON DOMESTIC EDUCATION, THE RESULT OF EXPERIENCE. By a mother. Boston. Carter & Hendee.

The mere triumph of proving that women are possessed of an equal measure of mind with men, never yet influenced us to admit a communication on the subject, or to write a paragraph vindicating the claims of our sex. True, we consider the question an important one; but not from any new privileges with which it would invest christian women. Their duties differ from those of men; consequently, their minds must act in a different sphere. Achilles with the distaff, was not a more ridiculous figure, than Deidamia would have been, had she attempted to wear his armour. In both sexes, it is the appropriate, the acting well their parts, that makes the dignity and honor of the character of either. It may be asked why, when the mind of the female must necessarily act in a different, and as it has always been considered, an inferior scale from that of her companion, it should be a matter of any importance to attempt proving her natural equality? The circumstances which prevent particular talents from being needed or exerted, will, to all useful intents and purposes, prevent them from ever being cultivated or displayed. Woman might just as well have been born blind, as obliged forever to wear a bandage over her eyes.

Such is not a proper view of the subject. It is predicated on the principle that the domestic duties may be fully and faithfully performed by beings of an inferior, intellectual capacity. This is a dangerous mistake, because it encourages ignorance in both sexes. It makes women indolent, and men arrogant. The women make no efforts to improve in intelligence, because they have no occasion for such improvement; and the men, flattered by the self-consequence of being so greatly superior to women, think they have reached the acme of perfection. Thus the world of intellect confinued for many centuries, nearly stationary, for the want of that stimulus which the united efforts of both sexes, each emulous in their own province, and having their ambition fixed on the noble object of contributing all in their power to that stock of knowledge which makes the world better and wiser, might give. To be convinced of this, we need only look at the contrast between the character of the people in those countries where women are con-

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demned to utter ignorance, and those where their faculties of mind are cultivated, though but partially.

No true woman ever considered it derogatory to her, that she did not exercise the same kind of influence, or engage in the same employments as men—she only asks to have her own duties elevated to a corresponding rank; to have them considered important and rational; and to enjoy that equality of education which shall invest her with the dignity of a reasoning being. And it is the tendency which such works as the one before us must have, in accelerating this revolution in public sentiment, already begun, which renders it, in a high degree, deserving the attention of women. It shows the true method by which they may give importance to their station, the practical manner by which they may obtain their full share of influence and privileges.

The author, an Englishwoman, tells us she was the mother of six children; three sons and three daughters; that she endeavored to educate these children, and kept a diary of all she tried and all she effected for twenty years, and has published the book as the result of her experience; hoping the hints may prove useful to others. We hope they will-we hope many American mothers will be induced to follow so admirable an example. We have often thought, that if the philosophy of mind was ever perfectly developed, it would be the work of some highly intelligent, affectionate, attentive and indefatigable mother. What philosopher has, like her, the power of watching the progress of intellect? She has done more than see ideas unfolded; she has implanted them—she has watched the beginnings of reason-she has assisted the first efforts of thought--she has, so to speak, made a mind-and she might know,---she ought to know every step in the mighty work ;, and trace every clue in the operation. O, it is lamentable that women, mothers should be ignorant, when the minds, the passions, the destinies of their children, depend so much on their influence and example.

We think this work more valuable as a pattern of perseverance in a course of maternal instruction, than for any new ideas on education. It has another merit; it is better adapted to our state of society, our republican habits of thought, than European works usually are. Still, there is a deficiency in one important particular. In the enumeration of books necessary to be read, from four years old to twenty, not a volume relative to America, or its history, is named. This defect may be remedied by the mother, superintending the studies of her children; but we think it would have been better, had the American publishers adapted the work somewhat more particularly, which they might easily have done, to our own country. We are very earnest on this point of national literature; and think it of the utmost importance to our mental independence, that American children should be early imbued with associations connected with their country. Our own writers and publishers, who judiciously foster this taste, are deserving of every encouragement.

We give a few extracts, from which may be gathered the spirit and tendency of the work; but hope our readers will not rest satisfied, till they have examined and judged for themselves, of its character.

'Let not mothers *fancy* they have not time for educating their children. In the gayest and busiest life some portion can be at command; and in the disposition of time, can any claim be more imperative?

Let not mothers *fancy* they are not capable of instructing their children. Let them look at the list of what is to be taught. Let them remember that a well-grounded initiation is the chief business claimed. Let them recollect how many excellent books can be found to assist their efforts. Let them be aware that, as they proceed in teaching, they will advance in learning; and, above all, let them deeply feel that, in the elementary part of education, none other can do so well.

Fenelon thus briefly sums up the qualities necessary to form a good preceptor :---'Let him have at least a correct moral sense, an agreeable disposition, and a true fear of God;' qualities very common, and very attainable. Mothers need not regret they can only teach the rudiments of learning. In some walks of life, that, followed by the after efforts of the pupil, will suffice. Where higher excellence is demanded, masters must be called in. Few, if any individuals are so highly gifted as to understand all things. The teacher who bounds his study to one art, must teach that art with more skill than he who engages in many.

Let not mothers fear the result of their labors; if patience, perseverance, and *unremitting* attention have been exerted, it will assuredly be favorable. A mother best knows the powers of her children, and can adapt her demands upon their attention accordingly. She can explain herself appropriately to the capacity of each of her pupils; her love will teach her modes of instruction unknown in schools; her solicitude will guide her to instil what is 'wiscst, discretest, best.'

Children rationally educated, often appear to make a slower progress than those taught at schools. The fact is, that they are fundamentally taught. That building will stand the most firmly, the foundations of which are the deepest, but it will rise the most slowly from its profound and secure basis.

As some encouragement to mothers desirous of being the first preceptors of their children, it will be as well to state, that a lady, after having given the rudiments of learning to the elders of her family, partly in the wish of making an experiment, and partly in the hope of benefiting the younger members, gave up their initiation to masters. After the lapse of a reasonable time, she found. on inspecting the progress of her pupils, that it was by no means so advanced, as in those she had herself initiated, at the end of the same lapse of time. Having kept memoranda of dates, ages, &c., she was enabled to be very exact in making her calculations and The masters she employed did not appear to have inferences. been deficient; but perhaps it is not easy for a superiorly gifted teacher to stoop to the drudgery of initiatory instruction. Whatever the cause, such was the fact. And be it remembered, that the mother's is a daily lesson, that of the master twice or thrice a week, or perhaps only weekly."

"Truly it is not so much on the superior talents, as on the *pa*tience, perseverance, and common sense of the mother, that success in education depends. This is a consoling consideration, for these three requisite qualifications are pretty generally possessed, and, if not possessed, may be very easily acquired."

"Children can be early made to feel and understand that they can do nothing without time, and that to make the best of time, it must be regulated. Beginning with short periods of study and occupation for very young children, let such periods be lengthened annually, until six or eight hours are daily apportioned to useful and improving employment. If possible, by twenty, let the appropriation of eight hours to business, mental or bodily, be fixed into a habit.

Adults will be struck with the suggestion of mental improvement continuing to almost the close of life; not finishing at the best period of mental vigor. Before twenty, the rudiments of all knowledge can be most efficiently laid; but, after twenty, the intellects are most capable of the highest and noblest efforts. Hence we see the necessity of early inculcating a desire for knowledge, and a conviction of its usefulness; since only after the period of

usual pupilage, is the mind in its best vigor, and is then, therefore, only to be advanced by voluntary study.

A truly well-educated young woman ought to form some such standard as the following, for the result of her studies :---

To read well, and write a good hand; to have a thorough knowledge of all needle-works, of arithmetic, of geography, of the French language.

To possess considerable acquaintance with general history, a closer intimacy with that of her own, and to be familiar with the best poetry, travels, essays, &c.

To acquire an improved skill in any one branch of painting or drawing; as excellence in 'painting flowers,' or 'drawing landscapes,' or 'sketching heads.'

To attain a moderate execution of music, with correct time and pure taste, so as to please others and amuse herself.

Also some insight into the Italian language, botany, natural history, and all the branches of natural and experimental philosophy, as astronomy, &c.

Perhaps a peep into mathematics and the Latin language.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Mrs. A. M. Wells is about opening a Female Seminary at Windsor, Vt. The writings of this amiable and intelligent woman, particularly her pure poetry, have made her name extensively and favorably known, and she can hardly fail of encouragement in an enterprise in which she has engaged from the most laudable motives.

The daughters of a house are its dearest treasures ; and we know of no station more delicate, arduous and responsible than that of the woman who undertakes to form the minds, morals and habits of young females. Mrs. Wells, by her virtues, talents and accomplishments, seems gifted for the task ; and moreover, she has that experience which the practice of maternal instruction bestows. No education developes so fully and efficiently the powers of reason and judgment in a woman, as the training of her children ; and we should unhesitatingly give the preference to a mother, when placing our daughters entirely under the care of a female guardian and instructor. The village Mrs. Wells has selected for her school, has many attractions. Few towns in New England, for salubrity of situation, and romantic and picturesque scenery, surpass Windsor. It is the 'land of mountain and of flood ;' and young misses from the city would find a residence there conducive to the strengthening of the mind, as well as the constitution. For terms, &c. see the Magazine Advertier.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE TALISMAN ; A TALE FOR BOYS. Boston. Wait, Greene, & Co. pp, 105. THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER, OR THE INFANT SCHOOL AT HOME. By Erodore. Boston: Carter & Hendee. pp. 36. These books were both prepared for children, and apparently by those skilled in the useful and important task of training the infant mind. The Talisman was written by a woman, and mother, and is an exceedingly happy effort to impress correct moral principles on the young heart, and show the benefits of a deep, inwrought Christian feeling; such as may, by a good and judicious mother, be implanted in the bosom of every child. There is a very happy, though, probably an unintentional exemplification of the advantages, indeed, necessity, that women should possess an education qualifying them to understand the management of every department of business, and yet that their talents were not intended for display. Did not Mrs. Courtland, while superintending the affairs of her family during her husband's absence, and educating her children require as much mind, and one as well disciplined to fulfil her duties, as did her husband to support his station in the legislature ? Yet who does not see the perfect propriety that her abilities should be differently employed from those of Mr. Courtland? Ladies may have sufficient and adequate exercise for all their faculties and learning, though acknowledged equal with those of the men, without encroaching on masculine employments.

The Little Philosopher is somewhat on the plan of Miss Hamilton's book of questions ; and is intended to lead children to think, not to recite from memory what they have never endeavored to understand. The author does not subscribe to the doctrine that there are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamed of in philosophy. He includes all things in the term. The following extract will show the manner of the writer ; and as we think it an important one in the influence it will have on the preparing of children's books, we hope mothers, and those who feel interested in such subjects, will attentively consider it.

Mother. Come here, my little children; I have bought a new book, and am going to teach you Philosophy.

Ann. Oh, mother, a new little book ; but it is too hard ; we cannot learn Philesophy.

William. What is Philosophy, mother ?

Mother. It is the first thing which childron learn. William. Why mother, the first thing? then it must be the a, b, c. Who would think that would be called by such a name?

Mother. No, William ; you learned a great many things, long before you learned the a, b, c.

Ann. I am pretty sure the first thing that I studied, was my letters.

Mother. Look at the baby there ; what is he doing ?

Ann. Oh ! he is tearing the newspaper all to pieces; he will spoil it.

Mother. No matter if he does; but what do you thing he is doing it for ? William. I don't know, unless it is for mischief. Mother. No, William; it is not for mischief. A piece of paper is something new and curious to him ; and he likes to shake it about, to see how it will move ; and to pull it to see how strong it is, and how easily it will tear. In that way, he is learning the nature of it.

Ann. See, now he has thrown it away.

Mother. Yes, he is creeping along towards the cricket. He is going to examine that. Now he slides it along the carpet. He finds it is heavier than the paper. Ann. And harder.

William. Now it has caught in the carpet. Mother. Yes, see he looks perplexed. He does not know why it stops; he is tipping it up ;---it is almost over ;---there it goes, thump on the floor. Ann. How frightened he looks.

Mother. Yes, it is strange to him, to see any thing fall and make a noise. But the next time, he will not be so much surprised ; he has learned something, by this

experiment in Philosophy. William. Why mother, is this Philosophy ? Mother. Yes, William; and every child has a great deal of Philosophy to learn, before it can walk or speak, and much more, before it can read.

Ann. But William and I have learned all the philosophy ; we know all about paper and stools, and the table, and falling, and other things.

Mother. I believe you were trying to make the fire burn, when I came in.

William. Yes, mother; but it was only for fun; it is not cold.

Mother. But what fun is there in building a fire ?

William, Oh, I love to see it begin to smoke, and then blaze a little; and pretty soon higher and higher, till it is a great hot fire.

Mother. But I don't think your fire burns very well; what is the matter with it ?

William. No mother, we could not make it burn. Mother. But there is good dry wood there. Ann. I know it, and some good coals; but we could not fix it right. What is the reason your fires burn so much better than ours ?

Mother. Because I know something more about the nature of fire than you do. There is some Philosophy in that, which you have got to learn.

William. Will your new book tell us about that ? Will it tell us what we blow the bellows for ?

Mother. I don't know; but I suppose it will tell us things like that. But come, we will try it. It is full of questions which I shall read; and you must think of the answers.

WORKS IN PRESS. Mrs. Lincoln, vice-principal of the Troy Female Seminary, is about publishing 'Familiar Lectures on Botany.' The character of the work is very highly commended by those who have had an opportunity of examining it. The merits of the work are, that it contains a full and complete system of Botanical instruction, and thus renders the purchase of any other treatise unnecessary, except to professional students ; and it explains itself so clearly, step by step, as almost to obviate the necessity of a teacher. Such a work is needed ; and from what we know of the talents and acquirements of Mrs. Lincoln, we feel confident she has prepared one deserving of

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every encouragement. Her Lectures will do honor to ber sex. They are not intruded on the public in the bold defiance of feminine propriety. They are written, not spoken. They will help us to understand nature, not persuade us to make it our deity.

ANTEDILUVIAN ANTIQUITIES, the first of a series of five volumes, is to be published in October; and about the same time and by the same author, 'VI-CISSITUDES OF LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE AGE.'

It is also in contemplation to commence a publication to be called the **AMERICAN LIBRARY**, selected from the writings of Americans, and embodying whatever has been produced among us worthy of being preserved by that mighty posterity to which the world is ever looking for honor. The projected work is expected to extend to, at least, one hundred volumes,

NEW PERIODICALS.

. We have a number of these on our table, and we despair of giving any thing like an analysis of their merits—but hope the respective editors and authors will be satisfied with such brief allusions as our limits permit.

THE YANKEE, by John Neal,—transformed from a weekly paper, to a monthly Journal. There can be little doubt of the success of this work; the editor unites untiring industry with talents and knowledge of the world—but the deep, stedfast, resolute and true American feeling displayed in the Yankee, will be the surest talisman to preserve its interest.

THE SOUTHEEN LITERARY GAZETTE. This monthly has a long critical notice of WILLIS' MAGAZINE, not very favorable to that young aspirant for poetic and literary fame. Mr. Simms will undoubtedly confess, if he has read the 4th No. of that work, that there has been a visible improvement. The Southern Literary Gazette contains also a very enlogistic notice of Beecher's Sermons on Intemperance, and several original articles of much merit.

THE BRUNONIAN—Edited by the students of Brown University. The first No. of this monthly is very creditable to the young gentlemen who conduct it. We are pleased to see that the influence and the advantages of a mational literature is felt by the young—by those who are enjoying an education which will qualify them to contribute to its progress and power.

We have not room even to name several publications that we intended to notice.

Correspondents have, within a few days, been very liberal, and next month will show how we appreciate their favors.

It is due to 'CAM,' to state that the 'Indian's Lament,' has been on hand several months, and was sent us before the poem by Mrs. Hemans on the same subject, appeared in this country.

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EMINENT FEMALE WRITERS.

Memoirs of Eminent Female Writers. By Anna Maria Lee. Philadelphia. J. Grigg.

This volume makes no higher pretensions, than that of being a manual of biography. In truth, it can be nothing more; condensed as the records of these illustrious females are,—the names of about eighty individuals being introduced in about twice that number of pages. But the book will be useful to young ladies, by furnishing them with the most important facts in the lives and characters of authors, of their own sex, with whose writings they are familiar, and to whom allusions are often made.

The private histories of eminent persons are always sought after with eagerness; and were this passion for biographical literature, rightly fostered and directed, it would have a most powerful influence in promoting the intellectual and moral improvement of women. But to do this, greatness, in its worldly sense, either as applied to talents or station, must not be the object of eulogy; or rather, the domestic virtues must possess a prominance in the pictures which are held up for the admiration and consequent imitation of women.

Madame de Stael once inquired of Bonaparte, who he considered the greatest of women, alive or dead. He replied, 'her, Madame, who has borne most children.' There might be piquancy in his remark ; but there was not truth.

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Had he said, that the greatest of women was she, who, having children, best performs the office of educating them for greatness, (remember, I use greatness as synonymous with goodness) he would have left a maxim much more to his glory.

The importance of early education, has but lately attracted the attention of men, in any considerable degree; yet it seems strange, women should so long have been ignorant of this source of their consequence. Its full importance is not yet appreciated; in truth, it is hardly suspected. Women still look on their lot as too circumscribed; forgetting that the influence they may wield, if they will but exert their talents in the diffusion of correct principles and useful knowledge in the minds of the young, will be a triumph which the greatest and wisest of philosophers have deemed worthy their pursuit. No one can deny, but that the writings of females have been instrumental in awakening and directing the present tone of public feeling, on the subject of education; and if our intelligent ladies would be in earnest in the work, they might soon reap the reward of their labors in the added respect which would be attached to the station of woman. It is no more desirable than it is possible, that the sex should change this station. They would not find it for their happiness, to exchange the security of home, the privileges of ordering and governing in the arrangement of the house, for the anxious toil of gathering wealth, or the vexing concerns of guiding the state.

But still, the woman who feels conscious of talents, may at times repine, that all the avenues of public fame are closed to her ambition; she need not, while the province of early education is so peculiarly hers. The field in which a More, Barbauld, Genlis, Hamilton, Edgeworth, West, Chapone, and Macauly have won their laurels, is neither narrow, nor easily exhausted.

The author of 'Thoughts on Domestic Education,' (we noticed this book in our last Magazine, and hope our readers will all be induced to peruse the work,) has set an example which may encourage many of her sex. She has shown how much may be done by ordinary means, and with common attainments. The biography of such a writer, including the progress of her own mind, while training the minds of her children, the experiments and results on which her opinions have been founded, and the details of her domestic management, would form a species of literature, the most necessary and interesting which could be offered to her sex. There is no human passion so pure and holy, as the love of a good mother for her children. There are no motives of action, which would so well bear the scrutiny of the world, as those which govern the mother. The record of her disinterestedness, would in a great measure, check that idea of utter selfishness, which has such a withering effect on the social virtues.

We do not, in our country, at least, want exhibitions of those talents and acquirements, which have fitted women to rule empires and manage state intrigues,-we want patterns of virtue, of intelligence, of piety and usefulness in private life. Such, we are glad to say, was the example bequeathed us by most of those women, whose names are recorded in the book before us. There are a few, however, whose fame, either from the little known of their private life, or other causes, rests solely on the merit of their knowledge and writings. We will give the sketch of two, eminent for profound and brilliant acquirements, and then add specimens of that kind of eminence, which seems to have been the result of goodness of heart, rather than pride of understanding; and to have been attained from a sense of the duty we are under, to cultivate usefully our faculties of mind, rather than the desire to gain fame by displaying them. Our young ladies may decide in which class of these distinguished females, they should prefer to see their names enrolled.

CHASTELET.

GABRIEL EMELIA DE BRETEUIL CHASTELET, one of the most illustrious women of her nation, was born on the 17th December, 1746. In early youth, she discovered uncommon capacity and vigor of mind. Captivated by the charms of poetry, she studied, in their own language, the first poets, both of ancient and modern times. Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Milton, became familiar to her : her ear was peculiarly sensible to the power of harmony, both in poetical and prose compositions. As she advanced towards maturity, she was led by an acute and comprehensive mind, to the study of the severer sciences: her attention was particularly engaged by the mathematics; to which, for a time, she wholly

devoted herself. She may be said to have rivalled Newton and Leibnitz. Her work entitled 'Institutiones de Physique,' which she addressed to her son, is a commentary on the philosophy of Leibnitz, which she cleared from its obscurity, and rendered more intelligible. The introduction to this work was praised by the learned as a master piece of eloquence and reasoning. She composed, also, a treatise on the nature of fire, which was published in octavo. She likewise entered into a course of study of the works of Newton, which are written in Latin, and on which she published a commentary, entitled 'Principes Mathematiques de la Philosophie Naturelle,' in two volumes, quarto; a work which is considered as a chef d'œuvre. Intense application wasted her strength, debilitated her frame, and gradually conducted her to a premature grave. She studied, with Voltaire, the principles of Newton, at Cirey, in Champagne; where, having retired, to avoid interruption, they resided for several years. Mr. Koenig, an eminent mathematician, spent two years with them in this retreat. Voltaire caused a gallery to be erected at Cirey, where their experiments on light and electricity were performed. In the midst of these profound occupations, Madame de Chastelet preserved her predilection for poetry, of which she was an excellent judge.'

'Voltaire accompanied Madame de Chastelet to the court of Stanislaus, at Luneville, in 1748. In this palace, in 1749, the illustrious marchioness de Chastelet breathed her last. She submitted to her fate with great fortitude, and expired in the fortyfourth year of her age. Her works afford a proof of the power and force of her mind, and of the capacity of her sex for profound investigation and scientific research: she deservedly ranks among the first philosophical writers.'

SAPPHO.

'SAPPHO, an eminent Greek poetess, was a native of Mitylene, in the isle of Lesbos. She flourished, according to Suidas, in the forty-second Olympiad; according to Eusebius, in the forty-fourth Olympiad; about six hundred years before the Christian era. She composed a great deal, although but few of her numerous productions have descended to posterity; yet these few justify the panegyrics which have been bestowed upon her. Her hymn to Venus was preserved by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who inserted it in his works as an example of perfection. An ode was preserved by Longinus, besides two epigrams, and some other little fragments, which have been generally published in the editions of Anacreon. Her poetry was held in great and just esteem by the ancients. 'In Greece,' says Tanaquillus Faber, 'no productions were esteemed more elegant, exquisite, and beautiful, than those of Sappho.' In honor of her memory, the Mytelenians stamped their

coin with her image. The Romans afterwards erected a statue of porphyry to her honor. Both ancients and moderns have vied with each other in enthusiastic admiration of her genius and talents. Critics, historians, and poets, have, in every age, united in her praise. Vossius affirms that none of the Greek poets excelled Sappho for the sweetness of her verse. She painted from nature and from genuine sensibility. She was the inventress of that kind of verse, which, from her name, is called Sapphic.

She wrote nine books of odes, besides elegies, epigrams, iambics, monodies, and other pieces, of which we have nothing remaining but those already cited.'

CARTER.

⁶ ELIZABETH CARTER, a lady of profound learning and piety, was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Nicholas Carter, and was born in Kent, England, December 16, 1717, and educated by her father. At first, she discovered such a slowness of faculties, as to make him despair of her progress in intellectual attainment, even with the aid of the greatest industry, and the most ardent desire, which characterized her efforts. Mortified and sorrowful at her own difficulties, she resolved nevertheless to persevere, and her perseverance was finally crowned with success. She became mistress of Latin, Greek, French, German, and afterwards understood Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and the Hebrew languages.

Before she was seventeen years of age, many of her poetical attempts appeared if the Gentleman's Magazine for 1734, with the signature of 'Eliza.' This extraordinary display of genius and acquirements procured her immediate celebrity, and the learned flocked about her with admiration. In 1739, she translated ' The critique of Crousaz on Pope's Essay on Man,' and, in the same year, gave a translation of 'Algarotti's Explanation of Newton's Philosophy, for the use of the Ladies.' These publications extended her acquaintance among the literati of her own country, and her fame reached the continent, where Baratier bestowed high praises on her talents and genius. In 1741, she formed an intimacy with Miss Catharine Talbot, a young lady of considerable genius, and most amiable disposition. This was an important event in her life, on many accounts. The intimacy of their friendship, the importance of their correspondence, and the exalted piety of both, made it the principal ingredient of their mutual happiness.

In addition to this, it procured the friendship of archbishop Secker, with whom Miss Talbot resided. By this means, she extended her knowledge of the world, cherished her profound learning, and exercised her pious thoughts. To this event, is to be traced her undertaking, and completing the work, by which her fame has been most known abroad; her 'Translation of Epictetus.' It was not, however, till the beginning of 1749, that this translation was commenced. By the archbishop's desire, she added notes and an introduction, both admirably executed.'

'About nine years before her death, she experienced an alarming illness, of which she never recovered the effects in bodily strength; but the faculties of her mind remained unimpaired. In the summer of 1805, her weakness evidently increased. From that time until February, 1806, her strength gradually ebbed away; and on the morning of the 19th, she expired without a groan.

The portrait of Mrs. Carter in her old age, which her nephew and biographer, the Rev. Mr. Pennington, has taken, is very captivating. The wisdom of age, without its coldness; the cool head, with the affectionate heart; a sobriety which chastened conversation, without destroying it; a cheerfulness which enlivened piety without wounding it; a steady effort to maintain a conscience void of offence, and to let religion suffer nothing in her exhibition of it to the world. Nor is her religion to be searched for only in the humility with which she received, and the thankfulness with which she avowed, the doctrines of the Bible, but in the sincerity with which she followed out those principles to their practical consequences, and lived as she believed. Very wide, indeed, from the line which they have taken, will the cold, formal, and speculative professors of the present day find the conduct of Mrs. Car-We hear her in one place charging upon her friend, Mrs. ter. Montague, the necessity to enlist her fine talents in the cause of religion, instead of wasting them upon literary vanities. In another, we hear her exposing the pretensions of that religion, which does not follow men into the circle in which they live; and loudly questioning, whether piety can at once be seated in the heart, and yet seldom force its way to the lips.

We see her scrupulously intent on turning the conversation of dinner tables into such channels, as might, at least, benefit the servants in attendance. This delicacy of moral sentiment, which feels a stain in religion like a wound, which deems nothing trifling that has to do with the soul, which sets God at our right hand, not only in the temple, but in the drawing-room, is, doubtless, an indication of a heart visited of God, and consecrated to his service. Among her studies, there was one which she never neglected; one which was always dear to her, from her earliest infancy to the latest period of her life, and in which she made a continual improvement. This was that of religion, which was her constant care and greatest delight. Her acquaintance with the Bible, some part of which she never failed to read every day, was as complete, as her belief in it was sincere. And no person ever endeavored more, and few with greater success, to regulate the whole of their conduct by that unerring guide. She assisted her devotion also, by assiduously reading the best sermons, and other works, upon that most interesting subject. Her piety was never varying; constant, fervent, but not enthusiastic.

As her piety began early, so it travelled with her through life. It was at all times the most distinguished feature of her character. It was indeed, the very piety of the gospel, shown not by enthusiasm, or depreciating that of others; but by a calm, rational, and constant devotion, and the most unwearied attention to acquire the temper, and practise the duties of a Christian life. She never thanked God, like the proud Pharisee, that she was not like others; but, rather like the publican, besought him to be merciful to her, a sinner. Such were the qualities with which she came as a shock of ripe corn to the heavenly harvest.'

SEVIGNE.

MARY DE RABUTIN SEVIGNE, a celebrated French writer, was born February 5, 1626. While yet in her infancy, she was de-prived of her father, who was killed July 22, 1627, at the descent of the English upon the Isle of Rhee, where he commanded a squadron of gentlemen volunteers. This loss was supplied to her by the cares and attention of an affectionate and sensible mother, and of her uncle, who superintended her education, and implanted in her mind the purest principles. She was early instructed in the Latin, Spanish, and Italian languages, and familiarized with the writings of the best authors. At eighteen, she married Henry marquis de Sevigne, who afterwards fell in a duel with the Chevalier d'Albret. Thus left a widow in the bloom of her youth, she determined against a second engagement, and devoted herself with exemplary attention to the education of her children. The Marchioness de Sevigne seems to have chosen that proper mode of education which inspired the breasts of her children both with love and esteem; she avoided that austerity which puts a check upon ingenuous confidence, and the severity of the parent was softened by the fondness of the friend. By uniting her daughter to the Count de Grignan, lieutenant of the king's forces, and Governor of Province, she flattered herself with the hope of not being separated from her, as the count was constantly near the person of the king; but the duke de Vendome having quitted Provence, the count was ordered to supply his place; and it is difficult to say, whether the daughter or the mother was most afflicted at being compelled to live apart. To this separation however, the public are indebted for those charming letters, which it is impossible to peruse without sensations of delight: for the tenderest affection is displayed in the most elegant language, and the heart fondly dictates every line. Frequent were the visits which the marchioness made her beloved daughter; affection shortened distance, and diminished fatigue: the last journey she took was for the purpose of being present at the marriage of her grandson, and she was then near seventy years of age. During her stay in Provence, her daughter was seized with a dangerous malady. This amiable and attached parent could not be persuaded to leave her for a moment; but with unexampled perseverance, watched her day and night. The countess recovered, to the delight of her fond mother, whose constitution was not equal to the fatigue and anxiety she had endured: she was attacked by a slow nervous fever, which put a period to her life in fourteen days. She expired August 6, 1696, in her seventy-first year.'

We will add one more sketch; an example teaching more forcibly than volumes of precepts, how misfortunes may be supported with resignation, even dignity, if to the resources of a cultivated mind, is added true piety of heart.

SMITH.

'ELIZABETH SMITH, was born in December, 1776, in the county of Durham, England, where her parents the n lived in affluence. She was remarkable, in her early years, for a love of knowledge, for regularity and reflection. During her youth, she did not seem to have enjoyed any peculiar advantages, except in the instruction of her mother; who appears, from some of her letters, to have possessed an elegant and cultivated understanding. In 1785, her father removed to Piercefield, a celebrated and romantic seat on the Wye, and in the summer of 1789, she became acquainted with Mrs. H. Bowdler, by whom she was introduced to another lady, to whom most of her printed letters were addressed. In 1793, a bank in which Mr. Smith was engaged, failed; and this unexpected stroke at once reduced Elizabeth and her family from affluence, to very narrow circumstances. She lost her books, her instruments, and the command of all those elegant comforts and conveniences which are generally found so necessary to the formation of female character. From that time, till the summer of 1801, Miss Smith had no certain home. Some part of that period she passed with Mrs. H. Bowdler, at Bath; several years were spent in Ireland, where Mr. Smith was quartered, amidst the inconveniences and distractions of military cantonments; and the rest at the houses of friends, or in a hired house on the banks of the Ulswater. During these years, and under such disadvantages, she

acquired that variety and depth of erudition, which justly rendered her an object of admiration to all who knew her. After the year 1801, she principally resided at a small farm and mansion seated among the lakes, where, in the summer of 1805, she caught a cold, which, though at first it seemed trifling, terminated her life on the 7th of August, 1806. She was, at the time of her death, not quite thirty years of age. Of the force of Miss Smith's genius, and the variety of her attainments, a judgment may be formed by the contents of a letter from Mrs. H. Bowdler to Dr. Mumssen. 'The lovely young creature, on whose account I first applied to you, had been for above a year gradually declining, and on the 7th of August, she resigned her spirit to God who gave it. Her character was so extraordinary, and she was so very dear to me, that I hope you will forgive me dwelling a little longer on my irreparable loss. Her person and manners were extremely pleasing, with a pensive softness of countenance that indicated deep reflection; but her extreme timidity concealed the most extraordinary talents, that ever fell under my observation. With scarcely any assistance, she taught herself the French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. She had no inconsiderable knowledge of Arabic and Persic. She was well acquainted with geometry, algebra, and other branches of the mathematics. She was a very fine musician. She drew landscapes from nature extremely well, and was a mistress of perspective. She showed an early taste for poetry, of which some specimens remain; but I believe she destroyed most of the effusions of her youthful muse, when an acquaintance with your great poet, and still more when the sublime compositions of your Hebrew bards, gave a different turn to her thoughts. With all these acquirements she was perfectly feminine in her disposition; elegant, modest, gentle, and affectionate. Nothing was neglected which a woman ought to know, nor was any duty which her situation in life required her to perform.'

Amid such pursuits and enjoyments, it is not to be wondered at, that Miss Smith felt little regret for the loss of affluence. She had resigned only that which thousands enjoyed in common with herself, which, though it may shelter from sorrows, can never confer happiness; but she retained her best riches; those faculties and feelings which are the true fountains of enjoyment, and which Providence had bestowed upon her with a liberal hand. Poverty neither dimmed her intellect, nor chilled her heart; and while her mind was occupied with new enquiries after knowledge, her affections were cherished and satisfied with the friendship of those she loved. She was greatly indebted for her resources, in the reverse of fortune, to her early habits of reading and reflection.

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These fortified her mind, and enabled her, with religion for her instructress, to form a just estimate of the things which really minister to happiness. These secured to her friends, whose conversation delighted and improved her; whose approbation animated her ardor; whose experience directed her pursuits; and whose tenderness excited, without fear of excess, the most delightful sentiments of human nature. These furnished, through succeeding years, the means of constant occupation; not constrained by necessity, or by a dread of vacancy and restlessness; not limited to a single pursuit, which becomes wearisome from its continued reourrence, and narrows the understanding, even while it quickens the faculties; but always new, always useful; equally fitted for society and solitude, sickness and health, prosperity and misfortune.'

'Although Miss Smith shone pre-eminently as a literary character, yet she appeared most brilliant and endearing when viewed through her exalted piety, and sincere religion. It was this that raised her above the world, and taught her, at sixteen years of age, to resign its riches and its privileges almost without regret, and to support with dignity, a very unexpected change of situation, Her goodness was of a very genuine kind. Her religion was watered by the dews and rains of heaven. It taught her seriousness and humility, kindness, resignation and contentment. It sustained her through the trials of life, and cheered her dying hours!'

BIANCA.

A GONDLOIER'S TALE.

You see that lattice—that one with the blind Half drawn across the soiled and broken panes, And the small porcelain vase and faded flowers Standing i' the nook. That was Bianca's window. I've seen her small white fingers lift aside Yon curtain's folds at sun-rise; while she gazed As if the morning rays were messengers Of gladness, that her high heart leapt to meet. E'en so they were :--she had no sorrows then; And every golden courier of the sun Was like some angel bark freighted with bliss !

BIANCA.

Had Titian seen her when those beams shone in Upon her bright young face, with its dark locks Clustering around it, like the nut-brown moss That wraps the rose,-looking as if the sky, With its winged islands, were her world,-just then, With her wild dancing curls and sunlit brow, He would have borne her image in his heart, To paint Madonnas by. And then her song Rung from the wicket, with the full clear notes That joyous hearts send out, like singing birds 'Scaped from a prison. Sometimes she caught the strain From merry rowers, that went chaunting past Under her casement; and sometimes from flutes, Played by the cavalieri when they met On the casino's balconies at eve. All knew Bianca's voice; and they who played Would let their music melt away, and list The clear, wild, wandering notes that dropped from air, Like the song of the herald lark; and some Would lean down from the balustrades, and ask O' the gandliers, ' what maiden sung so well ?' I know not how it was; but I was pleased To meet the question first, My very heart Leapt up to tell her praises; and my words Warmed like a lover's; and the listeners laughed That I should talk so roundly. I cared not. Many a time and oft have I looked up, And wished the maiden, with her innocent song, Would call my dwelling-home. Alas !--- alas ! I marvel that the dizzy-pated imp, Poets call Love-ne'er broke his neck ere now. He tumbles from his sunny heights so oft.

A cloud came o'er my day-dreams: shame and death Haunted them out, like night's dark harbingers, Chacing the sun-beams,—my half broken heart Seemed like some ruined shrine, where dead men's ghosts Rise up at night to mourn far-flighted years. Bianca's shame and death—aye she that seemed As far above the world's foul slander, as A star which maniacs war against at night, With pebbles gathered from the woodland brook, Or which ill-boding birds, from cloistered nooks Bay with vain screech—she sank beneath it, Like a dove pierced by a shaft in the air.

BIANCA.

Among the throng, lured by the carnival From distant countries, came an Englishman, One of those proud-lipped swaggerers, who strut On the Rialto, as its ancient stones Worshipped their foot-steps,—as if Adria's waves Were proud to win a glimpse of their cold smiles, And mouth their pretty words, as if the sounds Were nightingales. They are as plentiful As wasps in the sun-shine. One of these proud men Housed at her father's dwelling at that time. He had the bland smile and soft tone that men Skilled in seduction's theory address To women's love,-the warm insiduous gaze, More eloquent than words, that first corrupts Virtue's best warder, --- Prudence; stealing through The chambers of the heart, and leading forth Its frailties as the light winged summer wind -Calls out the scent from flowers. He told her tales Of his far native country. Of tall oaks, Towering in green magnificence around His proud ancestral home. Of deer that stalked With haughty antlers through the forest shades. As they were lords o' the solitudes: and then He spoke of the gay hunting train, whose steeds Came down the vales like whirlwinds,--riders' plumes Dancing above their caps, like woodland furse I' the snow-drift,—and horns and baying hounds, Dying away, like murmurs of a stream Down the deep wooded dell, lulling the ear With their far mountain music. Sometimes then He told her of a haunt by a quiet brook, Where the green bosky shelter was quite full Of merry singing birds; and then he wished They might sit there together. Thus he hung Like a foul spider for its heedless prey, His meshes on sweet flowers. The maiden loved-Loved with that deep devotedness of heart That breathes thro' youth's first vows. Poor girl ! she twined Her very heart-strings round the air-built hopes For her delusion reared; and when he hurled The sunny fabric down, those strings were rent, Like the frail weed that binds the ruined wall ; And she sank bruised and broken to her grave !

HAVANA.

Was not this man a murderer? Do they, Who rot in horrid chains beneath the sun, Merit their foul exposure more than he Who broods fell poison for the maiden's ear, To madden and consume her,—words that eat Like aspics to the heart,—smiles fraught with death As upas flowers?—Not they. No, not so much. There's not an inch of the scorched carrion That loads the felon's gibbet but would buy That sinner's carcase at Saint Peter's porch.

East Cambridge.

A. L. P.

HAVANA.

(Leaf from a traveller's Port Folio.)

THE city of Havana has certainly a grand and beautiful appearance, as one sails into the harbour. The passage is so narrow that but one ship can enter at a time. On the left rises the Moro, a commanding castle, surmounted by a light house. For a long distance on the same side, extends a very elevated bridge, crowned with strong batteries called the Cabanas. On the right is the Punta, a fortress situated on much lower ground than the Moro. The harbor expands beautifully, after passing the narrow entrance; and the city, which lies on the left, far in beyond the Punta, presents a stately and glittering array. There are strong walls bristling with cannon and alive with soldiers, gray and ancient looking monasteries, and churches with their massive towers and narrow windows, and a fine display of white walled houses, a thronging mart and a thick forest of masts from every commercial country of the globe. Beyond the city, and at the remotest part of the harbor, is a small cluster of white houses called the Reglas; and beyond this, in fine contrast, rises a verdant slope, a part of the amphitheatre of hills, which encloses the city and harbor.

The sounds which greet the coming stranger, are not less imposing. Besides the busy hum of commerce, the mariners' cry and the clamors of the thronging quay, there are the almost incessant ringing and chiming of bells, the frequent discharge of musquetry and cannon; the shrill music of bugles, which comes over the water from the Cabanas, and the melody of full military bands from the city garrison.

The city is less attractive on a nearer view. The traveller lands upon a long wharf, amidst hundreds of people, mostly black; a few of whom are engaged in unloading or loading vessels; but by far the greater part in talking, or rather vociferating with all their might. Pushing his way with difficulty through them, he attains a narrow, muddy street ; and if he can speak Spanish, or has a guide, at length This he will probably finds his way to a public house. find to be like most of the houses in the city, a quadrangular stone building, of rather massive architecture, with a court yard in the middle, and pleasant balconies running round within. At the dinner table he will meet a host of foreigners ; but very few Spaniards or Cubanos. His fare will be excellent; the price from 2 to 3 dollars a day. He will have a variety of dishes, for the most part in the French style; claret, a fine dessert, a cup of fifth proof coffee without milk; and finally, a good Havana cigar.

The city is regularly laid out in squares; the streets being straight, unpaved, and crossing each other at right angles. The houses are seldom more than two stories high; built of soft stone; the roofs covered with tiles, the walls plas-The lower story is frequently tered and white-washed. used for a shop or ware house; and where this is not the case, the entrance on the ground floor is broad, and serves to shelter the volante. In the centre of the building is the patis or court yard, round which the rooms are ranged, opening into balconies. This court yard, if the building belong to a merchant, is generally filled with goods. There are no glass windows; but upright bars of wood or iron, with curtains and wooden shutters on the inside; so that the houses would have the appearance of prisons, did not a glimpse of glass chandeliers, rich tapestry, gilded furniture and bright eyes, afford a convincing proof of their real A good dwelling house rents at from 8000 to 14000 use. In the suburbs the rents are somewhat lower. dollars.

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The shops are very numerous in every street; as even the nobility sometimes rent the lower front rooms of their houses to traders. This gives a lively business air, to most parts of the city. The sign boards are decorated with pictures, which seldom have a very near relation to the business of the trader; and the inscription, instead of presenting the owner's name and occupation, appears to be a matter of fancy. For instance, a mercer has a landscape on his sign-board, with the inscription La Gloria; a hatter calls his establishment La Palma; a tailor sports the effigy of a warrior, with the title El Heros Espanol; and a vender of hard ware, arms, &c., carries on his trade under the auspices of a dove and the motto AMITY.

The streets being unpaved and continually cut up by volantes and heavy laden carts, are extremely dirty, and almost impassable, on foot, even in the dry season. It is probably owing to the bad police regulations, respecting the streets, and the manner in which the city and harbor are enclosed by the surrounding hills and fortifications, that the place is so unhealthy for foreigners, in the summer season. F.

A VISIT TO THE SHAKERS.

It was on a beautiful morning, a few weeks since, that I rode out with a friend to attend a Shaker meeting. I never before had so fine a view of the scenery of the interior of our state; and if any of your readers are tired of the city, and would breathe for a few days the cool and mild air of the country, I should advise them, if they admire the beautiful things in nature, or love to watch the growth of our young country, to take in the circuit of their ride, the towns of Lancaster, Lowell, Groton, Worcester and a few others. They will admire to see the hills afar off, over the green intervals, rising up like nature's own pyramids, as if to show forth the glory of her power. The eye will follow the streams in vain for their source, as they wind gracefully

around the hills, forming verdant necks of land, of which they are themselves the silver necklace; and the rural beauty, especially on the Sabbath, seems increased by the neatness and simplicity of our meeting-houses, which rise above the tasteful dwellings of the happy farmer, like birds of Paradise above others of the feathered tribe.

It was a soft, mild, Sabbath, summer morning, and every thing around seemed in sweet unison with the hallowed character of the day. I had heard much of the Shakers, and of their peculiar mode of worship, and expected, of course, I should be inclined to mirth; notwithstanding I was about to see a portion of my fellow-creatures worshipping their Creator. But when I was in the midst of them, witnessing their actions and watching their countenances, I felt no more inclination to laughter, than if I were among those with whom I had worshipped from infancy. Perhaps we should be any thing than sedate at such a time and place, were it not for the devotional spirit, we always attach to the services of those who worship their God, whatever be the form or outward light. We are conscious at such times, that it is the inward, and not the outward form, that is engaged, and that is acceptable; and this alone, should check irreverent feelings, to which the novelty of our situation may give rise. Perhaps a brief account of a Shaker meeting, may not be uninteresting to your readers.

As I entered the room, the Shakers were arranging themselves on both sides of it; the women on the right and the men on the left. I should observe previously to this, however, that some of the men took off their coats and placed them aside. They formed themselves into figures, which I cannot better give an idea of, than by saying they were two perfect, solid right-angle triangles, which meeting at either of the two acute angles, leave an angular opening of about forty-five degrees. This space, I afterwards found, was the standing place of any who might address the society or spectators. They stood in this position for some time, without a word being spoken by any one; and their countenances wore a serenity and fixedness very unusual among any denomination or class of people. The hands of all were pressed together; and the women had handker-

chiefs, hanging vertically upon their arms, clean from the drawer, and half unfolded. They stood thus nearly ten minutes, with their eyes bent upon the floor, and you might have heard a pin drop, so very still was every one in the They forcibly reminded me of the sleeping building. scene in the Enchanted Castle, if I may not be thought making an irreverent comparison. Presently, a man who seemed the chief among them, broke the silence, by suddenly commencing a tune upon a bass key, and descending as suddenly to a sharp one. His next hand neighbor joined, and the next, and the next, each a little behind the other; and then by degrees the females, till every voice in the room swelled the fitful chorus; yet they seemed as incapa-. ble of motion as statues; except their hands, which were gently lifted to keep time to their voices; and of which, you would know nothing, unless your eyes were turned to This tune continued about ten minutes; to which them. followed a breathing time of several more, during which a death-like silence again prevailed. The man whom I had set down as the chief among them, then came forward into the angular space I have mentioned, and addressed the society; calling the members of it brothers and sisters. voice was so low, that I could only catch a few words; enough however, to assure me that his speech was directed alone to the society, and was not intended for others. The burthen of his remark was, as well as I could hear, the importance of the gospel to mankind, and the inducements they had to exertion, under the Christian revelation. Then followed another tune, in which all joined with the same devotion as before; after which another member came forward and spoke substantially to the same effect as the former speaker. He was listened to with attention; and though his language was very simple and often unhappy, yet his words were uttered with that kind of solemnity that never fails to carry conviction to the mind. He had no sooner withdrawn to his place, than another hymn followed; which, to my ear, seemed of a piece with the preceding ones. It was loud, faint, quiet and slow by turns, and the change was very sudden from one pitch to another. As soon as it was concluded, they all bowed and separated in such disorder, that I thought the exercises over. Not a man went near a woman, though they all seemed separa-

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ting in confusion and wild disorder. I soon found, however, that they were all the while observing an order among themselves; though it would not be observed by one in a hundred spectators, unless he watched them very narrowly. They came together by degrees, and soon arranged themselves into two solid squares; the women composing one, and the men the other. This was done by way of preparing for what they call the laboring dance; of which I will endeavor to give some idea.

After arranging themselves in two squares, with their faces towards the singers, who, about ten in number, male and female, stood in one row at the farther part of the building, they commenced a slow dance, keeping time, with the singers, not with their voices, but their hands and feet. They danced two steps forward, then turned suddenly, danced two steps forward, then turned again, as suddenly as before; danced two steps forward again, and so on, till they reached the point from which they started. This they repeated, till the tune ended, which was very long. While laboring in this manner, they presented a very singular appearance, and looked very much like a great number of persons who start suddenly from a point to run, and being suddenly checked in their course, turn a very short corner, and then are stopped again; and continually receiving checks, are confined within a very small space. As soon as it ended, they all bounded and had a short breathing spell, standing in the same spot and attitude they happened to be in when the dance ended; but yet, though one would have supposed them nearly exhausted when they stopped, judging alone from their loud breathing, yet the chief speaker, with a voice that seemed ready to break with exertion, called upon them to labor on. "Let us on, brothers and sisters,' said he, throwing his hands forward, suiting the action to the word,—'let us on, and take the kingdom of Heaven by violence !'-I confess, I feared the old man would drop down if he went on, and that his followers, in the sincerity of their hearts, would do so also. But he was still; exhausted nature required a few moments of rest. Thev rested about three minutes; after which, they commenced the dance again, though with a more lively step, quicker gesticulation, and a brisker voice than before. After this, they scattered in confusion, but came together again in the

form of a circle, preparing for what they call the laboring march, which I thought full enough for them after the dance. They marched around the room in a circle, the singers being in the centre, pouring forth a high and low keyed hymn, to which the rest kept time, as they went round, with a quick rise and fall of their hands. When this was over, and after a sufficient pause, they began a quicker march, which they went through after the same fashion as the last. They then formed themselves into the same triangular figures with which they commenced the services, and seated themselves, waiting for some one of their number to address those without the pale of the society, and, if possible, to make converts to their opinions. After about five minutes of deep silence, one of the society arose, came forward into the angular space between the males and females, and addressed those, whom curiosity had brought there to witness their mode of worship. He spoke with fervor and animation, and expatiated, with a fluency that would have shamed many public speakers, upon the happiness attending their mode of life and worship. They then all arose, and joined in a hymn much the same as the one with which they commenced their exercises. The words of the hymn or psalm, accompanying the slow laboring march, were these, as well as I could catch them, now and then.-

> • So let us live in this world below, And serving our God where'er we go, That when we quit this frame of clay, We may rise to glory's eternal day.'

Those of the quick march I could not catch, excepting now and then the words, 'beautiful, pure,' which flowed sweetly from the lips of some of the fair shaker girls. One or two of the girls, I thought very beautiful; one in particular, who was at the side of a black, as they marched 'double file,' around the room. Perhaps, however, it was owing to the contrast in their complexion. Perhaps, too, if she could speak Latin, she would have found an answer for me in Virgil: 'Me nimium puer crede colori.'

The dress of the Shakcresses was extremely simple and plain. Each female was dressed in a white gown, and a white handkerchief thrown over her neck and pinned formaly down over her bosom ; and on their heads, each one had

a white muslin cap, that came down over their ears; leaving but a small part of the face visible. I wished them out of the way a hundred times. These caps were all tied with the same precision, as though their lives depended upon their exactness. I suppose if one end of the knot projected out a millionth part of the smallest fraction in existence, more than it did, it would have decided their fate. The countenances of some of the younger ones were very sweet. Those of the older wore an air of solemnity, I have rarely seen in women, and bordered on the severe. The first glance I had of them, reminded me strongly of an engraving of Cheney's, in the Token for 1828,-The Seaman's Widow. They had not the grace the engraver has contrived to throw into his work; but the same sweet sadness was in both. The complexion of the men was very sallow, as if they were much exposed to the sun. The high heeled shoes they wear, are of their own manufacture, I believe. Their gardens and buildings are remarkably neat ; and as I have lately visited them, while employed in their daily pursuits, I may hereafter give your readers some account of them in that capacity.

Lancaster.

J. H. W.

THE MAD MAIDEN'S SONG.

Flowers ? bright flowers, why do ye bring Those lovely things to me ? Think ye they'll soothe my maddened heart,

That's bursting to be free ? No, no,—take back the fading things, Nor think to mend the broken strings Of my lone heart, by bringing flowers That perish with the passing hours.

They are for those who love the dance, And love to sing and smile, The fragile blossoms well may serve *Their* glad hours to beguile : But not for me :---take them away----They do but mind me of the day When I was free ! ere my calm brow Throbbed as it does so wildly now !

Away! I would not have a rose, With all its sweet perfume: But bring to me an Ivy leaf

Hartford, Con.

ROBERT OWEN'S BOOK.

We have been repeatedly solicited to give our opinion, through the medium of the Ladies' Magazine, on the recent open and impudent attempt, made in this city by one of our own sex, to advocate the cause of infidelity and disorder. This we could not do satisfactorily, unless we had attended her lectures; which was not to be thought of. We consider every respectable female who appeared there, no matter what were her motives, as having degraded herself, by giving countenance, which her presence certainly did, to the applauses which were lavished on the sophistry of a shameless and impious woman.

These expressions may sound harsh. We know many amiable people who think lightly of this matter, and consider the display of Miss Wright as no more than that of a mountebank. That her speeches will work all the effect she intended, is not probable; but that her sentiments will have no influence, is a delusion, which those who prize the

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dear charities of domestic life, and the holy hopes of religion, as the anchors of happiness, must not cherish. They must not cherish it, because while they think thus, they will use no exertions to counteract the insidious poison. Some affect to say, that Miss Wright's opinions, or at least, those she advanced here, contained nothing contrary to reason or morality. However, she might artfully veil with the semblance of goodness, the most revolting features of her sentiments, is there a single person, capable of reflection, who heard her, would affirm that the tendency of her doctrines was in accordance with the Christian religion, or with any religion? Will her admirers and defenders deny that she is the personal friend, the coadjutor of Robert Owen ? She styles herself his 'coadjutor,'-he calls her his 'sister,'-in the same faith he must mean. We have therefore sufficient proof to believe that their opinions respecting the 'social system,' coincide ; for Miss Wright assisted in the attempt made at New Harmony, to found a settlement, intended as a practical illustration of this theory. What her opinions are, can no longer be doubted; if she is what she styles herself, his 'coadjutor,' for he has fully developed his creed.

Mr. R. Owen and the Rev. A. Campbell, it will be recollected, held a public conference last April, in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio,—the former denying the truth of all religions in general; and the latter affirming the truth of the Christian religion on logical principles. The result of the controversy was very unfavorable to the cause of Mr. Owen. We will quote a paragraph from the able account of this logical tournay given by Mr. Flint, Editor of the Western Review, who was present during the whole disputation.

'When the debate terminated, on the eighth day, it had become too dark in the evening to read, after Mr. Owen had made his last remarks. Mr. Campbell desired the whole congregation to be seated. Every one in a moment, sat down in profound stillness. 'You,' said he, 'who are willing to testify that you bore the gratuitous vilification of your religion, not from indifference or skepticism, but from the Christian precept to be patient and forbearing under indignity, you who prize the Christian religion, either from a belief in it, or a reverence for its influences, be pleased to rise.' Instantly, as by one electric movement, almost every person in the crowded assembly sprang erect. 'Gentlemen,' he continued, 'now please to be seated.' All again were seated, in' almost breathless expectation. 'You,' said he, 'who are friendly to Mr. Owen's system, be good enough to rise.' It was almost with a shiver that we saw three or four rise from the mass to this unenviable notoriety. The people resumed their character, as sovereigns, for a moment. A loud and instant clapping and stamping, raised a suffocating dust to the roof of the church.'

Such was the manner in which that famous debate concluded; highly to the credit of the citizens of the West, who showed no disposition to exchange their hopes of immortal life, for the gratifications of a sensual skepticism. The whole debate was to be published; but Mr. Owen, probably, fearing that his arguments against religion would not have so much effect, if viewed in connexion with those of Mr. Campbell in its favor, has published the pith. of his own speeches and remarks in a volume of 226 pages. As this book has been prepared by Mr. Owen and published for him, none of his admirers, (or those of Miss Wright) can say that his sentiments have been garbled or his meaning perverted. The book has not yet made its appearance here; but we will quote a part of the able notice of it in the last Western Review. We do this, because we deem it of much consequence that our own sex should be aware of the influences which are now at work in our land to undermine that religion, which is the strength, the treasure, the peculiar blessing of woman. We do not see how a virtuous woman can be an infidel ; indeed, can be indifferent to the cause of Christianity. Is there a mother, wife, sister, who feels indifferent to that religion which is the bond of social life, the pledge for the continuance of those endearing ties that constitute her earthly happiness? Can a woman be indifferent to the precepts and promises of that holy book, which purify and exalt human passions and human hopes? Mothers should not think it enough to watch over the minds of their daughters; they must be They must begin early, and careful to instruct their sons. lay the foundation of Christian principles, the habits of love and adoration for the Author of the Universe with the first The enemy that is striving to gain possession of ideas. this fair world, to convert it into a temple of atheism, is thus described by Mr. Flint, by no means a prejudiced judge.

' It is our painful duty to feel compelled to review this bookpainful, because truth and duty compel us to enter our strongest and most solemn protest against its leading principles, while the same obligation and independence equally compel us to declare that there are, in our view, many important and useful thoughts incidentally brought to light in the 'social system,' which Christians would do well to ponder and learn from an enemy; and which are neither less true, nor less important, because they are advocated by an atheist. It is still further painful, because ' circumstances,' as Mr. Owen would say, have compelled us to an acquaintance of intimacy with the author: and while the highest obligations, by which a man is bound to his country and his kind, compel us to hold up, in the strongest light, the horrible results, which we are clear would flow from the adoption of the system; we owe it to all our feelings to declare, that so far as regarded his intimacy with us, we were never acquainted with a more amiable man than Mr. Owen, the atheist, and author of this book. We leave it to others to explain how this can be. No one need be told how painful it is, to a virtuous mind, to feel a paramount obligation to expose the folly, weakness, and fatal tendency of a system, while we entertain personal feelings of kindness and good will to the author.

The superstructure of the 'social system,' rests, as it seems to us, in Mr. Owen's view of it, upon two points. 1st. What has been called fatalism, the doctrine of pure philosophical necessity, or as he has chosen to present it, the necessity of circumstances. 2d. Purc, simple, unqualified atheism. Perhaps we ought to class with these two, a third dogma, which requires sensible or mathematical evidence, or a certainty near to these, in order to produce those convictions, which ought to regulate our conduct. It will be seen, that this maxim goes almost to the demolition of moral or historical evidence, or testimony.

Mr. Owen's fatalism, is that of circumstances. Man being, according to him, a passive creature of circumstance, he is properly under no accountability, and cannot justly be subject to a law, as such. No praise or blame ought to be predicated of his conduct; and of course, every thing in the present order of society, turning upon praise and blame, reward and punishment, as their grand hinge, every thing is radically wrong. To alter all this, infant schools must be established, and every human being must, from his birth, be surrounded by circumstances, which will as necessarily make him good and happy, as they have heretofore made him wicked and miserable.

It is necessary to take but a small and bird's eye view of a section of this grand scheme, that is thus to new mould the world

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ROBERT OWEN'S BOOK.

to see the futility of it. Men are to be thrown together over the whole earth in small communities, of not less than three hundred, nor more than two thousand. The most delightful and romantic picture is given of these parallellogram communities. They are to push their gardens, as they lengthen their cords, till community touches community, in a space of the most perfect cultivation, and the most delightful scenic landscape gardening, and in the most ample abundance of the best of every thing for human nature. There is to be no legal marriage, of course; marriage being really the union of the opposite sexes, from liking each other. It can therefore, last no longer than while that liking lasts. In short,---for it would be useless to prolong the detail, the universe is to be converted into one grand heaven,-every body is to become rational, and at the same time, keenly sensitive. Everv contrivance that can be imagined, is to be got up in a style, far surpassing Mahomet's paradise; and all this mighty preluding, all this wonderful movement, this renovation of man, all this earthly heaven is to be prepared with so much philosophy for two-legged tad-poles, who are to live together, at farthest, seventy or eighty years; then to be blasted with the frost of eternal annihilation.-These are thy Gods, O Israel!

Some affect to consider this atheism of Mr. Owen as harmless, and without probable result. We do not so consider it. Most of the former atheists have been men of violent passions or bad character. Mr. Owen has that same invincible and imperturbable mildness, which Christianity ought to inspire and foster. He is calm, cool, self-possessed, and apparently so deep in his convictions of the truth and utility of the doctrines, that his positive assertions upon the subject have very different influences from the flippant and angry reasoning of the common herd of atheists. We think the imposing and philosophic calinness, the mischievous simplicity, and the undoubting positiveness of his system, calculated to exercise a very dangerous influence upon the numerous minds, inclined by temperament to be wrought upon, by such a combination.

There can be no doubt that man is constituted by his Maker, a religious animal, by the unchanging organization of his physical as well as moral nature; as much so, as web-footed fowls are formed for swimming in the water. Atheists therefore, are monsters in creation. Man has been found without priests or altars; but we affirm, no where on our globe without some demonstration of the sentiment of a divinity.

We do not say that an atheist ought to be persecuted, or in any way molested. Neither do we say, that a man may not be so defectively or monstrously constituted as to be honest in his conviction

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.

of atheism. But we do say that an atheist is to be pitied, deeply and sincerely pitied. What, rob the wide system of nature of its Maker ? rob the infinite space of its vivifying, cheering, and if we may so say, socializing principle ? rob the firmament of its cerulean, the stars of their lustre, the natural universe of its order and design, the intellectual universe of wisdom, goodness and harmony; our beautiful world of its beauty; the imagination of its glorious forms; the heart of friendship and hope? Suppose God absent from his universe, and what have we left ? If anything ought to inspire our indignation, surely it ought to be kindled when we hear bipeds lecturing us to assume our true dignity, by attempting to dethrone God, forswear consanguinity with another existence and a higher order of beings; proving our dignity by proving we are worms, and no more; and that they are really, and in truth, our brother and our sister; exalting us to our rational nature, by showing us that all we can hope must be snatched between the cradle and the grave; that our consciousness will there terminate, as though we had not been; that all thoughts, hopes, fears, all the ardent aspirations of minds, cemented by the ties of friendships of this life, must be then and there forever severed. Such is the dignity and rationality, which the free enquirers of the 'social system,' would have us adopt.'

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.

'Here is his peaceful bed,— Beneath this humble mound He sleeps,'—the mourners said, Then bent upon the ground.

Beside them knelt a sweet, A lovely cherub,—he Had come with gentle feet To bend his little knee Upon his brother's bed, Where slept the precious dead.

No sighs were heard,—a deep And mournful feeling spake

Within,—'twas sad to weep And feel the past awake.

To feel that beauteous head Again upon the breast, And kiss that cheek of red While in its living rest.—

To gaze upon that brow Of snow; those calm, blue eyes,— Yet know that dear one now, Deep in the cold earth lies!

A Sabbath hush there lay, Around the mourning pair,— It seemed as grief that day Breathed in the still, calm air.

But Christians may not mourn In hopeless agony.— Our God ! to thee we turn— The *child*—he lives with thee.

Portsmouth, N. H.

J. N. M.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

(From the German of Wieland.)

Christopher Martin Wieland was born 1733, at Biberach, in Suabia; he died in the year 1813.

THE EMIR.

* * * * * * * * * The *Emir* in his whole life, had never been so dissatisfied with himself, as on this night. The comparison, which he instituted between himself, a hoary old man of two and thirty, and this silver-locked youth of eighty, was more than sufficient to bring him to

despair. He bit his lips together, beat himself on his forehead, and cursed in the bitterness of his heart, his Harem. his private physician, his cooks, and the young fools, who had encouraged him, through example and precepts, to dissipate his life so speedily. Exhausted by impotent rage, and stupified by a crowd of tormenting thoughts, that made the sense of his existence a torture to him, he finally fell into a slumber; and when, after some hours, he awaked again, it wanted a little, that he had not held all that had occurred to him since his last sleep, for a mere dream. At least, he applied all his powers to suppress the recollection of the most unpleasant part of his circumstances ;---and in the hope, that new impressions would be the most conducive to that purpose, he opened a window, out of which, he beheld the gardens lie before him, which extended themselves round about the house from the eastern side. A pure air, cooled with a thousand refreshing odors, dispersed the gloomy clouds which still hung around his brain; he felt himselfistrengthened; this feeling rekindled a spark of hope in his bosom; and with the hope the love of life returned. Whilst he was contemplating these gardens, and in spite of his perverted taste for the magnificent and artificial, could not resist finding them beautiful, with all their useful simplicity and seeming wildness, he perceived the old man; who, half concealed by the shrubbery, was busying himself with a little work in the garden, whereof the Emir had not thought it worthy to acquire to himself an idea. The desire to have explained to him, every surprising and wonderful thing which he had seen in this house, induced him to descend into the gardens, in order to enter into a conversation with the old man. After he had thanked him for his kind reception, he began to show him his astonishment thereupon,-that a hoary old man of his years could yet be so erect, so active, so lively and so capable of taking a part in the pleasures of life. If thy silver hairs and thy grey beard did not give evidence of a high age, continued he, one must hold thee for a man of forty. I beg thee, solve me this riddle. What possessest thou as a scoret, that can work such miracles?

'I can tell thee my secret in three words,' returned the old man, smiling: 'Labor, Pleasure and R st, each in small, just proportion, mixed to equal parts, and alternated according to the hints of nature; work this miracle, as thou art pleased to call it, on the intelligible way of the world. Ah, by no means; disagreeable weakness is the hint, which nature gives us, to interrupt our labor with amusements; and a similar hint reminds us to rest from both. The labor sustains the taste for the pleasures of nature, and the ability to enjoy them ;---and he only, for whom their pure, blameless delights have lost all charm, is unhappy enough to seek by artificial ones a satisfaction, which they will not impart to him. Learn of me, worthy stranger, how happy the obedience to nature renders one. She recompenses us for it, with the enjoyment of her best gifts. My whole life has been a long, seldom interrupted chain of agreeable moments; for, the labor itself, a labor adapted to our powers and accompanied by no embittering circumstances, is connected with a kind of gentle delight; the beneficent influences of which, spread themselves over our whole being. But, in order to be happy through nature, one must have preserved uncorrupted, the greatest of her benefits, which is the instrument of all the rest, the feeling; and to feel right, an indispensable condition is to think right.'

Could it have been possible, to make you capable of pleasure, without your being also capable of pain, so—would it have been done. But as far as it was possible, she has locked up the avenue to you of pain. As long as you follow her laws, it will seldom interrupt your joys; nay, more, it will sharpen your sensibility for every pleasure, and thereby be a benefit; it will be in your life, what the shadow is in a fine sun-lit landscape; what the dissonance is in a symphony; what the salt is to your food.

All good resolves itself into pleasure, all evil into pain. But the highest pain is the sense of having made one's self unhappy,—(here the Emir fetched a deep sigh) and the highest delight, the serene retrospection upon a well-spent life, stained by no repentance.

Moderation and a voluntary forbearance is the surest preservative against weariness and disgust. Moderation is wisdom; and only to the wise is it granted, to empty, by sipping to the last drop, the cup of pure delight, which nature offers full, to every mortal. The wise man denies himself, sometimes a present pleasure, not because he is an enemy to joy, or out of a foolish fear of any hostile demon, who is angry on that account if men enjoy themselves; but, in order by forbearance, to reserve himself for a so much the more perfect enjoyment of pleasure for the future.

Hear me, ye children of nature ! Hear ye the immutable law ! Without *labor* no *health* of the soul and the life, without *this*, no *felicity* is possible. Nature wills, that ye should draw out of her lap the means for the support and sweetening of your existence as fruits of a moderate labor. Nothing but a labor adapted, according to the degree of your powers, will preserve to you the necessary condition of all pleasure, *health*.

(Translated from the German of Herder.)

THE IDYLL.

We all know, what ought to be said, when we exclaim : 'a true *Idyll-scene*?' or : 'they lead an *Idyll-life*.' We all know, also, the origin of this kind of poetry.—How? and should we still be at variance about the determination of its meaning? Shall we still doubt, whither this meaning should lead us?

Long before shepherds sang in Arcadia or Sicily, there were in the eastern land, pastoral poems. The inhabitant of that period conformed his life thereto; the images of their language, their names themselves were taken from this world; the happiness, the blessedness, which they sought for, they could only realize in this world. With nations, such a kind was the Idyll, as well the language of nature, as also the simple ideal of their poetry.

When they, too, out of this simple manner of life, passed over into a more artificial one,—language and mode of thinking had moulded themselves; willingly one went back to the customs and traditions, to the memory of olden times, when one had lived in so happy a condition. Only the images improved themselves; an *idyll* became a *higher kind*, a dream of the memory of ancient happy times. Besides, the royal bride in jewelry and pomp must appear as a shepherdess, her consort a shepherd, the king a pastor of the nations, God himself, as a pastor of his people, in order to represent, or to paint an age of peace and joy, an idyll of

felicity. So indelible are the traces of nature in us,—the impressions of youth !

For, in childhood, is not the Idyll-world our sweetest impression? When the spring awakes, we awake, and feel in it the spring of our life; with every flower we shoot up, we bloom in every blossom. The returning stork clappers us, the nightingale and the lark sings us. In the liveliness and the new springing life of every creature, children take a brotherly and sisterly sympathy. Idylls are the vernal and infantile poetry* of the world; the ideal of the human imagination in her youthful innocence.

With the Greeks, the Idyll arose not otherwise than with other nations; only it moulded itself after their climate and character, after their manner of life and language. It might have been Arcadia or Sicily, where first their shepherds sang; lively shepherds in joyful days, sing every where. They seek society, they loiter together, they vie with each other in songs; they disagree, they choose an umpire; they present one another gifts—all in conformity to the nature of the existing climate, the customs prevalent at those times,—the bursting forth of the feelings, the commencement of the poetic art. For what sang these Arcadian shepherds? Their happiness and misfortune, the agreeabilities and disagreeabilities of their daily manner of life, their dreams besides; where then all at last terminated with an image of felicity.

It is natural, that in this narrow circle, Love should play a principal part; but it was not one and all to the Idyll. Also, the memory of their ancestors, of their Daphnis, was celebrated by the shepherds,—their enemies were reviled, the loss of their friends was lamented. Whatever the narrow or broader span of pastoral life embraces, was the subject of their songs, with regard to felicity and joy.

The songs meanwhile, which we have from the Greeks, under the name of *bucolic poems and Idylls*, are nothing less than the rude songs of those shepherds; the poems of *Bi*on, *Moschus* and *Theocritus* are works of art. The last even

*The original compound word, Frishlings-und-Kinder-Poesie, literally signifies, Spring-and-Child-Poetry.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

named them so; for Idyll $(\dot{\epsilon}i\delta\dot{\delta}\lambda\lambdaiov)$ signifies a small image, a work of art. Probably it was modesty, that the learned Alexandrine—that he, in choice of subjects as well in the structure of the verse a real artist, chose these names. He comprehends under it the most diverse, many very remote subjects of the pastoral world, the abduction of Europa, the panegyrick of king Ptolemy, the nuptial festival of Menelaus and Helen, a lamentation over the mean reception of the Muses, the feast of Adonis. That narrower idea, originally of pastoral poetry, Theocritus thus did not combine with his Idyll-name.

Virgil with the name of his *Eclogues*, that is, select pieces, did not also; he comprehended, in the sense of the Roman, accidentally, that, which Theocritus with his name, Idyll, wished to indicate; namely, select, elaborate little poems.

With this indefiniteness of the name, it was the nature of the case, that subsequent time should settle the name after the principal idea of the kind. Thus necessarily, they elevated the idea; out of the bucolic, there became a pastoral world, out of the seal a spiritual Arcadia; a paradise of our hopes and wishes; a paradise too, of innocence and love, often even in their trials, in their sorrows. The hours of our soul, when we ourselves, feel the tenderest happiness and unhappiness the nearest, become thereto eclogues, select situations and moments.

In this pastoral world, *Tasso*, *Guarini*, place us, and whoever else, contended for the *Arcadian*, that dwells in our hearts. There is a land, that never was, and scarcely ever will be, but in which, in the finest moments of life, our poetical imagination or feeling lived. To congratulations in particular, the Idyll thenceforth, was found adapted; it speaks so naturally, tenderly and simply ! and yet it reveals all that our heart wishes.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

(From Schiller.)

MARY STUART.

(Third Act. Scene in a park; in front surmounted with trees, behind a distant prospect. MARY enters from behind the trees with hurried pace.)

MARY.

Suffer me to enjoy the new freedom, Suffer me to be a child, be it so ! And on the green carpet of the meadows Try the nimble, winged step. Have I from the gloomy prison ascended, Shall it hold me no more-the direful tomb? Allow me in ample, in thirsty draughts To drink the free, the heavenly air. O thanks, thanks to these friendly green trees, That the walls of my prison from me conceal! I will dream myself free and happy; Wherefore out of my sweet illusion wake me? Embraces he not the wide lap of Heaven? The eyes, free and fetterless, Wander in unmeasured space, There, where the gray misty mountain juts out, Begin the borders of mine kingdom, And these clouds, that to the south are racing, They seek the distant ocean of France.

Rapid clouds! the sails of the breezes! O that I could wander with you, with you could sail! Greet for me the friendly land of my youth! I am imprisoned, I am in bonds, Alas, I have no other messengers! Free in the breezes is your course, You are not the subject of this queen.

There a fisherman lays to his boat ! This wretched vessel could save me, Could bear me quickly to the allied states. Scarcely does it support the needy man, I will lade him rich with treasures, By one draught he shall make, what by none he has made Good luck he shall find in his nets, Should he receive me in the saving skiff.

VOL. 11.--- NO. IX.

RECOLLECTIONS, NO. 5.

Hearest thou the bugle-horn ? Hear'st it sound, Strong in calling, through field and grove ? Oh, upon the spirited steed to leap, To attach myself to the joyous chace ! No more! O the well-known voices,— Painfully full of sweet recollection. Oft do mine ear perceive them with joys, On the mountainous heights of the Highlands, When the roaring chace resounded.

J. G. N.

RECOLLECTIONS.—NO. 5.

DONALD MC'OLLISTER.

He bore the name of his father, who was named for his grand-father, who was named for his great grand-father, who was a native of Caledonia.

Donald Mc'Ollister was the tallest boy in our school, and would have been the first scholar, had it not been for that restless imagination which was ever carrying him away from present and rational things to the Utopian world of fantasy.

Day after day, he would sit in school, resting his head on one hand, and with the other mechanically turning over the leaves of his book, on which his eyes were constantly fixed, with a look of utter abstraction. He seemed to be studying, for he kept his lips moving; 'twas no such thing —he was muttering something from Shakespeare, or Byron, or Ossian—something in unison with his thoughts, which were ever wandering in lonely and desolate places.

No one of Mr. ————'s pupils could learn a difficult or long lesson more expeditiously than Donald, when he was in the conning mood:—No one could converse with more sprightliness, variety, and originality than he, when he was not in a reverie : and no one was more immoveably stupid, when he was thinking intently.

One sultry morning, as we sat languidly poring over our books, we were aroused by a shrill whistle in the boy's room, which was separated from ours by folding-doors.---Mr. ———went thither immediately, and as he opened the door, Donald, who was already apprised by the ill-suppressed titters of his companions, that he had done something 'out of the way,' rose from his seat, while the blood mounted to his brow, with a most deprecating 'I beg your pardon, sir. I was thinking of something so intently, that I did not remember where I was.'---All traces of displeasure had instantly vanished from the teacher's countenance, for he knew his pupils' eccentricities; and although he was sternly severe to the wilful transgressor, he was ever merciful to the penitent. When the school was dismissed, the boys surrounded Donald and insisted on knowing why he had obtruded upon them such an irrelevant display of his musical powers-with the utmost reluctance, he acknowledged to them that 'he imagined himself wandering in a deep forest, (the same in which he was lost when a child; when the old house dog, Keeper, found him and brought him home, after an absence of two days;) the tempest howled, and the hail rattled among the old trees; and hearing the cry of a Catamount, he involuntarily whistled to Keeper, who had run on before him.'

Donald might have been spoiled by maternal indulgence, for 'he was the only son of his mother, and she a widow, -his personal resemblance to his father, who was a poet, as was also Donald, prevented her seeing his faults, and disposed her to indulge all his caprices; so that he grew up, or 'came up' 'according to the fashion of his natural make' wayward and reckless. About half way to the summit of May-flower Hill, there is a tall white cliff; one side of it is so sloping, that it is easily climbed; and it is delightful to sit there in the summer morning among the branches of the great walnut tree which overhangs it, and trace the little river in its windings through the village be-It was thither that Donald Mc'Ollister used to go (as low. his sister assured me) in the winter as well as the summer midnight, to sit on that high rock, when the moon was up, and the stars were bright, to hear the night-breeze sigh through those old trees, to gaze upon that still landscape ! To fancy he saw unearthly forms gliding around the green buryingyard : and so constant was this practice of his, that in after times, when he had become less visionary, he sometimes in the dead of night found himself returning to his room, having been out in his sleep, he knew not whither. He was the devoted friend of the suffering Greeks, where the struggle for freedom was then in its commencement: and all that he could possibly command, (it might be much, or it might be little-no matter-it was all) he gave freely, and wished it was thousands. 'Whatever his hand could find to do for them, he did with all his might.' Once I heard him say (the tears started into his eyes) that 'he was determined to enfist in the cause of liberty.' 'He could fight, and he could die; he would be glad to die for beloved, classic Greece,' and then Albert Doane, who had assumed a very lofty air since he went to West Point, reminded him 'that Greece wanted money : not men ;' which remark effectually silenced him; for though 'he had the heart of a prince,' he had not a prince's wealth. Donald Mc'Ollister was poor, as he was noble; for his guardian, who was aware of his generous disposition, and also that his property was barely sufficient for his education, allowed him less spending money for one term, than would now be thought necessary for 'a lection.'

I should gladly transcribe the whole poem (on Grecian suffering and emancipation) that gained Donald the first prize a neatly bound, duodecimo, Homer's Illiad. This was his last term at B—— school: the next week he was to go to the —— university.

On the morning of his departure, most of the pupils were assembled in the school-room before Mr. ——— had come, he begged the driver to stop the stage coach a moment; hastily sprang out, and with a smiling face, and his very best bow, ejaculated a 'good morning,' to us, (he could not for his life have spoken another word) and disappeared in the coach, which was out of sight before the dancers had time to follow him with their farewell's and good wishes. The 'poetry of motion,' was, however, ended for a time; all sat down to talk of their lost school-fellow, and some who would have chosen to look careless, turned away to dry their eyes.

And so he left us, the gladsome school-boy; his heart swelling with proud hopes; but-'thereby hangs a tale.' 'The days of our youth are like the sleep of the hunter upon the hill of heath. He sleeps in the mild beams of the sun, but he awakes amid a storm. The red lightning flies around—the trees shake their heads to the wind. He looks back with joy to the day of his youth, and the pleasant dreams of his rest.'

CHAPTER 2.

"What became of "Donald Mc'Ollister.

There is but one thing which may be permanently relied on to guide a warm-hearted youth from the paths of the destroyers. It is religious principle. An honest determination of the heart to know and do what is right, combined with a humble trust in him by whose aid alone we may walk securely. Had Donald Mc'Ollister been a christian, the whole aspect of his life had been changed. Then he would not have been a slave to feeling and to imagination; but he would have been more cheerful, more studious, and more distinguished for his acquirements; and moreover, " discretion would have preserved him, and understanding kept him" from the haunts of gaming and intemperance, into which he was gradually decoyed—(not that he loved such places, but he did like those who frequented them, and he had not the resolution to withstand their unremitting solicitations ;) and which, in his third year, occasioned his expulsion from the university ; a disgrace, which was long deferred in the hope that he might be induced to renounce his habits of dissipation, and apply himself resolutely to his studies. Had that hope been realized, he would have been an ornament to that ancient and honourable institution, for whenever he chose to direct the whole wonderful powers of his mind to the object of intellectual pursuit, he left all his class-mates behind; but the most stupid of those whose "one talent" was not, as yet, discovered, passed on before him when he was indisposed to application.

Donald was too much mortified by his dismissal, to return immediately home, and bear the evil tidings to his mother and his storn guardian, and so, until report should carry the news to them, and they should recover from the shock, and begin to feel anxious for his return, he concluded to "visit about" among his fifteenth cousins, who received their favorite very kindly, condoled and sympathized with him, and vied with each other which should most flatter "the infant doll of twenty years and upwards," for he had idled away nearly all his teens in preparing for college: they danced, read novels, played cards and sonatinos, took rides and walks, until Donald had nearly forgotten his disgrace in a prolonged stay of three weeks, when on being questioned by an aged relative of the ladies to which he intended to pay his devoirs, he suddenly recollected himself, took leave of them, and sought his home.

It was on a beautiful evening that he arrived. He met several villagers, who regarded him earnestly without "They have heard that I am expelled," thought speaking. he. "For the first time, I seek my mother reluctantly." I tremble to encounter her kind, but sorrowful eye. There is the house,—how those old elms frown upon me—my mother is not in the garden. How unusual to see the front blinds closed, so fine an evening,-I fear she is ill." He rapped gently at the door, all his apprehensions for his mother's health being confirmed by the dingy appearance of the knocker, which was wont to gleam like a meteor. "Mercy is mad," thought he, as on his second knock, the old housekeeper looked out through the blind and then drew back and awaited his third, when she slowly unlocked and opened the door, wiping her eyes with the corner of her white apron. "Pray, Miss Mercy, what has happened ? can't you speak ? Is mother sick ? Is she," said he, as his eye caught the black ribbon which suspended the blue and red one that she had worn on her cap ever since his remembrance. " Is she "-dead, he would have added, but he could not speak it. Miss Mercy answered only by a burst of tears. He darted by her and ran into the parlour. It was darkened. It was untenanted, and damp, and chilly. The awful reality broke upon his mind-she mis, indeed, no more. He flung himself upon the carpet-burried his face in his hands, and sobbed convulsively, without weeping, a long time, apparently insensible to every thing, but his mother's death ; not even inquiring how it happen-Vainly the housekeeper and the cook addressed him ed. in kind tones of commisseration. He heard them not, nor was it until Mr. Dow, his guardian, who had been in search

of him three days, and finally, traced him to his home, came in, and raised him from the floor and spoke to him of his mother's dying message to him, that his heart was relieved by a flow of tears. The widow had died after an illness of one day only. Letters had been sent to Donald, but they found him not. The messenger who was sent for him returned with tidings of his dismission from college, but unable to find him, for Donald was careful to leave no clue by which his old friends and creditors might follow him; and the remains of his parent were committed to the grave on the eighth day after her decease, according to her earnest request. It was her belief, that "many are buried alive," and therefore was her funeral so long deferred. No one of her acquaintance ventured to treat her request with contempt, or with lightness. The will of the departed is, as it should ever be, sacred. She died with a trembling hope in the Savior's mercy, sadly lamenting that she had so neglected to cultivate the mind, and regulate the temper of her darling child, although she was not aware of his habits of dissipation : and she begged Mr. Dow to carry him "her dying love and blessing, and tell him to study prayerfully the word of God, and give his heart to the Almighty Savior." Happy had it been for Donald Mc'Ollister, as day after day, he traversed again those lonely rooms, weary of life, and "sick at the soul with sorrow," had there been some kind friend to paint to him the way of everlasting peace : for though he read his bible, it was with a dark and wandering mind. He had no heart to pray to him "who heareth prayer ;" otherwise his heart had been lightened of its woe. His former friends tarried not with him, for they were too happy to enter into his sorrows, and too delicate to obtrude their levity upon his heaviness of spirit. He became, at length, so gloomy and taciturn, that Mr. Dow persuaded him to remove to his house and resume his studies, which, he did with full purpose of heart to become a thorough scholar. For three months he faithfully kept his resolution, but his present abode seemed very unlike home, and he felt alone in the world.

As the summer was closing, there came to our village, driven, it was surmised, by misfortune, which rendered economy an inevitable duty, a Mrs. Walters, from the city, with her daughter; an exceedingly well educated young

lady, though the casual observer might not have suspected it, for she did not "clap her wings and crow in Latin and French," and the technical terms of various sciences, "as the manner of some is." I do not refer to ladies only. Donald was fascinated by the beautiful stranger. Heretofore he had said to himself, "man delights not me, nor woman either." Now, books were thrown aside; and as often as propriety might allow, possibly a little oftener, he made his morning visit at Mrs. Walters : and the tedious days which intervened between his calls, were spent on the white cliff mentioned in the last number, from which, unfortunately, he could distinguish the abode of his new acquaintance, and a blue hat and pelisse which sometimes issued from it. Margaret Walters was a fair, gentle girl ; but according to Miss Mercy, "she was dreadful high-minded." She would not give her hand to one who had been expelled from college, or one on whose fame the shadow of a blemish had ever rested; although, I believe, she did love him, as she never can love another. Donald was inexcusably precipitate to offer his hand, before he had re-established his reputation, if I was correctly informed; for in regard to this part of my story,

A story was breathed to somebody, (from whom I lately received it,) in friendly confidence, under the strictest injunction of secrecy; a tale of rejected love and blighted hope. It was not circulated in our quiet town at that time, being known only to those concerned, and to that person, who faithfully kept the secret as long as she considered it expedient. However, Donald suddenly became pale and melancholy, and resolved to go to sea. "A voyage," he said, "was necessary to the restoration of his health,—he fclt unable to study." His friends remonstrated in vain; and by the first opportunity which presented, he left us, poor youth, with a heavy heart, I imagine, for he could not speak his farewell. Long it was ere any tidings of him came to us; and when they did come we were very sorrowful.

Remember you the lonely bark which was wrecked in one awful tempest among coral rocks in Madagascar seas ? In that lonely bark perished the hopes of Donald Mc'Ollister.

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EVERALLIN.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG VOLUNTEER.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG VOLUNTEER.

Died he as the soldier joys to die, When the banner he follows is waving high, And from voices, whose tones he remembers well, Loudly the cheers of triumph swell; 'Till victory's shout on the free breeze floats, He hath caught its sound, 'mid the wild war notes, —One flash of hope, his eye grows dim— The land he hath served will remember him ?

Died he as the patriot prays to rest, His labors all crowned, and his country blest; Garrulous age, his echo of fame, Repeating the proud and cherish'd name; While the spirit of youth, like a charger stirred By the clarion's swell, at the glorious word, Thirsting for danger, and spurning at fear, Bounds to follow his hero's career ?

He died, but not on the battle plain, Where laurels are freshened with crimson rain; Nor the rolling drum, nor fife's shrill tone Nerved him to stifle the low death groan : Nor the clasp of a comrade his cold hand thrilled, And bade his heart leap ere its pulse was stilled, That a message of love from his lips would be borne To the fond friends who never might greet his return.

He died, and his memory passed away, Like the rain-bow gleam from the torrent's spray; And ne'er at his country's high triumphs was heard His name, that should be the signal word, When from learning's halls, and bowers of mirth, Young genius at Freedom's call, starts forth, And ye read in the fearless, flashing eye, He domes to the battle, 'to do or die !'

He died, and 'twas by the foeman's hand, But not like a soldier by ball or brand,— —A felon's fate was his fearful doom ! Yet gather young flowers to deck his tomb, Spring's earliest buds—they shall emblems be Of the hopes that wood him to victory—

O, bright they shone,—but there came a frown And his sun in its morning light went down !

And he died, and his death was a bitter one, For taunting foes were gazing on; He heard their scorn on his lov'd land poured, Yet his fettered hand could not grasp his sword. —He stood beneath the fatal tree, And gazed on the cord undauntedly ! —If there came a pang, it blanched not his check— And the wish they had mocked, he disdained to speak.

He died when the war-cloud was gathering fast, When havoc and horror were borne on the blast— But sure to the martyr of Freedom is given A glance of the future, when ripe for heaven— —O didst thou not see, young Hale,* in that hour, The eagle's broad pinions in pride and power, Bearing the banner of liberty, Shadow thy own land from sea to sea ? And didst thou not feel, when pouring thy breath, That duty done, plucks the sting from death ?

CORNELIA.

*This young man was a student in Yale College, when the Revolutionary straggle commenced. He left his studies for the post of danger ; and though not twenty years of age, was appointed captain of a company in the regiment of Colonel Knowlton. After the British had obtained possession of Long Island, General Washington considered it of the utmost importance to obtain information of their strength and intentions. Captain Hale offered himself a volunteer for this bazardous serwice. He passed in disguise to Long Island, examined every part of the British army, and obtained the best possible information respecting their situation and future operations. In his attempts to return, he was apprehended, carried before Sir William Howe, and the proof of his object was so clear, that he frankly acknowledged who he was, and what were his, views.

Sir William Howe at once gave an order to the provost marshal to execute him the next morning. The order was accordingly executed in a most unfeeling manner, and by as great a savage as ever disgraced humanity. A clergyman, whose attendance he requested, was refused him; a bible for a moment's devotion, was not procured, though he requested it. Letters, which, on the morning of his execution, he wrote to his mother and other friends, were destroyed, and this very extraordinary reason was given by the provest marshal, ' that the rebels should not know they had a man in their army who could die with so much firmness.'

Unknown to all around him, without a single friend to offer him the least consolation, thus fell as amiable and promising a young man as America could boast, with this as his dying observation,—' that he only lamented he had but one life to devote to his country.'

To the memory of Andre, England has erected a magnificent monument, and bestowed on his family high honors and liberal rewards.

To the memory of Hale, not a stone has been erected, nor an inscription, to preserve his name from oblivion.

Hannah Adams' History of New England.

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CAPTAIN HALL'S TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA. Philadelphia. Carey, Lea & Carey. We name this work mostly, for the purpose of extracting a paragraph relating to Miss Sedgwick. We have not room for a long article, and merely remark, that the spirit of the book may be comprised in this -it is a labored defence of monarchy, aristocracy, and all the artificial distinctions of rank established in Europe, especially in England, and an unqualified and often sneering condemnation of our republican institutions and democratical usages. How far Captain Hall's opinions, in the minds of liberal and intelligent men on the other side of the Atlantic, will be justified by the descriptions of what he witnessed among us, and the sketches of character and manners he has introduced, remains to be seen. That Americans would adopt his conclusions, he could not expect. The book, though written by an enemy, will not injure republicans, if they are only true to themselves. Even Captain Hall allows us patriotism in an enthusiastic degree. Let all our people, therefore, use strenuous exertions to improve, remembering, that not only individual happiness and respectability are dependent in a great degree, on the intelligence and refinement which mental cultivation bestows; but that the character of our free country, indeed, of freedom itself, is involved in the question of universal education. If men are ignorant, they will, in some manner, be enslaved.

The lady, whose writings Captain Hall mentions with respect, well deserves the eulogiam. Her genius has been devotedly employed in delineating scenes and circumstances that refine the taste and awaken the heart to the perception of moral and natural excellence, and the beauties of nature. These are among the most salutary influences that must combine to educate and exalt a republican people.

⁶ Besides these numerous detailed examinations of the country society in Massachusetts, we had the frequent good fortune to meet the more wealthy class of the village residents at their own houses. Upon one of these occasions, I was gratified in a very high degree, by making acquaintance with the accomplished author of several admirable works of fancy,—'Redwood,' 'Hope Leslie,' and others, which I am happy to find, have been re-published, and are becoming more known in England, because, independently of that high and universal interest attaching to works of fiction, in the hands of genius—wherever placed,—these novels possess another and very pleasing kind of merit, in the graphic truth with which the country, in which the scenes are laid, is described.

It was our peculiar good fortune, no only to converse with the author, but after

wards, under instructions which she chalked out for us, to visit some parts of the country best adapted for showing off the beauties of a New England autumn. Thus prepared, we carried this lady's books in our hands, to the tops of the mountains of the New World, as the tourists to the Highlands of Scotland used to carry the 'Lady of the Lake,' to aid their taste in admiring the beauties of Loch Katrine.

RELIGION AT HOME, a story founded on fact. By Mrs. Williams. Providence, 1829-pp. 322. We have been assured by the writer of this book, that the leading incidents in the tale are true, and that the sentiments which the hero of the piece, the Rev. Mr. Johnston, is made to express, were such as he was in the habit of uttering. He appears to have been a very amiable, considerate and pious man; and his unvarnished biography would, in our opinion, have made a more valuable volume than this biographical novel. There is something in this minghing of fiction, (or falsehood) with traths designed to inculcate piety and devotion, that to us it seems wrong, even revolting. We are aware, that religious novels are approved by many excellent people. They will themselves read books of fiction, and place such in their children's hands, without scruple or caution, if the writer has, either by title or preface, given a pledge of advocating religion. Their intentions are, doubtless, good ; but the experiment, we think, hazardous. Is there no danger to be apprehended to the young mind, from the perusal of works that represent life and the world in deceptive and too glowing colors ; and is nothing to be feared from exciting the imagination, when religion is the theme? Enthusiasts for the piety of nevels, may, we grant, be thus made ; but that followers of the meek and lowly Jenne, will be multiplied by such means, we greatly doubt. The knowledge that the story, avowedly inculcating religious truth, is not true, seems at once to annihilate the trust which the mind seeks to repose in all that concerns our faith.

Moreover, the interest of a religious novel, is almost necessarily of a domestic character; and *love*, not divine, but human, whatever may be said to the contrary, is the master passion that animates the creation of the auther. Let those who doubt this, read ' Dunallan,' one of the most popular novels of the religious class, and then soberly say, if they can, that the interest of that work does not chiefly arise from incidents growing out of the love for each other, of the two, principal personages of the story.

These are our objections to a class of books that have lately become popular, that are introduced into sabbath schools and children's libraries ; books that are only novels, and are read as novels ; that is, for amusement, — and which, notwithstanding the good examples or precepts they may contain, nevertheless, eannot leave those abiding good impressions on the mind which books of truth would inculcate. We make these remarks reluctantly, because we fear some may misinterpret our sentiments. Works of fiction, when well written, are, on many accounts, advantageous, and may be read, under proper restrictions, without danger ; but then they should be considered and treated only as light

and amusing productions; they should not be represented as the sources, from which we may or can draw our knowledge, principles, faith.

The plot of 'Religion at Home,' is simply this; an Episcopal clergyman, Charles Johnston by name, was sent from England to America, to take charge of a church of that denomination, in one of the middle states. Soon after his settlement in his parish, he loved and married the daughter of a poor widow, who inhabited a small house very near the parsonage; where, of course, he had become acquainted with her. We will give a conversation which this interesting couple held soon after they were married; it displays the character of both ; and is likewise, a fair sample of the style of the book.

Her happy husband beheld the change with rapture; yet there was at times a solemnity of countenance, a gravity of deportment, when listening to her lively sal-lies, that awed and surprised his young bride. On one of these occasions she observed, when she herself was unusually lively, he was looking at her, and the tears were starting in his eyes, Emily much affected, exclaimed, ah, my dear sir, I beg your pardon-I see my gaiety is offensive to you; and she added, drawing near to him and pressing his hand in hers-

But you will forgive me I know; for if you had not made me so happy I should

not be so gay.' Mr. Johnston smiled through his tears, and hastily drawing her arm through his, led the way to the garden. He walked some time on the bank of the river, and then sat down beneath one of its shady willows.

'Emily,' said he, 'I am not in the least offended with your gaiety,' as you call it —it is not that,' and he paused, 'it is not that, but your resemblance, at such times, to one who was once the desire of my eyes and the joy of my heart. I have never told you the story of my ill fated affection for Eliza D-----. We were friends from told you the story of my ill fated affection for Eliza D____. We were friends from childhood, and our affection grew with our growth and strengthened with our strength; she loved me with the most devoted affection. It was only a few months before I came to this country, that I resigned to the grave this most excellent woman. She had been drooping for some months with that fatal consumption, and during the time her whole concern seemed to be to prepare me to resign her with calmness. I did so. I knew she was beyond the reach of sickness and sorrow, when the grave closed over her mortal remains : but Emily, you will excuse me, if her image some-times rises to disturb my joys. I always thought there was some likeness between you; but since your recovered health and vivacity, it is far more striking. In your liveliest hours you are just what she was at your age, except that you are far more beautiful in person." He stopped confused : he had never told Emily before, that he thought her beautiful, and he blamed himself exceedingly for letting the expression slip; but it was too late.

Emily blushed, but said she, ' why do you dwell upon a subject that can only af-

fict you? ' All the reason why it afflicts me at present,' said Mr. Johnston, 'is the truth ' All the reason why it afflicts me at present,' said most belowed, are most that it constantly brings to mind, that the most lovely and most beloved, are most obnoxious to the shaft of death.' Emily felt her courage revive.

"Oh, if that is all,' said she-" I don't think I am any more likely to die for looking like her : but, my dear friend, is it not inviting calamity to indulge in such dia-mal anticipations ? We ought to live in constant submission to the will of our Maker, whatever it may be; but to live in constant submission to the write providences, appears to me a sin. I know, she said, you indulge the hope that I am a Christian: if I am, certainly the moment you dread would be a happy one to me; although my present happiness is far beyond what generally falls to the lot of mortals. When you began, I feared the grief of your former loss was preying on your mind; but now".

' Say no more,' said Mr. Johnston, 'you see your pastor needs preaching to as well as his flock; and it is fortunate for him he has got one who is capable of teaching."

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' I fear,' said Emily, ' you will think me presuming.'

⁶ By no means—on the contrary, I rejoice to find you will not flatter me, whenever you see my errors. If every minister of the gospel had such a companion, there would be more godly livers and faithful preachers than there are.³

there would be more godly livers and faithful preachers than there are.' Say, rather,' said Emily, ' if there were more preachers willing to be preached to.'

But whatever Mr. Johnston might think about those occasional fits of melancholy, Emily soon discovered they proceeded from that incurable distemper so common to the learned and the sedentary called hypochondria; and she easily discovered there was no way to relieve any one in these fits, but to rally them out of it. Her admirable prudence on this occasion, as on others far more trying, suggested how far it would do to apply such a remedy to a mind like his. Emily had, while at school, in her early years, been instructed in music; and she had availed herself of Mr. Gardner's kindness to procure her an instrument. By proper application, (although it was three years since she had received any instruction,) she succeeded in recovering her former share of knowledge; and soon improved herself very much in this delightful accomplishment. Music, she found a never failing comfort to her husband during his melancholy moods. It was sacred music she delighted in ; and it was the voice of praise that there mingled with the sweet tones of the Harpsichord.

They lived, as may be conjectured, in almost perfect happiness, till the commencement of the revolutionary movements, when Mr. Johnston, who was a conscientious loyalist, was dismissed by the rebels of his charge, whose love to liberty outweighed their attachment to their pastor. However, Mr. Johnston conducted very prudently and Christian-like on the occasion ; he remained in America, and finally, after he had witnessed for five years, the efforts of the British ministry to crush the people among whom he resided, he became convinced that liberty was the rightful inheritance of man, declared himself a whig, and was re-instated in his pastoral office. For the next fifteen or twenty years, his history is entirely domestic, educating and settling his children, six, or seven in number, (we cannot exactly ascertain which) and a niece, daughter of his brother, who adhered to the royal cause and lost his life in the The manner in which Mr. Johnston and his wife discharged their duty war. towards this child of their adoption, is very well described, and is the most interesting part of the volume. There was a number of weddings : and among the wooings some unfortunate mistakes and romantic attachments must have occurred-however, all came right at last, in true novel style. But when every thing seemed to promise to Mr. and Mrs. Johnston an old age of peace and that tranguil enjoyment which is the enviable lot of those who can pass the evening of their life among scenes bright with happy recollections, and the living images of the beloved, --- where every tree has its history and every apartment its remembered guests, the whirlwind came; embodied in the shape of a 'revival,' and swept the good old Rector from his people and parsonage forever.

Mr. Ichabod Tinkum, is, we conclude, a Methodist. And here we will mention, as an apology for what some may call the severity with which Mrs. Williams treats the puritan or Calvinistic faith; that we never yet read a professedly *religious* novel which was not *scctarian*. No one, therefore, who

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approves that mode of inculcating piety, can complain that she endeavors throughout to sustain the superior sanctity of her own sect. She is an Episcopalian, and the following quotation will show her estimate of that order.

^c The little village of B—— is no longer a village, but the large and flourishing town of ——. The Puritanic assembly has long since split into two parts. On the right of the church, on a little eminence, stands a new and elegant house for Unitarians, consisting of many of the most polished and fashionable persons in the town; while far below, in the valley, the gloomy Tabernacle rears its frowning portico and cumbrous steeple. Between these, distinguished by its humble moss clad Tower, the Church of olden time may still be seen, standing where Truth is always to be found — ' between the two extremes.'

The book appears to have been hurriedly written; the style, especially in the dialogues, is by no means elegant; but there is a vividness in some of the descriptions, deserving of commendation. Should the author attempt another work, we hope she will pay more attention to the *manner*, and that she will have it better printed. There is scarcely a page of the book free from typographical errors.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

NATURAL HISTORY OF QUADRUPEDS, with engravings, on a new plan; exhibiting their comparative size : adapted to the capacities of youth ; with authentic anecdetes, illustrating the habits and characters of the animals; with reflections, moral and religious. Designed for Sabbath School libraries, families and common schools. By J. Comstock, M. D. Hartford. D. F. Robinson & Co. pp. 200.

The copiousness and clearness of the above title, renders any explanation of the character or design of the book, superfluous. We have looked it carefully through and are happy to say, that it sustains its promises; that it is calculated to be useful as well as amusing, to children. We sincerely hope other works of natural history on a similar plan will be prepared for children ; and that they will soon supersede the works of fiction now so overwhelming in the juvenile department of literature. It is of great importance that we give children such books to read, as we can assure them are *true*. A child profits little from a refined moral, but much from a striking fact. Give him facts, interesting, instructive facts, and let him draw the moral. The engravings, twenty-four, are well executed, and intelligible. They show the comparative size of the animals represented ; a child will not think the only difference between a bear and elephant is in the shape—he will see the difference of size.

A PRACTICAL SYSTEM OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY; or a view of the present state of the World; embellished with numerous engravings of Customs, Manners, &c.; accompanied by a new and improved School Atlas. By J. Olney, Hartford. D. F. Robinson & Co.

The testimonies in favor of Mr. Olney's work, from men whose situation, character and experience, would seem to qualify them to decide on its merits, will, we think, be found amply deserved. The book is designed for young beginners in the indispensable, and, when rightly managed, the delightfal study of Geography. The following extract will explain somewhat the manner in which the work is prepared.

'In preparing this work, I have endeavored to adapt it to the natural progress of the youthful mind. Instead of introducing the beginner at once into Astronomical Geography, and requiring him to spend weeks in learning definitions, and the descriptions of the heavenly bodies, I have commenced with the town in which he lives. From the town, the sphere of his observation is extended to the county, and from the county to the state, &c. This I am confident will be found not only the natural, but the philosophical method of teaching Geography; for on all subjects, the learner must make himself master of simple things, before he can understand complex ones.'

JUVENILE MISCELLANY—VOL. III. NO. I. Boston. Putnam & Hunt. The introduction of colored plates in this popular work, will undoubtedly be very acceptable to its little readers. The anecdotes of 'Chinese children ' and of 'Musical children' are excellently adapted to the taste and improvement of the young mind—infinitely more valuable than fictitious stories. The work has, and deserves an extensive encouragement.

WORKS IN PRESS. AUTOBIOGRPAHY. Messrs. Carter & Hendee have a work with the above title which will soon be issued. It promises to be a curiosity in one respect; it contains the life and adventures of a man who gives all of his history but his name.—We have looked over a few pages of the work, and will make an extract showing the opinion of the author ' incognito respecting the ladies.'

It shews want of an independent and lofty spirit, to choose a wife chiefly from considerations of property. But this is frequently done, by those who hold their heads high in society, and look above their less opulent neighbors, who have too much spirit and too much bonor to marry from such mercenary motives. The connexion must necessarily be a state of dependence, and can confer no real merit on the man who stoops to it. But the dishonor would be much greater, and render one liable to the charge of a positive immorality, who should make shipwreck of the plighted affections of a virtuous woman, to become affianced to one of wealth, even if possessed of many amiable attributes.

if possessed of many amiable attributes. When a woman bestows on you her best affections, and leans on you for support, you must be destitute alike of principle and feeling to desort her for wealth or fame. You have her love and her confidence, and can you betray or forsake her; especially, when it is recollected, that your assiduities and your vows have produced her attachment ? You may meet another of equal elegance, and of more beauty and wealth; but this is no excuse for violating the most sacred engagement. And it would be no greater crime in the sight of heaven to thrust a poniard into her boson, than to wound her spirit by desertion.

My wife was discrete and frugal, as well as intelligent and refined; but was sometimes a little discontented, that I was not as successful in business as some of my neighbors. She possessed great fortitude and equanimity, however; and did not suffer her regrets to become settled repinings. She was disposed rather to underrate my judgment, than to impeach my intentions; and she readily allowed, that all proper exertions were made on my part for a competent support for the family.

Whatever outward troubles I suffered, I was happily free of domestic verations. My wife had a high sense of female delicacy and propriety, and manifested a constant regard to my feelings and my happiness. It was matter of great consolation, when I looked abroad and saw jealousies and envyings and rivalries and strife among neighbors and even in families, that my own was the abode of concord, of affection and kindness.

LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

OCTOBER.

No. X.

MY OWN THOUGHTS.

FATHER, who art in heaven'—I hear Low-lisped as to a parent's ear, And in the confidence and love As He were bending from above— I would, my child, that I could pray In such a trusting tone !

I would, that with the closing day, My cares, like thine, were done!

Yet who that dwells on earth can be What the sick heart doth pine for-free ! The cords of life around us wind, Its clouds will gather o'er the mind ; O, happy if they rest not there !

If faith's pure, quenchless star Can struggle through the misty air, Heavenward, though faint and far.

Without, the sound of hasty feet Comes upward from the bustling street, Like rush of brook, that plashes o'er The pebbles on its rocky shore : Glides one among that crowd doth bear

No weight of grief or pain? Is there a mind but hath its care? Then why should I complain?

VOL 11.-NO. X.

CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

The evening's silent hour shall hear Not murmurs—no—the silent tear May fall—but thanks for blessings given, This grateful heart shall breathe to heaven; And sure, if aught of human rise

From feeling's altar, there, The spotless glory of the skies Will shrine the mother's prayer ;—

The prayer for those whose weal is all Of price, of hope her own to call— My treasures—God ! be thou their way, And never let their footsteps stray— I will not fear, I will not sigh, But on thy promise rest— The world is thine, and thou'lt supply All that thou seest is best.

CORNELIA.

CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

I am a young man, and have been several years in pursuit of a wife, but cannot yet find a girl who equals the standard of excellence I have, in my own mind, proposed as a model for her who is to become one with me. Ī do not exactly agree with Solomon, that 'whoever findeth a wife, findeth a good thing,' though I willingly allow that to gain a good wife, is a proof of having 'obtained favor of the Lord.' But I have confessed, I have been hitherto unsuccessful in my search, and the why and wherefore, I am intending to disclose to the public. If I am wrong, the ladies may correct me; if right, the gentlemen must support me. The principles that have guided my conduct in the important measure of choosing a wife, have been strictly honorable, and the objections I have made to those ladies whom I have presumed to scrutinize, with the hope that I should find some one among their number, the 'wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best' of all her sex, have not been the result of fastidious coxcombry, or pecuniary calculation.

Though it is not very proper, or polite, to speak of myself, and my own qualities and qualifications (unless I were advertising for a wife, or an employment, or electioneering for an office) yet, in the present instance, it seems necessary I should set forth my own pretensions to the proud triumph at which I have aimed—that of gaining a good wife. Τo begin with my personal appearance,-a subject by the way, not so important to a gentleman as a lady,---I will not describe particular features, but this I may venture to affirm, that I have always been esteemed good-looking. Innumerable compliments from the ladies, have assured me that I am not ugly; and it would be an affectation of humility, should I pretend that I do not, in this particular, agree with them in their judgment. My education, though not what is called liberal, (often meaning only expensive,) has been judicious, and has fitted me for business. I do not name my present employment, because an American so often changes his pursuits, that he who is a schoolmaster, a farmer, or a printer this year, may become a merchant, a manufacturer, or an editor next.

The education of young men should give them habits of steady industry in business of some kind, and that general information which will enable them to judge what to pursue, and when to change. If to these aptitudes, as I will call them, rather than sciences, be added correct and wellestablished moral principles, a man in our country is sure of success, provided he has a good wife. And this brings me round to my subject again-my own requisites for aspiring to such an one. I have said I am good-looking, and well educated; my character is fair, and I belong to a family highly respectable and proud. It is the circumstance of the high standing which my family claims in society, that most embarrasses me in my search for a wife. I wish the girl of my choice to have been accustomed to the same station as myself; for I believe it conduces to the happiness of the married pair, that they should, in a considerable degree, have received the same early impressions of manners, proprieties, and those little et ceteras which are not of much consequence in themselves, but which do frequently have an important effect on our domestic comfort. These being my sentiments, I acknowledge, (though some may call me aristocratic,) that it is among young ladies whose families were of the same rank with my own, that I have hitherto

chiefly directed my attention. But I have not found one wise woman among the thousand I have watched to find out the number, any more than did the Preacher. By wise, I mean prudent, economic, industrious, domestic and accomplished. Now unless I marry a girl who has been obliged to work, I begin to fear I must relinquish all hope of having a helpmeet in my journey through life.

Our young ladies are instructed in many things called accomplishments. They sing, play, draw, paint, study French, and dress-the last the most thoroughly-&c.; but it is only for display. I do not condemn accomplishments and display, but I love intelligence, order, industry, and that taste which can throw a refinement around the performance of duties, and elevate the necessary to the dignified. There is nothing in industry vulgar, that is not performed in a vulgar manner, and for vulgar purposes. Was there ever a young lady who, when reading her Bible, thought Rebecca vulgar, because she drew water for the camels? Does not her gentleness, condescension, and active, though modest charity, make her conduct on that occasion, worthy of being the means of introducing her to the high fortune of becoming the wife of the son of Abraham? Look at her rings and bracelets ! These are placed on the arms of one who drew water. Yet she is exceeding fair to look upon; and who does not fancy that her beautifully rounded arm well becomes the gold that adorns it? She was not made vulgar by her employment. Nor will an American lady, I mean as I say, a lady, be vulgarized or disgraced, should she, on a Monday morning, be found in the kitchen, at her wash-tub. Homer's princesses washed the fine linen.

It is strange, that young ladies are so inconsiderate as to imagine that an ostentatious boast of their idlencss and imbecility, will recommend them to the gentlemen. We admire delicacy; but we do not want helplessness. There are but few young men who have fortunes adequate to the supporting of a wife merely as a pretty bauble to look at. A young man who has his money to earn, wants a wife to assist him, or at least, not prove a hindrance by her carelessness, extravagance or pride. How unhappy must he be, if his companion has no prudence, no energy—if she feels herself *above* attending to matters which, to be sure, seem triffing, but are, nevertheless, indispensable in a well-regulated family. A thorough knowledge of domestic duties, comprising the whole economy of a family, as regulated to ensure the best interests and happiness of each individual, their respectability and usefulness in society, is the most important part of female education. A young lady so educated, I have not yet found.

Perhaps, it will be urged, that young ladies have no opportunity of displaying their domestic character till they are wives; and that many a giddy girl has made an excellent woman. It may have been so. But when I see young ladies devoted entirely to fashion, and following the most absurd modes, sacrificing their comfort, and often their health, to appearances, I cannot but fear they never will exercise much reason—and with an unreasonable wife, what happiness can we expect ?

I admire understanding in a woman. I do not mean that I would select a deep *blue* for my wife; but I want one whose eye will flash with intelligence, when she hears a learned allusion, whose smile of approval will cheer me on to mental exertions, and in whose conversation I can find a sympathy, a congeniality with my own studies and pursuits. Will a mere novel-reading and piano-fingering Miss ever become such an one—a rational companion for a man. I do not want a wife to amuse, but to improve me; not one whose foibles I must flatter, but one in whose judgment I can confide.

Such an one I have not yet found. But I am not quite in despair. I think there has been within the last two or three years, an important change in the opinion of society respecting female education. The useful is gaining ground, and will, I trust, soon become the fashionable. Young ladies will find that, unless they cultivate the economics, as well as the graces, they will stand but little chance of gaining husbands. By the way, I know of a number of worthy men, who wish to be married, and are deserving of good wives, but as they have not incomes to support idle ones, they choose to remain free from the carc and *cost* of a household establishment.

I shall continue my search, and when I can find a fair one who is industrious—I place industry first, for without that, there cannot be much excellence of character or mind —intelligent, amiable and refined—who will love me, and whom I can love—I shall no longer sign my name

COLLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

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"There is a summit of the White Hills, in New Hampshire, which the native Indians deemed it sacrilege to ascend; it being, as they imagined, the abode of the Great Spirit, before whom it would be death for any one to intrude."-WISTEROF.

STANZAS.

On-red man-on! to where yon pines Their giant forms uprear! On-to the äery mountain-height! What! quakes thy heart with fear? Thou-whose bright eye hath look'd on death,- Whose proud lip curl'd in scorn, While, 'midst thy pale-fac'd foes, in chains	
And mockery, thou wert borne?	
In mockery thou wert borne : and yet Thy firm heart beat as free As when upon thy native hills It throbbed with liberty ! And now—thine arm is powerless : Thine eye is as the dead : Thy face, on yonder summit fixed, Is blanched, as if with dread !	
 'Tis blanched as if with dread: but say, Can that heart ever quail ? It feared not man ! and shall it faint When Fancy's doubts assail ? On—red man—on ! our way lies on, Where yonder craggy height Hangs o'er the torrent's rocky bed, Dark as the womb of night ! 	
Dark as the womb of night,—and deep And rapid is its tide; And down its rushing bosom's sweep, The slimy adders glide: And only when the lightning-flash Darts o'er the murky stream, Shines there upon its cheerless breast One colitary glasm	

One solitary gleam.

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STANZAS.

One solitary gleam, ---aye, see Yon rising midnight cloud! And hark ! how echoes through the rocks. The pealing thunders loud ! Mark, how upon that darksome lake Reflects the meteor-flash! While, swollen with sudden torrents, now Its raging waters dash! Its raging waters dash ! yet on To where the sheltering cave On yonder summit opes for us A home while tempests rave! Haste hither, then ! for, even now, The glorious sun, once more Is fringing that dark cloud with gold,-Almost the storm is o'er ! Almost the storm is o'er! and see, Where, in the distant east, The rainbow flings its changing arch ! -And now the rain hath ceased. Yet thy fierce eye regards it not: Unmindful is thine ear :---What chains the red man to that spot? Say! wherefore dost thou fear ? "Wherefore do I fear, ask'st thou ?---On yonder frowning height Is throned the Spirit, before whom The red man veils his sight! And ne'er upon that sacred rock May I presume to stand : For, stranger, Heaven's avenging bolts Are wielded by his hand ! They're wielded by his hand : he sits In lofty grandeur where The thunder-clouds like chariots roll, And swift-winged lightnings glare ! And woe befall the heart and hand Which that dread presence brave,-No, stranger ! no-tempt not his wrath, That lake were else thy grave !

That lake were sure thy grave, if thou Should'st madly dare his power:

Then turn,—nor dare the might of Him, Whose tempests round us lower."—

---Turn, red man, if you will! my course Is o'er yon craggy height:

There,—where the lake rolls sullenly, Dark as the gloom of night !

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

THE ROMANCE OF TRAVELLING.

We must travel, if we would be in the fashion. Men, women, and even children, are abroad to see the wonders of the grand canal, and the grander cataract. There is nothing like variety and change, for enlarging the mind, and furnishing subjects for conversation. Who can improve at home, where the same faces are seen, the same voices heard, and the same employments pursued, day after day, and year after year?

It seems, too, as if circumstances had almost inevitably designed us as a nation of travellers. We should be acquainted with our own country and people. It is only by such means, that errors will be corrected, prejudices removed, and that good feeling and liberality of sentiment cultivated, which are indispensable to the perpetuity of the Union. What American does not wish it were in his power to examine his whole country? But to accomplish this, he must wend farther than ever did knight of chivalry in service of his mistress.

It may be doubted whether the indulgence of this passion for sight-seeing, is really conducive to happiness or mental improvement. Content is not found in the bustle of a stage coach; nor does the power of the steam propelling the boat, have any influence to quicken the faculties of the mind. The rapidity with which travelling is now conducted, prevents the tourist, unless extremely active and inquisitive, from gaining much information, except what may be called the technicalities of journeying,—such as the best routes to be pursued; the expenses; the fatigues and the privations. He gains little knowledge of the country beyond what he sees from the path he is traversing, or of the people, except it be the inn-keepers, which he might not have obtained at home in much less time and with less exertion than his excursion has cost him. But then he has seen the world, and that he thinks adds to his consequence in the opinion of those poor wights, whom untoward circumstances detain within the vulgar precincts of their own state.

It must however be confessed there is, as yet, but little in our country to attract the sentimental traveller, or make any one, except a naturalist or a philosopher linger on his way. The former would find an exhaustless source of speculation and amusement in the examination of our new word, still so rich in its first created beauty; and the latter would rejoice to delay his steps to witness the exhibitions of human comfort on every side, and to seek the causes of those rapid improvements he sees, as it were, developing themselves around him. But he who goes abroad to awaken remembrances, or with the hope of feeling those strong emotions which are excited, when

"Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,"-

may range from St. Croix to the Sabine, from the Connecticut to the Columbia, and with some truth cry 'that all is barren.' Barren, but not in historic or traditional recollections. Though the grand events which have occurred in America are few, yet they are of such a peculiar character, and in their consequences appear likely to be so stupendous, that they stamp themselves on the heart, the mind with a strong and stirring moral interest which is, with the exception of the events recorded in sacred history, not exceeded by any memorials of the old world. The barrenness, the vacancy painfully felt by the traveller of taste and sentiment, arises from the want of intellectual and poetic associations with the scenery he beholds. Genius has not consecrated our mountains, making them high places from which the mind may see the horizon of thought widening

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and expanding around, over past ages,-they are nothing but huge piles of earth and rocks, covered with blighted firs and fern; the song has not named our streams,-they are only celebrated for affording fine fish, good mill-seats or safe navigation. No fairies nor lovers have made our vallies their places of resort; neither green rings or flowery arbors have been allotted to the one or the other; but fertile meadows and fair fields are famed for affording the cultivator very profitable crops. It is therefore that, though reason sees and acknowledges the abundance afforded by our soil, yet fancy calls it barren ; and European travellers accustomed to a land where every place and object has its real or romantic legend, would pronounce a tour of the United States insufferably dull and its inhabitants destitute And we are ourselves sensible of this lack of senof taste. timental interest, of heart-stirring recollections, when viewing the wild and beautiful scenery of our country. True it is, that in this working day world of ours, where every thing is intended to be graduated to the standard of common sense and equal rights, it would be very difficult even for the imagination of genius to give to 'airy nothing, a local habitation and a name."

But still we have reason to believe that such attempts will be approved. Illustrations of American character, scenery and history are demanded by the public; and who does not feel, that to fix a trait which shall be recognised as genuine, or a record that shall make one solitary place remembered, will be a reward for the effort? We want the light of song poured over our wide land; and its lonely and waste places 'peopled with the affections.' We want writers who can throw enchantment around rural scenes and rural life, and like Burns

> Gar our streams and burnies shine, Up wi' the best !

Great events or wondrous things are not necessary to furnish themes for genius. A 'yellow cowslip,' or a 'mountain daisy,' will be sufficient to waken the feelings, when hymned by the hand of a master. Marathon is not more the object of curiosity to the traveller of intelligence and taste than Lake Leman.

' for the lore Of mighty minds, doth hallow in the core Of human hearts the ruin of a wall.'

And who among my readers, would not prefer with the Lady of the Lake for a directory, a tour to 'Ben-venue' and 'Coilantogle ford,' and Loch-Katrine, rather than to explore the field of Waterloo, even though De Coster were the guide ?

These observations are designed as the preface of a 'true' story which I relate to throw, if possible, somewhat of a romantic interest over a path which those who have journeyed from Boston to Windsor, Vt. by the way of Concord, N. H. will readily allow has few real beauties to attract curiosity or reward fatigue. We will pass the first eighty miles or thereabouts, without remark, as the traveller probably would, except that the characteristics of the country were truly New England—a rough but not sterile soil, rendered interesting chiefly, by those indications of persevering industry which unequivocally show that man has there obtained his allotted dominion over the earth.

To a reflecting mind no sight is more gratifying. There are grander exhibitions of human skill. A ship under sail is one of these. We gaze on the vessel, 'walking the waters, like a thing of life,' with curiosity, wonder, awe, and we are proud of the power of man. We look on a fine and highly cultivated landscape with a calm, contented, approving admiration, and we rejoice in his happiness. Storms and danger are connected in idea with the vessel; sunshine and security seem to rest on the landscape.

There is around a snug country seat, where the neat white house looks forth from amid a group of trees and shrubbery like a lady in her best; and the two barns, like buxom damsels in their working-day color keep modestly back; and the full-leaved, and fruit-covered orchard comes sweeping down from the southern side of a green hill, while the walled fields are rich with the growing harvest, and cattle are in the pastures that stretch away to the mountains, from which the rills descend that swell the stream, sparkling in the valley—there is around such a residence an air of honest contentment, of plenty and independence that always makes me glad. New England has not a rich soil, but its natural scenery is bold, variegated and beautiful; and where it is cultivated with a careful industry, directed by good taste, no part of our wide Republic presents more charming landscapes. But the improvement (or beautifying rather) of the country, is slow. Our young men are eager to be rich and great. They despise the pursuit of their fathers—agriculture. They crowd our colleges and cities, and struggle to enter the learned professions, or become merchants or book-makers, imagining they shall then be gentlemen.

There will be, if the Republic continues another half century, a revolution in public sentiment respecting agriculture. If [the people remain sovereigns of this fair country, they will not see the occupation, in which much the largest number of individuals are, and must be engaged, degraded. Nothing is now requisite to make the station of the agriculturalist as honorable as it is useful and independent, but that those who engage in it should possess intelligence. Only let our farmers educate themselves as they might do, and they would be inferior to no class in society. The country ladies must endeavor to promote that refinement of feeling and taste, which have such an influence in awakening the mind to exercise its powers. Young men of talents and education would then more willingly engage in a pursuit which is sure to give a competency to the industrious, and still leave them more leisure for mental improvement, than any other business that is not necessarily connected with study.

But unless a young man is a thorough-going and determined geologist, so as actually to love the faces of stones,— I would not advise him to establish himself anywhere on the route from Hopkinton to Newport, N. H. It is a fine situation to study the character of the primary rocks, for the country looks as if a hail-storm of granite had been discharged thereon. There they lie, and probably have lain thousands of years, masses of moss-covered rocks and a multitude of stones encumbering and nearly concealing the earth ; and what is their use ? is probably the first inquiry arising in the minds of nearly every person who views them. All that was created was pronounced good,—so we know the sterile as well as the fertile places have their appropriate advantages, and where granite rocks abound, there the traveller may always expect to find good water and ' good

air ;' and where sufficient industry has been exerted, a good road. And the last, when passing through a country where nothing invites us to linger, is no small advantage. But nature always exhibits some lovely scene even in her rudest mood; such an one occurs unexpectedly, and therefore more welcome, on this road, when Lake Sunapee opens abruptly on the sight. The placid beauty of the blue waters contrasted with the uncivilized scenery on which the eye has been resting, gives to the heart a sensation like that of suddenly meeting the smiling face of a friend, while making our way through a crowd of strangers.

Why is it that water, so monotonous in its characteristics, should nevertheless, possess a charm for every mind? I believe it is chiefly because it bears the impress of the Creator, which we feel neither the power of time or of man can efface or alter.

' Such as creation's dawn beheld, water, thou rollest now.' Some one has called flowers the poetry of earth. They are only its Lyrical poetry. Water is the grand Epic of creation; and there is not a human soul but feels the influence of its majesty, its power or its beauty. Sunapee Lake has the latter quality in a softened perfection, which, in some respects, hardly appears like the work of nature. Its shore, especially on the eastern side, is low and level, and defined, as far as the eye can reach, by a line of white sand, so uniform and unbroken, as to appear like a regular embankment to an artificial basin. There the water lies, calm as sleeping infancy, apparently so near the brim, that a shower might make it overflow. The country on the east rises gradually, exhibiting cultivated fields that look soft and fair, (partly from the distance which clothes them in colors of the air,') when compared with the rude scenery through which the road having the Lake on the east and Sunapee mountain on the west, winds for several miles.

Should a geologist, of the Huttonian theory, enter the narrow path, his imagination would probably travel back to the era of that awful convulsion when by the action of subterranean fires, the huge mountain, preceded by a shower of rocks and stones, which cover that region, was upheaved, leaving a granite basin for the reception of the cool waters which should there gather together. The interest of the scene rests chiefly on the majestic mountain, and the placid lake; yet here and there may be seen verdant knolls shaded by a few tall trees, or little quiet dells, which might tempt the sentimentalist to wish for a cottage, (that perfection of romantic comfort) and 'one fair spirit,' and then dream how; sweetly life would pass away on the shore of the quiet lake.

We have not many such dreamers in our bustling country. Profit, not peace, is the object of pursuit with us republicans. And the turmoil of the cataract rather than the tranquility of the lake, would be in unison with the spirit of American travellers.

There is a remembrance connected with the lake which may interest our stirring tourists, and admonish those (if there are any such) who are really in quest of a spot where they may hope to dwell in safety and retirement, that peace is not of this world. The borders of Sunapee offer retirement in perfection, but for safety, before deciding on that, look-no, you cannot see from the coach,-but alight and search till you find, what seems an impenetrable wilderness of stumps, fallen and decayed trees, broken rocks and tall brambles; were not these intermingled, here and there, with an apple tree, which in our climate always denotes the agency of man, we might think no human footstep, except perhaps the hunter's, had ever penetrated that desolate looking place. Yet there was once a habitation in that vallev. Peter Wood's house stood where those large stones and (if you search closely you may find a few) those broken bricks lie.

Mr. Wood had built his house in that valley to screen it from the bleak winds, that during winter sweep across the frozen lake; but by ascending the swell of land about twenty rods distant, he commanded a fine view of the water and the eastern shore, and had that desideratum of society for a New England farmer, neighbors within sight. Though separated by the lake, they seemed near, when he could see their dwellings. And truly, his eye rested much oftener and with more satisfaction, on those plain farmhouses, than on the wild wonders of the land or the softened aspect of the water; thus proving, that neither the

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taste for natural scenery or the love of solitude had been the cause of his selecting that particular spot for his residence. In truth, it was neither; but a taste for fishing and the love of fine trout, for which the lake is famed. I state this with more pride, since the recent opinion of a refined British traveller has pronounced a voyage across the Atlantic to be well repaid by a breakfast on our mackerel. The ability fully to appreciate good fish is, we see, a mark of having been accustomed to 'good society.' I presume, therefore, none of my fashionable readers will consider Peter Wood otherwise than as a gentleman. Certain I am, many gentlemen would have enjoyed extremely an acquaintance with him and a sail in his boat when he went forth to fish, with a determination not to return without some good luck. His perfect familiarity with the science of angling was really wonderful, considering he had never heard of Izaak Walton ;-but then he was an original thinker, and such do not need to have recourse to the rules of others; they are a law unto themselves.

I have said Peter Wood liked to angle; it was his passion, and he never felt more dignified than when he returned home with a fine mess of trout. But his triumph would have been incomplete had none but himself known his success. Man was most certainly created a social being, and it is necessary to the enjoyment of prosperity, that there should be participants. We do not need a crowd to make us happy; but friends, or one; at least one must smile, or the sensations will lose their perception, the heart its gladness, and the mind its energy.

Peter Wood had one friend; a wife whom he loved, and who was worthy of his affection; and that is saying all that is requisite in her praise. I never think it necessary to describe elaborately, the charms and graces of a married woman, if I can say her husband loves her.

Well, Peter loved his wife and his infant child; and when he could prevail on Betsy to take the baby and accompany him to a fishing place, which was but a little way from their dwelling up the lake, he was happier, I dare say, than ever Bonaparte was with Josephine by his side; for they had no child. And when Peter had a good haul, how delighted he was to hold up the fish for his wife to view; and sometimes he would advance the struggling victim close to his little girl; and then both parents would smile at her fright with as much 'secret pleasure' as did Hector and Andromache, when their boy was 'scared with the dazzling plume and nodding crest.' O, happiness is made up of trifles—it is only the heart that invests them with importance.

One Sabbath afternoon in the month of September, 18-Peter Wood and his wife took a walk along the margin of They had as usual, their little girl with them ; the lake. the father thinking, that to walk without her in his arms, was really loss of time. There is hardly a more heartthrilling pleasure enjoyed by mortals than that which parents feel when seeing their child first begin to 'catch knowledge of objects.' Byron, in his allusion to that bliss of which he had been deprived, shows how fully he had sounded the depths of human feeling. Mary Wood was only eleven months old, but from the circumstance of having been often abroad, as well as from that innate love of freedom in the open air, which every living earthly creature seems to covet, she was in ecstacies with the excursion, and her father thought, understood all that was said to her on the occasion. And he afterwards observed 'that the little creature then appeared to know so much, he felt fearful she had not long for this world.'

The day was calm as sleep; not a cloud had been visible, and the thin white vapor that was like melted light over all the horizon, seemed but the air resting in equilibrium; —not a breath moved the water or stirred a leaf. The stillness was so deep as almost to be melancholy; as if nature had sunk to a repose from which she could hardly be awakened.

Our husband and wife sat down beneath the shade of a large fir-tree and passed the time chiefly in amusing their child. They loved the scene around them, and yet it could hardly be said they relished or understood its peculiar beauties. Certain it is, they had never analyzed the sources of the satisfaction with which they gazed on the bright smooth waters as contrasted with the broken and brown landscape beyond. Neither did they notice the adorning which the dark evergreen forest received, from being here and there interspersed with trees of a less sombre hue, particularly the white birch; thus showing how much of

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beauty is owing to situation and contrast. There is hardly a more ugly native tree in our country, when standing singly and alone, than the white birch. Its thin, leper-like looking trunk and scanty dingy green foliage, which early in autumn assumes a dirty yellow color, cause it to be altogether disagreeable to the eye; and then the thought of the detestable fuel it makes, you may about as comfortably burn snow, sends a shivering disgust through the frame, very similar to what we feel on viewing an ugly reptile. But place that same birch amid a forest of firs, where we can just see its tall trunk, like a sunbeam, flashing through the dark foliage, while its leaves blend their softening tints above, and we call it a graceful tree, an ornament to the woods. So it is. And so there is an appropriate place for every thing and every person, a niche where all would appear to advantage. But all do not feel so contented to be happy there, as did honest Peter Wood and his wife. They, good souls, never dreamed but what the landscape appeared to others precisely as it did to them. With the lake came the thought of water and fishing, with the forest, of fuel and hunting, and with that lofty mountain, rivalling Ben Lomond or the Grampian hills in majesty, was connected the idea of gathering whortleberries. And over all was the charm of familiarity; of home-that made it lovely.

Where ignorance is bliss, it really does seem folly to be wise. Who that has a heart would have wished to awaken Peter and his wife to the full consciousness of all the horrors which a cultivated and refined person would have felt in their situation? To live on with no object in view but just to procure enough to eat and drink, and live too in a place where the only advantage possessed was, that they dwelt in safety. This advantage, they seemed to enjoy in perfection; for, unless the mountain toppled down headlong, what could occur to disturb them there in a place, bidding defiance, apparently to that spirit of improvement, which works such astonishing changes in our land, and in whose train, follow ambition, envy, covetousness, luxury, as surely as wealth, knowledge and taste.

But the storm was at hand—though not of human passion.

'It grows dark as night—is it sunset, Betsey?' said Peter, suddenly rising up.

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She could not tell-but both felt that the darkness or deep shadow increased with uncommon rapidity. They hurried along the shore to the path that led to their dwelling-Peter carrying the child, which had fallen asleep, carefully, for fear of awakening her, and his wife preceding him about ten steps. There was no wind felt, not a breath, and the water lay motionless; but though calm, it was awful in its tranquility; for an 'inky hue,' was deepening and settling on its surface, and it looked, when a flash of lightning gleamed over it, and the flashes became frequent. more like black marble than water. And several times, Peter, who was less agitated than his wife, thought he heard a low deep sound like a groan, that seemed to come from the re-When Mrs. Wood reached, through the cesses of the lake. narrow wooded track, the top of the eminence, that rose, as has been named, east of their dwelling, she stopped and raised her hands high above her head as if wildly frightened.

'What is the matter ?' called out her husband.

But she did not reply; and when he reached the top he did not need to repeat his question. Though a strong man, his knees trembled under him. What mortal would not tremble at the sight of the whirlwind approaching, as it were, in an embodied form ? Nothing would be more terrible. The cloud that seemed moving towards them with winged rapidity, was of a singular appearance; as it were, a thick sheet of darkness, black as a pall—the edges of which were tinged with a brassy hue; and in the midst was an appearance, in shape like an inverted pyramid whirling like the vortex of an eddying gulf, and sending out incessant and vivid flashes of lightning, which only prevented the horizon in the north and east from being dark as midnight.

There are no appearances or events in the natural world which men feel are so certainly connected with Almighty power, as signs in the air. 'The heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll,' thought Peter; for he had read his bible, (almost the only book he did read) and he trembled lest the end of the world was at hand. But deep must be the sin, suffering and despair, of that man who does not feel a sense of safety connected with the idea of home.

'Home !---let us go home,'---said Peter Wood.

His wife started at the word, and they rushed towards

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the house as to a refuge. They reached it, and at the entrance, Peter laid his little girl, still sleeping, into her mother's arms, in order to secure the doors and windows as far as he could, to resist the fury of the coming storm. As yet, no gust, nor even a breeze had been felt ; the tempest, wrapped in the wings of the cloud, came on in silence; the moving darkness only giving warning that it was approach-Mrs. Wood, agitated and exhausted as she was, could ing. hardly sustain the weight of the infant; and she carried her to a bed, thinking the little creature would sleep easier there than in her arms. The mother laid down her child, covering her with care : and stooped with the mother's blessing in her heart, to kiss the forehead of her darling. As her lips touched the soft face of her babe-she felt a rush, a crash that shook the building to its foundation—and then seemed to gather up, crumbling, tossing, whirling, scattering all like atoms in its fury-trees, rocks, timbers, furniture, were mingled and driven and dashed against each other in the vortex of the cloud, that rose and descended alternately; when rising, it discharged from its centre a shower of shivered limbs of trees, leaves, gravel and other spoils of its ravage; then sinking, it again swept up as in revenge, all that lay in its path, tossing the huge rocks, as though they had been marbles, heaving up the foundations of buildings, breaking down, splintering, overturning acres and acres of the forest that lay in its desolating course ! There was no thunder accompanied it-no sound but the crash of the destroying, till the tornado entered the lake, and then the tremendous conflict of the wind and water might be known by the hollow roaring that was sent forth. The winds triumphed—the waters boiling and foaming, were forced upward in the cloud, till the column seemed to touch the sky—laying bare the banks of the lake, as though the secrets of the hidden spring were about to be revealed !

I have not time to follow the track of the tornado after it had passed the lake. A volume might be filled with the awful description—and the sufferings of those who were the victims of its fury, on the western shore ; but I must return to that solitary family, who bore the first bursting of the storm.

Neither Peter Wood or his wife were injured; though how they escaped was wonderful. They were both lifted up by the power of the wind, and carried across a field and over fences, amidst the driving and dashing fragments of ruin contained in the cloud; yet they came to the earth without wound. But their Mary, their sweet babe—where was she? The gown of the tender sufferer was found on the borders of the lake, close by the spot where she had been playing during the afternoon—the bedstead on which she lay, was found nearly a mile distant in the woods, in an opposite direction from the general tract of the wind. But her body was never found. Whether her little form was reduced to atoms by the grinding storm, or thrown by the wind into the lake, or carried into the wilderness, is a secret, the last trumpet only can reveal.

The parents looked on the destruction of their dwelling with indifference, when compared with the desolation their hearts felt in the loss of that child. They were surrounded with ruin. A few stones marked the site of their late residence; a broken chair, a bureau without drawers, and a few articles of hollow ware, was all that remained of their property.

Reader, should you ever sail down the Ohio (as I hope sometime to do) you may, if you please, see a small vankee-looking house, in a retired nook, a little way from the margin of the river. And then if you see in a boat not far from the shore, a square-built, spare-boned, black-bearded man, angling with that deep abstractedness which proves the devotee in his art,-that man is the original of Peter Wood. Should you address him by that name, he might not answer to the cognomen-but what's in a name? He will confirm the truth of my story, except, perhaps, in some trifling particulars respecting himself and wife. And he will describe the tempest as more terrific than I have done. He will tell you that his infant was swept away; and that he never could endure the thought of again casting a line into the water where she might be slumbering; and that he could not bear to eat the fish of the lake for fear they might have been fattening on the flesh of his child -and so he removed to the Ohio.

TO A PALM LEAF.

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	TO A PALM LEAF.
Ga	thered from a tree that shades the grave of Paul and Virginia, in the Isle of France.
	I've looked on thee, wan leaf, Till thou dost seem the messenger of fear, And my heart thrills as grief, Deep, certain, terrible, were hovering near.
-	I see the gathering storm, Darkness, and whirlwind, and the roaring main,— And now a fair, young form Beseeching heaven for aid—it is in vain !
	She rests, that lovely maid, Wan leaf, she rests beneath thy parent tree, And in that hallowed shade, Her heart-struck lover slumbers peacefully.
	They need not glory's wreath, To keep their memory from the blight of years, A leaf can speak their death, And from the full soul wring a gush of tears.
	But autumn winds will rise, And scatter far our forests' waving glory, Yet not a leaf that flies, Will whisper to the heart this moving story.
	For nature hath no tongue Till Genius breathes upon the slumbering mass; Till Genius' light is flung, We heed no shadows beckoning as they pass.
	But all is still and dark, And men may die unheeded as the rain Falls round the gliding bark Urging her rapid course athwart the main.
	Yes, more—the cherished worth Of all men strive for in their earthly race, Fades with their names from earth, If Genius smile not on their dwelling-place.

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THE SPECTRE.

Then Genius, with the free

Come dwell—our broad land with thy presence fill, Till mountain, stream and tree,

Shall have a spell to move, a voice to thrill.

CORNELIA.

THE SPECTRE.

" Look ! my lord it comes !"

It was a lonely spot almost out of the world, where my father, after many years spent in laborious mercantile pursuits, chose to retire with his accumulated wealth, consisting principally of an excellent wife, and ten ruby faced children, together with their ancient nurse, Wilnor, a most persevering and accomplished dealer in gossip, ghosts and snuff. So much indeed did the latter commodity abound, that we were actually preserved in it like so many *pickled herring*. Or to use a more classic metaphor, we were daily *embalmed* and laid in a cradle.

This anti-putrescent mode of cultivation, although we were perhaps sometimes in danger of losing our breath from suffocation, was, nevertheless, attended with most salutary effects, as it proved a very powerful preventative against hooping-cough, measles, sore throat, and all those pestiferous diseases to which children of less fortunate culture, are ever exposed. My mother aware, doubtless, of these happy results, never interfered in the snuff department, and the embalming process went on without interruption,—not much however, to the satisfaction of Dr. Croup, the family physician. As for gossip,---it was considered of the highest importance that we should learn to talk. What else would distinguish us from so many Egyptian mummies? We were therefore early instructed in that most useful and polite language called baby talk, which prevails so extensively even in this enlightened age, and which for the honor of mothers, we are sorry to say, is not confined exclusively to children and nurses. After becoming sufficiently versed in the lisp, the clip, the stammer and the whine, that is to say, the orthography, etymology, syntax and prosody,-or in other words, the grammar of the nursery, we were by degrees initiated in its more abstruse sciences. And since the days of king Saul and his celebrated coadjutor-she of Endor-I am bold to affirm, there never existed a more profound and able teacher in all that constitutes the arcana of witchcraft, ghost and goblin, than our nurse Wilnor. She understood the surest spring by which all their diurnal and nocturnal machinery was put in motion, and could predict the time of a ghost's appearance and disappearance, with as much accuracy as an astronomer his favorite star. She knew moreover, the laws of affinity, or chemical attraction, necessarily employed in compounding shadows; and never did Sir Humphrey Davy, by help of the voltaic battery, analyze mineral substances, or resolve earths and alkalis, with readier skill than did nurse Wilnor compose and decompose With no other apparatus than her own visapparitions. ionary brain, would she, from the faintest ray of moonshine, or at most, a white napkin, conjure up as terrific a spectre, as the most learned, scientific, ghost-monger could wish to see.

She knew too, the laws of licence and etiquette, which have ever marked their intercourse with mortals—what was the most fashionable hour for a nocturnal promenade-how near they might approach-how far it became mortal man to recede-what kind of dress and address were most befitting-and long and eloquently did she labor to impress on the minds of her infant open-mouthed auditors, the solemn important fact, that a modest, genuine, well-bred ghost would never speak until he was spoken to. A good practical lesson that to some upstart dwellers in the flesh. Had her knowledge, like most of the learned great, been the result of speculation merely, nurse Wilnor, nor my very gentle readers, never would have been acquainted with the spectre heroine of these pages. But, founded as it was, on the authority of sixty years' experience, every lesson which she gave, was exemplified by so many unquestionable 'matter o' fact' proofs, of her own occular discoveries. She had seen the ghosts of nearly all her deceased relatives Sometimes they had come beforehand to and friends. warn her of their approaching dissolution, and sometimes

THE SPECTRE.

they had put it off until after their decease, to warn her of her own—though this she had by some sleight of hand manæuvre, always contrived to elude. Probably they were bribed by her excessive politeness, to prophecy smooth . things.

She had, moreover, been favored with abundance of minor sights and sounds, such as voices in the air—groans in the garret—lights in the cellar—and often was she visited of a stormy night through the key-hole, by the old woman of the broom-stick, without any head—'discoursing most eloquent music' by the help of an ivory comb and a bit of brown paper, while multitudes of antipodean lilliputian goblins, danced their applause heels upwards. But I must forbear to enumerate her 'one thousand and one' enchanting visions of less note, and hasten to disclose the grand catastrophe which cost her many a dolorous groan, and which I hope, will cost my readers many a heart-felt glow of sympathy.

My father (to the everlasting praise of my mother be it spoken) bore the rule in his own domicil. And as he was no necromancer nor free mason, he held all invisticism of whatever kind, in sovereign contempt. He was a firm believer in divine revelation; but he took the liberty to expunge the doctrine of witchcraft entirely from his creed. He even carried his hercsy so far as to deny the validity of dreams and warnings; and as for ghosts, not one of their shadowy tribe, ever dared to present its spectral, ghastly visage within sight of him. And as my mother, like all discreet, wise mothers, leaned decidedly to her husband's opinions, the consequence was, nurse Wilnor's ' white-faced gentry' were obliged to be extremely circumspect in their midnight gambols. And I have no doubt, but many a worthy apparition has been defeated in its charitable designs of holding communication with that benevolent sister spirit, from downright fear, lest it might be intercepted on its way by some anti-apparitionist of the household.

Of the ten hopeful shoots which graced our nursery withal, I myself happened to be among the eldest; and of course, on being ushered into the light and life of the parlor circle, was one of the first to show my contempt of nursery manners and customs, by railing at snuff and baby talk. And my righteous indignation has lost nothing of its

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native asperity to this hour-nay, it has daily grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength. But to eradicate the profound reverence I had acquired for the manners and customs of ghosts and goblins, was not the work of a moment. So effectually was my imagination imbued with a sense of their marvellous sublimity and grandeur of character, that often as I watched the dim twilight on my way through the shrubbery, or as I listened with quaking wonder to the fearful hoot of the kingly owl, I saw, or thought I saw, unearthly forms move in solemn pomp before me. Sometimes I muttered a short, rhapsodic prayer, but they never had the politeness to respond to itsometimes I shut my eyes closely, in order to take a keener look ; but when I looked again, they were gone, 'no marble tells us whither.' Sometimes I made my best courtesy, and commenced such gracious salutation as instinct prompted, or such as memory could help me to, from nurse Wilnor's inexhaustible stores; but they were off before I could half finish my sentence. And at other times I rushed forward with daring intrepidity, as if to know the worst, and seized hold on-vacancy, with a violence that nearly dislocated my neck.

Such unmannerly treatment from creatures of a moment, together with a few profitable hints which I received from my parents, staggered my faith amazingly. I began to doubt, and by degrees my doubts resolved themselves into the most obdurate unbelief. And that point being once settled, I entered the nursery and made free to interrupt one of nurse Wilnor's best ghost stories, by declaring that the whole spectral community from the ghost of Goliath down to Tom Thumb, were all a set of impostors, downright impostors; and that those who patronised them were no better ! Never shall I forget her screech of horror, nor the accompanying look. She raised her hands to an angle of ninety degrees-her head erected itself to a bold perpendicular-her eyes moved loftily upwards, as if keeping time with the bias of her thoughts, and I made my mortal escape, just as she was about finishing a kind of prophetic malediction, the winding off of which was, ' We shall see. And we did see ! Start not my terrified reader, but read on The next morning I paid a visit to my friend Laura, who had just returned from boarding school. As her character

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and accomplishments, however, and our romantic attachment for each other, have nothing to do with this very romantic story, I shall take the liberty to pass them over. Or, if any feel disposed to murinur, I will most willingly make that theme the subject of another affecting narrative. I have said that our residence was a lonely spot. It was also a hilly one. The house, which had been constructed on no exact order of architecture, but which seemed to have shaken hands with them all, was situated on a beautiful sloping lawn, at the termination of which, a babbling brook wound its difficult way along, now curling round a projecting point of the lawn, and then struggling upward to overcome some barrier rock which would fain have intercepted its course; thus giving a lesson of perseverance to us drudging mortals. A few bushes and scattering trees lined the margin of the stream, or stood sentinel as if to guard it from invasion. Immediately beyond the brook, a stately hill arose, which presented itself in **bold** relief in front of the house. The hill had long been occupied solely for pasturage; but a few pedestrians, who, rather than perform a circuit of one mile round, would occasionally prefer encountering the difficulties of the hill, with only one fourth the distance. Such was my choice this morning, on returning from my visit.

The first thing which met my view on reaching the brow of the hill, was nurse Wilnor, who issued from the house, bearing in her hand a pitcher of water, which she emptied in haste, and was about to return, when she espied me. She lifted her head to something more than a bold perpendicular, for my station was a lofty one, and gazed as if she were gazing her last. 'She is hunting for ghosts,' thought I, as her last evening's prophetic 'we shall see' flashed across my recollection ; and somehow I was seized with an irresistible impulse to gratify her researches. My first move therefore was to vanish. A cluster of brakes, by their accommodating nearness, seemed to second the motion, and down I skulked behind them.

Considering that it was my first effort, and attended too, with some hazard to my spectral reputation, for the full glare of a July meridian sun gave me a most potent hint, that it was not ghosting time, I say, considering all this, it was a pretty good vanish. I doubt if the best ghost in nurse Wilnor's calendar could have bettered it. And so I am sure nurse Wilnor thought; for she took it to be genuine, and gave a most terrific yell, the like of which has not been heard since her great prototype discerned the ghost of good old Samuel.

Years have passed away—and although nurse Wilnor and myself still live to tell the dreadful tale, each in her own way, (another striking proof how important it is 'to hear both sides of a story ;') yet it stands alone in her spectral register—a most daring outrage of the moral law of ghosts. To appear at noon-day in the face of the sun, in defiance of every thing like order or etiquette, and then vanish in an instant, without giving the least account of itself, and above all, for the original, to live years afterwards,* was beyond comparison, the most ill-natured, malicious, incorrigible spectre, that ever made its appearance in human shape.— 'But it is no wonder,' she said, fetching a deep sigh, while her mouth drew itself gracefully down at the corners, and her nose and chin kindly saluted each other, 'seeing whose spectre it was' !!!

S*****.

MEMORY.

ТО А-----.

Others may bid thee look Upon life's *future* book, Yet who would twine fair wreaths for coming days When mem'ry's magic glass Tells '*gone by joys*' to pass Again before us, 'clad with smiles and plays?'—

* When the apparition of a person is seen, clad in the ordinary apparel of the original, and in the day-time, it portends that the mortal thus represented by invisible agency, will soon die. One year is, I believe, the longest term they can expect to survive. Ed.

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MEMORY.

Those early hours of youth When the world seem'd all truth, In the mind linger-yet like sunbeam's light Upon the cold wave's blue Giving a golden hue, But warming not that which it makes so bright. Oh! when are after years As sweetly free from tears; When do the changing moments swiftly glide As in the sunny day When with the joyous gay We floated smoothly 'down the summer tide ?' And the sweet note of song. In youth so wild, so long,-Oh! is it wafted over hills as then ? Where now is that soft swell. Which of hours dear will tell-Hours-which once vanish'd may not come again ! Yet never from the heart. Will the deep thought depart, Of the lov'd ones who joined our early mirth,-Voices with thrilling tone Breathing of joy alone-Of all, in 'mem'ry's land ' have 'second birth ?' Sunshine thy path may light. Life's star be ever bright, Yet, still in memory is a silver spell; Then dear one often dream, For life will sweeter seem

If on past 'rainbow pleasures' we can dwell!

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Glen Creran.

A----E.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF MAN.

Few words in the vocabulary of fashion, fancy or feeling, have been so vaguely and indiscriminately used as that which in its proper acceptation, implies a capacity for enjoyment of a nature unallied with sensual gratification. And yet there is none, which when properly considered, will appear so dear in its meaning or so restricted in its application. The deluded unfortunate who calls his injurer to the field of honor, is always described as accompanied by The midnight reveller is surrounded with those his friend. whom he dignifies with an appellation drawn from the highest and holiest feelings of man's earthly sympathies; and the unfortunate debtor is rescued from the miseries of immured constraint by extortionate selfishness, dignified by appellations of affectionate endearment. Politics, philosophy, science and religion, have each appropriated the term, and have bartered the genuine lustre of the substance for a gaudy tinsel, resplendent, only as it is brightened and burnished by the smiles of prosperous fortune. The peculiar vocations of mankind, the feeling and sympathies engendered by the struggle for honors and preferments, have banished in a great measure from the hearts of men the natural disposition to friendly alliances. Social as man is in his nature, it is a sociableness arising from selfishness rather than from any other cause; and where personal aggrandizement interferes with amicable alliances, the alliance must give way, or the weaker cause naturally yields to the stronger. That these remarks are rather of general than universal application, the stories of Damon and Pythias, of Nisus and Euryalus, of Pomponianus, Crassus and Gracchus, of Brutus and Lucinius, of Sapio and Laelius, will perhaps abundantly prove.

If we were to inquire into the causes which have tended to diminish the influence of friendship among mankind, we should be met at the onset with the black catalogue of propensities in bristling array, (aiming at the extinction of virtuous feelings. These poisonous vipers are nestled in the bosom of man under the semblance of virtues. In vain do the emotions of benevolence strive to rise from beneath their iron grasp. Ambition, pride, honor, falsely so called, in-

THE FRIENDSHIP OF MAN.

dependence of feeling, a squeamish delicacy, mawkish sensibility, and all the affiliated energies of the mind are at war with the indulgence of sublimated affection, and while these maintain the ascendant in the breast, in vain can we look for the holy and hallowed ties which bind us in unity with another.

The visions of youth are replete with phantoms which deceive us with the speciousness of reality. While the stronger propensities of nature are in embryo, the heart is disposed to revel in the pleasures of affectionate attach-But in its riotous indulgence, it is too apt to neglect ment. its counsellor, reason, in the selection of its favorites, so that when the understanding strengthens its optics, it loathes the objects of its former desire. Thus it is that we so frequently see the intimacies of early years, unrenewed by the ripened affections of manhood, and the friendship that is based upon a congeniality of pursuit is so often forgotten when the aim has been attained. 'Feeble.' says an elegant writer, 'feeble are the pleasures in which the heart has no share.' But the heart is by no means the only counsellor whose judgment must be taken, nor the only participant whose presence will give zest to 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul." In the selection of those with whom our joys and our sorrows are participated, the heart must be assisted by the understanding, as the eye directs the motions of the other organs of the body. Warmth of feelings, fervor of the imagination and ductility of affection, are too frequently mistaken for similarity of disposition and congeniality of thought. The various relations of life cannot be sustained without bringing into temporary union tempers and dispositions incapable of amalgamation. But because no immediate fermentation is produced among these highly discordant materials, although perhaps the latent agitation has commenced, it is too frequently erroneously supposed that temporary intimacy will prove the basis of permanent esteem, and that a natural participation of pleasure will sow the seed of future, lasting friendship. How sore is the disappointment experienced, when the eyes are open to the errors of these calculations. How poignant the regret at the secession of those whom we have been habituated to consider as friends. But after all, the disappointment and the regret is nothing more than the feelings arising

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from the discontinuance of a *habit*, rather than the sorrow occasioned by a bereavement. Hence it may be inferred, that the heart has had little share in the connexion; and that the understanding itself goes zealously to work in the business of consolation.

True friendship is founded solely on esteem. It has no participation in those fitful or fanciful feelings engendered by romance and nurtured by the imagination. And as it is founded solely on a high consideration of the worth of another, and as worth is but another name for moral excellence, hence it is necessarily inferred, that friendship cannot exist, but in those hearts where disguise is unnecessary. It is in the female sex in an especial manner, that openness, sincerity and artlessness prevail, and it will be our business in a future paper to endeavor to show the capacity of woman for that high and holy intercourse of heart, which, as it makes them firm and unshaken in love, is alike calculated to render them sincere and steadfast in friendship. P.

SONNET.

BABYLON IS FALLEN.

Upon a rock she stood—Proud Babylon! The sceptered sovereign of a tribute world, Her tow'rs uplifted to the burning sun— Impregnable she stood—Her flag unfurl'd Toss'd towards the Heaven's in impious pride, As if she bade the Almighty do his worst. O mighty Babylon! can nought betide To hurl thee from thy rocky throne ? Accurst Thou art—The Lord hath spoken, and thou 'rt swept Beneath the deep dark tide ; and what remains Of all thy pomp and pride ?—Horror has crept Where pleasure reigned, and the hoarse wind complains Along the giant ruin—Thou art gone, A lesson to the world—Proud Babylon !

Portsmouth, N. H.

J. N. M.

HISTORY OF BOTANY.

Familiar Lectures on Botany. Including Practical and Elementary Botany, with generic and specific descriptions of the most common native and foreign plants. And a vocabulary of Botanical Terms. • For the use of High Schools and Academies. By Mrs. Almira H. Lincoln, Vice-principal of Troy Female Seminary. Hartford. H. & F. J. Huntington. G. & C. & H. Carvill, New York. Richardson & Lord, Boston. pp. 335.

The object of Mrs. Lincoln in preparing these Lectures, was to furnish beginners in the study of Botany, with a treatise, which should be more intelligible and more easy of attainment, than any heretofore published. Botany is a science adapted to female character and habits-and young ladies would generally delight in a study, which makes them familiar with a knowledge of the properties and uses, as well as the beauties of the vegetable creation, were it not rendered formidable at the first by an array of technical terms, which seem as useless as they are uncouth. They must seem useless before the mind has associated images of things with these names, or had a reason rendered for their adop-To men of science, conversant with the dead lantion. guages, the nomenclature of Botany offers little or no impediment—but there are many, who would gladly study nature, yet cannot spend time to acquire Greek and Latin. This is more particularly the case with females. And to such, the method Mrs. Lincoln has adopted of teaching by analysis, and of explaining the technical terms as they occur in the examination of a flower or plant, will be invaluable. The aim of the writer seems to have been to make her work useful. She does not pretend to set forth any new discoveries in the science of Botany; but she has done what was more needed by the public; she has condensed the substance of many volumes into one; and given us the result of the researches and observations of all the distinguished writers on the subject; the whole rendered more interesting by the reflections of her own intelligent and elevated mind.

The volume consists of forty-five lectures, illustrated by thirteen plates; the first one presenting a drawing of the Andes, and showing the progress of vegetation at different elevations of the mountains, corresponding with its progress in different latitudes, is worthy of particular commendation, both for its design and execution. It is of itself, a history of climate.

In the style of the lectures, there is a beautiful propriety with the subjects discussed and the persons to whom they are supposed to be addressed. These are the young, and particularly females. Mrs. Lincoln has accordingly written, as she probably speaks, in a clear, pleasing and significant manner; not as if she were seeking to display her own knowledge elegantly : but as if she were bent, while improving the minds, on cultivating and strengthening the best feelings of her pupils. This latter desire seems ever to predominate, as it ever should in the literary efforts of a woman. We meet on almost every page, proofs of that genuine benevolence of spirit which labors to associate knowledge with piety.

'To lead through nature up to nature's God'—to purify and exalt the affections, and strengthen the principles of morality, while enlightening the understanding and refining the taste, seem the dearest wishes of this amiable and accomplished lady. We quote a part of her lecture on Buds and Leaves, illustrative of her happy manner of conveying instruction.

The manner in which Buds spring from the parent stock, gradually unfolding themselves, until they become in their turn branches, covered with leaves and flowers, cannot fail to impress your minds with a sense of the goodness of that great Being, who watches with unceasing care over his vast creation. The infant, whose frail thread of life, the slightest accident might break, is preserved amidst dangers seen and unseen; and his physical and mental powers are gradually developed, until arrived at maturity, his body is strong and active, and his mind can think upon the wonderful works of God. In the buds of a plant the physical change is thus going on; but the bud although it is active with the principle of life, knows not its own existence; neither is the parent branch endowed with consciousness, or capable of being delighted with its offspring. Thus, while we see so much to admire in the vegetable economy, we feel, that plants, in being destitute of mind, seem to want all of existence that is truly desirable. The tender sympathies arising from affinity, wholly wanting

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in the vegetable world, and feebly evinced by the brute creation, are bestowed in a high degree upon man.

It is delightful, while gratifying our natural love of knowledge, by inquiring into the economy of nature, to be thus met at every step, with new proofs of the goodness and wisdom of the Author of Nature. particularly as manifested toward the human race. To discover the character of the Deity, should indeed, be the end and aim of all knowledge; and even should an occasional digression from the subject of your present study, retard your progress in Botanical investigations, the loss would be slight, compared to the gain of one pious and devout aspiration of the heart.

When we become so deeply engaged in philosophical speculations, as to forget Him whose works we study, we have wandered far from the path of true knowledge. It was not thus that Newton studied the laws of matter; or Locke and Watts the laws of mind; or Paley the animal and vegetable physiology; these great and good men, made their rich treasures of knowledge subservient to one great design, that of illustrating the character of God, and teaching us our duty to Him.'

We should like to make many more remarks, but have not room if we execute what was our intention when commencing this article, namely, to give a synopsis of four lectures containing the 'History of Botany ;' being chiefly a translation from Mirbel. The whole is worthy being extracted; but as the book will doubtless soon be introduced into our schools and become a necessary addition to every family library, we feel less regret at the very limited view we must give.

From the Bible and the poems of Homer, we gain the only vestiges of botanical knowledge which the earliest ages afford. The third day, God said 'let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth.'

The wisdom of Solomon seems to have been exhibited in his lecturing on botany, as well as in writing proverbs and songs. 'He spake of *trees*, from the *cedar tree* that is in Lebanon, even unto the *hyssop*, that springeth out of the wall; and people from all countries came to hear his wisdom.'—That is, he understood the nature and peculiar properties of all plants; but nothing of his researches or wisdom in this science, has been preserved.

The Greek philosophers are the next on the list of ancient Botanists. Pythagoras composed a treatise on the properties of plants. Seven men of the name of Hippocrates wrote upon the medicinal properties of plants.

Aristotle followed next ; and in his works on natural history, published 384 years before Christ, he shows that spirit of research and subtlety of reasoning, for which he is so famed, blended with the visions of a fertile imagination, which, in that era of the world found so much liberty to theorize without experiment. Theophrastus, Dioscorides and the elder Pliny, all wrote treatises on plants; but though they made many discoveries of the properties, and established many facts concerning plants, they had not regularity of system, and their works are of little consequence to the scientific.

In the 2d century, Galen wrote upon the medicinal qualities of plants; after which there seems to have been little or no effort made to advance the science of Botany for many ages. There was not a single botanical work of any merit or originality from the fall of the Roman Empire, till the 15th century. Learning, then, it is well known, began to be revived in Italy. But it was reserved for a German, a physician, as most of the ancient botanists were, to give the first specimen of engravings, as illustrative of plants; an improvement in botanical science which was then considered very important.

Following this example of investigation, several German botanists attempted, in the 16th century, something like a collection of plants into species, and others attempted to find some proper method of classification. The names most distinguished, are Gesner, Clusius, Cœsalpinus and Bauhin. In the latter part of the 17th century, many men of highly gifted minds applied themselves to the study, they travelled both by sea and land to collect plants, and specimens were collected from South Africa, in the East India Islands; and finally America yielded her vegetable treasures to these scientific adventurers. Plumier, a Catholic Priest, made three voyages to America to make drawings and collect specimens.

Botanists now began to pay some attention to the stamens and pistils of plants. Ray published a work in which he divided plants into 33 classes, 27 of which were composed of herbs, the rest of trees. Rivinis, a German, next proposed to consider the absence or presence of *flowers* as the foundation of classification, the number of petals and the regular or irregular form of the corolla. Tournefort of France, was distinguished for his enthusiastic fondness for botanical pursuits; and his system, which was founded on the form of the corolla, greatly assisted that prince of botanists—Linnæus. We quote the remainder of the article from the lectures.

'Charles Linnæus, an inhabitant of Sweden, suddenly emerging from obscurity, offered to the world a system of Botany, so far superior to all others, as to leave no room for dispute as to its comparative merit. All preceding systems were immediately laid aside, and the classification of Linnæus was received with scarcely a dissenting voice. What this system was, you have not now to learn, since it has been the basis of your botanical studies. Linnæus extended the principles of his classification to the animal and mineral kingdoms; in the language of an eminent botanist,* ''His magic pen turned the wilds of Lapland into fairy fields, and the animals of Sweden came to be classed by him, as they went to Adam in the garden of Eden to receive each his particular name.''

Linnæus died in 1778; ten years afterwards a society of naturalists, distinguished by his name, was founded in London; this society is now in possession of his library, herbarums, collections of insects and shells, with numerous manuscripts. Sir James Edward Smith was the founder of this society, and its first and only president, until his death, which has recently occurred. He translated the writings of Linnæus, (which were originally in Latin,) aud illustrated them by his own comments; no one, perhaps, has done more towards rendering botanical science accessible to all classes of people than this elegant writer.

'In turning from Europe to our own country, we find the state of literature highly flourishing, and a taste for the natural sciences, universally diffused. The names of many of our naturalists stand high in Europe, as well as in their own country.

Among these are Silliman, who established the first scientific journal, and encouraged others to pursue the course of investigation which he himself has followed so successfully; and Eaton, who has indefatigably labored to bring science within the reach of every inquirer, by divesting it of the dress of foreign languages, and the parade of learning; not only rendering the labors of others

* Sir James E. Smith.

of more general utility, but adding to the common stock, the result of years of inquiry and observation.

To go back to the infancy of science in the United States, we find the name of Bartram stands recorded in history, as that of the first native of our country who was conspicuous for botanical researches.

Houston investigated the region of Canada, and described many of its plants; in honor of him is named the little flower Hous-TONIA cærulea.

Clayton made a list of Virginian plants, and is commemorated in the beautiful CLAYTONIA virginica.

Kalm, a pupil of Linnæus, whose name is given to the KALMIA, (American laurel,) spent three years in America, and returned to Europe laden with botanical treasures; the sight of the American plants brought by his pupil, many of which were entirely new to him, is said to have produced such an effect upon Linnæus, that although lying ill of the gout, and unable to move, his spirits were rekindled, and in the delight of his mind he forgot his bodily anguish, and recovered from his disease.

Among the earliest botanists of North America, were Colden, Michaux, and Muhlenberg; Pursh was the first who furnished a system of North American plants, so arranged as to be useful to the student. Some of the first teachers of the science were Barton, Hosack, and Mitchel. The first lecturer on Botany in the interior of North America, was Professor Amos Eaton. Dr. Bigelow gave a course of lectures in Boston, in the year 1813, and soon after published his Boston Flora.

Professor Ives and Dr. Tully did much in New England towards awakening a zeal for the science, in the years 1815 and 1816; and at a later period, Dr. Sumner has pursued and illustrated the study with much zeal and success.

Want of books was a great impediment to the progress of the science when Eaton published his Botanical Dictionary and Manual of Botany; this book gave a new impulse to the progress of the science; its familiar method, and simple style induced many to commence the study. This was followed by many other works describing plants, and several elementary works; of the former class were Nuttall's Genera, Elliot's Southern Plants, Barton's Flora of Philadelphia, Carlington's, Torrey's, and Bigelow's Floras; these furnished descriptions of most American plants, not included in the works of Pursh. Among the Elementary works are "Barton's Elements," a large work containing much that is interesting in the physiology of plants; "Locke's Botany," a small book, but exhibiting a plan of arrangement simple and methodical; "Sumner's Compendium of Botany," written in a beautiful and

pure style; and more recently, "Nuttall's Elementary work," which gives in popular language more facts with regard to plants. than almost any other work of the kind.* In all the books which we have enumerated, none have been designed as a full and connected course of botanical study. It appears necessary in order to render the attainment of botanical knowledge easy to all, that the principles of the science should be embodied in one volume, of a size suitable for a school book. In your studies either of Natural Philosophy or of Chemistry, one volume with the explanations of your instructors is sufficient; the study of Botany is more simple than either; and why should you be obliged to seek in several books, that information which might be as well presented in one ? The publication of our present course of instruction, may, perhaps, remove some obstacles which have hitherto impeded the progress of botanical information, particularly in schools and among our own sex. From some examples in our own class we see, that even children may become botanists, and lay aside their toys to divert themselves by distinguishing the organs of plants and tracing out their classification. A few years since, the science of Botany was confined almost wholly to those of the Medical profession; now it is within the reach of all who can read the English language, and few indeed are the natives of our republic who are destitute of this qualification.

Of all sciences, perhaps no one is settled on a firmer foundation than that of Botany; the improvements of future years, we are not able to anticipate; but it is probable that as discoveries and improvements are made, they will cluster around the principles already established; each taking its proper place in the various departments now arranged for the reception of scientific truths.

The spirit of our government is highly favorable to the promotion and dissemination of knowledge, and although Europe may boast of more brilliant stars than appear in our firmament of letters, shining with greater lustre, contrasted with the darkness and ignorance by which they are surrounded; we may justly feel a national pride in that more general diffusion of intellectual light, which is radiating from every part, and to every part of the American republic.'

* The fifth edition of Eaton's Manual, lately presented to the public, contains all the American plants described by any authors, together with those collected by travellers in the western and north-western parts of America.

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MORTE LIQUENDA OMNIA.

MORTE LIQUENDA OMNIA.*

Quand tu possederois toul ce vaste Univers Il faut un jour, donner ton corps en proye aux vers Et laisser pour tousiours tout ce qu'il a d'amiable Enfans, parens, amis, femme, tresors, Palais, Et le phus grand Seigneur at une fin semblable Au sortir d'iey bas a son moindre Laquais.

MOTHER and WIFE !--upon whose brow, the shade of sorrow lies---A sigh seems lingering on thy lip, and tears are in thine eyes; And thy full heart appears to pour a prayer of feeling forth That he who won thine earliest love, might linger yet on earth !---It seems, as on thy pictured face, with musing glance I gaze, That thy sad thoughts are wandering back to Youth's unclouded days ;---Unto phantoms which were once thine own, when Hope's all varied wing Shed o'er the verdure of thy ways, its gorgeous coloring.

The hoarded memories of the past, are thronging to thy soul Of pearls, whose light was glittering once, in joy's o'erflowing bowl :----And the vows of first sequestered love, are borne unto thine ear. Why thus to mock the present gloom, comes their rich music here ? It breathes of kindling raptures flown, which ence thy bosom stirred, As stirs the calm pure atmosphere, at song of Summer bird ; Why should its echoes mingle here, when Grief's unbidden wail, Broods, like the tempest's sombre cloud, upon the evening gale ?

O, Death is here !—and in his arms, the Husband and the Friend, Hath taken from thy warm embrace, with kindred dust to blend; Ere yet the light of Manhood's hour hath faded from his eyes, While yet existence wears to him a soft and sunny guise !— While the sweet baptism of thy kiss, yet lingers on his brow, Dull earth becomes thy rival, with its chill caresses now;— Thou must yield the loved unto Death—and give his manly form, To the still grave's yearning bosom, and the passion of the worm.

* Suggested from an ancient volume of QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACOHUS, in the possession of the Rev. WILLIAM THEOPHILUS BRANTLY of Philadelphia—published at Amsterdam in the year 1633 ;—each page being impressed with a copperplate engraving, by the best artists of that 'olden time.' The plate from whence the above hasty sketch was conceived, is of an unique and striking character. In the foreground of the picture, *Death*, in the form of a huge skeleton, wrapped in a shadowy mantle, has grasped by the arm, a man, to whom his wife and children are clinging to detain him. In the back ground, appear the splendor and luxury of his palace ; and in the anterior terre, beyond an extended court, through which Death is leading him, appears a church yard, filled with trophies—(to use the expressive language in the Oxford Translation of the Œdipus of Sophocles) of ' the withering woasie of years.' About thee are thy children—and each gift of changeless love Each germ of that affection, whose pure fountain is above They are clinging to their father's robe—while on each sinless brow, The first dim shadow of the world, is coldly lingering now; From the tomb's deep-curtained silence, they would win him back to thee They would bask beneath his quiet smile, in dalliance on his knee, As childhood's careless hours float on, like birds upon the wing, When the bright, nplifted air is lit, with azure hues of Spring.

Yes, while the robes of Summer, on the distant mountains lie; While the glory of an Eden dream, sits on the uncolumned sky;— While the red wine in the golden cup, laughs on the alluring board, The joy of thy young eye departs, where dust is unrestored ;— His lip is pale—and gathering now, above his languid eyes, And on his temples, lifted high, Death's awful signet lies ! Thou hast lest the loved !—and wed to death, is he whom thou hast won ; Mark how his strong right arm is grasp'd by that dark skeleton !

But weeper ! though the burning tears, like gems are on thy cheek-Though the burthened heart hath sorrow which the lip may never speak ; Though the memories of Hope's treacherous song, in sad relief are set Against thy coming years of ill, with all their vain regret, --Yet, in the stern morality, which rises from this hour Thou may'st gain a perfect talisman of a pervading power ;---'Tis the lesson of earth's vanity, and as its phantoms rise And die like buds around the thorn, may'st ripen for the skies.

W. G. C.

Philadelphia, Sept. 1829.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

(Translated from Engel, for the Magazine.)

John Soachim Engel was born 1741, at Parchim in the Duchy of Mecklenburg, Saxony: he died in the year 1802. His 'Lorenzo Stark,' he published about 1801.

LORENZO STARK.

The young master Stark had given his word, to appear at the public concert, and for this purpose had decked himself out in a light-brown velvet coat, with a gold embroidered vest. He had spent rather too much time over his dress, and now proceeded in great haste into the common counting-room, where the old gentleman sat beside the counter. —Frederick ! Frederick, exclaimed he, whilst he tore open again with violence the scarcely closed-to doors.

God be with us! said the old gentleman; what is the matter ?----and took down his spectacles.

The son ordered a light for the seals, threw himself down to his writing-table, and muttered to the old gentleman sidewise the words: I have got to work—Letters to write.

So hastily ? said the old gentleman. I have repeated it to you already so often: considerate and uninterrupted labor is of more avail than working passionately and by impulses. —Yet it is true ! 'Tis true ! The sooner one gets rid of the work-table, so much the earlier———

One comes to the gaming-table, he would have said; but because Frederick then entered with a light, so he recovered himself, and swallowed the word.

To whom are you writing then ? he began again after a little while.

To Everard Born in S******.

The son ?

The father's name is Augustus, not Everard.

Good ! my compliments to him—I often think as yet of the journey last summer; wherein I became acquainted with him. He is indeed an excellent young man !

O yes! muttered the son to himself. Who were only like him!

A regular, industrious, gentlemanly man, born as it were for a merchant. Full of spirit, to undertake any thing, but not without consideration; in his external appearance so becoming, so simple, no friend to velvet and embroidery, and, what I particularly estimate in him—no gamester. I think he would yet lose the first Solo* in his life. If he ever indeed plays, it is not in cards, but with his children. Oh and the old gentleman, his father ! who can be a father to him so entirely out of a full heart : he is a fortunate man !—I know fathers, continued he, in a little

* That is, he has never played : if he sheuld play and lose, it would be for the first time in his life. T.

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lower voice, who could sin against him, who could envy him.

Write, or—said the son, whilst he punched one pen after another on the table, and threw them away.

The old gentleman looked at him a while.—Are you really quite as angry as it seems ?

Who would not be so ? muttered the son again to himself.

O there is no need of it, said the son, and wrote on.

The old gentleman took the pen gently out of his hand, cleaned it and laid it aside.—See ! he then began : it is ever from day to day a source of vexation to me, that I must have for a son a man of so liberal a head and of so narrow a heart. A man, who for his finery, his pleasure, who in l'hombre and whist, trifles away one ducat after another, often also indeed, by the dozen : who but only yesterday again has played until night-fall ; and who, if he should have a smart run of business, would perhaps be master of not a single dollar ; a man, who ever continues single, because no match is rich enough for him ; and who yet has always enough left to support a gig, to ride about, to act the cavalier, and to wear velvet and embroidery. I cannot surely have done you injustice, he proceeded, after a short pause ; for you cannot answer me.

O, I could, said the son, whilst he arose with passion; but-

Speak then ! what hindered you ?

By Heaven! I am tired of living on so-

O that I dared to hope that !

I am now, methinks, a man, and no more a child. Wherefore am I still treated as a child?

Son ! son ! there are old children.

I am attentive ; I neglect nothing that is to be done ; I never lose sight of the esteem and respect toward you.

Only obedience a little.

I conduct your business with honesty and fidelity; and yet—yet I cannot live a single hour in peace; yet is each moment of my existence embittered with reproaches with-

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out end; yet is every diversion, every poor pleasure grudged me.

You speak very harshly, but very true ; every poor pleasure.

Poor—because it costs me nothing ; or but a little. What have I then as yet lost, if I have lost?

The most costly thing we have : the time.

And shall I then have no enjoyment of my youth ? Shall I always labor on as you do; support myself, confine myself even as you do? Shall I——

Now, why hesitate ? speak out !

Shall I—save together by dollars in order to throw away by the hundreds ?

To throw away, said the old gentleman, to whom nothing in the world seemed so insufferable, as that children should attempt to control the free use of a self-earned property.—Did I, indeed, think it, that the young man would yet become my guardian ! To throw away ! What do you mean by that. What do you call throwing away. Speak ! —He went near him and seized him somewhat roughly by the arm. To hold open his purse to every honest man, who needs assistance ; any thing like this ?

Honest, said the son, with a moderately sunken voice; if they were all so !

O, I am still a little deceived. I comprehend my man first in the countenance, ere I give. And what do you call then throwing away—speak !

You lend to all-without having the least thing therefrom.

Fool! without having the least thing therefrom.—He withdrew the hand from his arm, and gave him a look of contempt. I have this therefrom, to see that it goes well Do you consider this as nothing? with my fellow-men. And when at some future day they bear me down the long pathway (to the tomb) and I leave all behind me here, so I hone, there will be many a one to say with tears in hiseyes: mercy upon the upright man ! I have to thank him with my wife and children for my whole prosperity. I was in trouble, and I came unto him; then he helped up, and I was enabled to preserve my honor. With you on the contrary-Yet why stand I here and preach to the wind. Your head has at once its own philosophy; and would to God, that it were a more judicious one ! But ever again to your work ! Write ! Write ! J. G. N.

REV. DR. CHANNING.

REV. DR. CHANNING.

An elegant and very correct engraving of this eminent clergyman, by Hoogland, from a painting by Harding, now before us, affords the double opportunity of noticing the skill of the artist, and the well earned reputation of the divine. And first of the artist ; of whose works generally our opinions must be predicated, on an occasional glimpse at his productions, rather than on a studied intimacy with his peculiar points. The engraving before us is a faithful representation of the original which we saw some time ago, and which we consider a striking likeness of one of the most celebrated divines that our country at present can boast. The peculiarly impressive expression, that mysterious combination of features, which all can so easily discern, and none can satisfactorily explain, is given with great fidelity; and this being the case, it is immaterial whether each particular feature is copied with that strictness of symmetry which would present an inanimate counterpart of an original. On the whole, we think that the friends of Dr. Channing are to be congratulated on the acquisition of a memorial which they must value, as conveying a lively recollection of features so beloved and respected.

The character of Dr. Channing as a man and a clergyman, is now the peculiar property of his immediate friends and acquaintance, and as proud as we should be to give it to the world, we hope that it will long await the justice that is due to it.

Of his writings, those more especially, which have established his fame abroad, we may be permitted to speak with freedom and confidence. But in alluding to them, we desire to be understood, as referring not to his polemical publications, but to those only, where party opinions are not contravened, or sectarian purposes subserved. The style of Dr. Channing is pure, chaste, and nervous. Endowed with a mind rich in the treasures of ancient and modern lore, and with a heart replete with Christian benevolence, he addresses himself, not only to the understanding, but to the heart; and by the clearness of his manner and the closeness of his reasoning, he is seldom refused access to either, unless when fortified by bigotry or prejudice. The common style of Dr. Channing is characterised

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by plainness, sincerity, and vigor. He writes as if his mind and heart were full of his subject ; and the graces and embellishments of composition were unnoticed or forgotten in the crowd; and yet when he pours forth the richness of his imagination, these graces and embellishments spontaneously burst out like the diamond drops of the waterfall, as it precipitously leaps in its haste to join the current below. The clearness of his conception betrays itself, in a lucid manner, vigorous expressions and appropriate epithets. His strength is not wasted in fruitless attempts to oppose the prejudices of his readers, but is exerted in appeals to the understanding, as the best avenue to the heart. Dr. Channing has done much for the literary reputation of his country abroad; and his writings will continue to be admired by all who can estimate profound learning, pure morality, the grand and beautiful in thought and expression, or read a sermon without the inquiry, ' does the author belong to our church.'

GREENFIELD HIGH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

We have received a pamphlet, purporting to be the 'Outline of the Plan of Education' pursued at this school, from which we make a few extracts, for the information of such as may feel particularly interested in the subject ; we mean those who are wishing to place their daughters at such a seminary. Perhaps there is no part of the Union where the education of females is better managed than at the High Schools for young ladies in this city. We have recently witnessed with much pleasure (and we may say pride) their performances at two of the schools, and can recommend either as deserving of public patronage. But all cannot afford to educate their daughters at the city schools. 'To those who prefer, on any account, to place their children in the country, we would recommend a perusal of the pamphlet from which our extracts are copied. These must necessarily be very limited and imperfect.

"Our system of Education embraces the three-fold object of Physical, Intellectual and Moral culture.

The first of these branches would claim our regard, were it merely for its subserviency to the rest. Physical health and its attendant cheerfulness pro-

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mote a happy tone of moral feeling, and they are quite indispensable to successful intellectual effort. But we attach to it likewise a primary and independent importance. We are ambitious that our pupils should return to their homes in every case with, if possible, an increased share of muscular vigo and youthful freshness.

Yet on this subject we avoid, as far as possible, the irksomeness of system. The hours of exercise are distinctly assigned. The battle-door and coronella, the skipping-rope and swing, offer themselves in our parlor, hall and piazzas, while to those who dislike these modes of exercise, the occasional ride and ramble present their peculiar inducements.

Of the next branch of education it is more difficult to speak ; because it involves questions on which different opinions are entertained.

Our fundamental principle is the following. In all education the first object should be the discipline of the mind : the second, the acquisition of knowledge. It is true, indeed, that the one does to some extent involve the other, as there is obviously no mental discipline which does not imply progress in knowledge. Yet this affects not the propriety of the distinction. It is certain that as we make one or the other of these objects our primary and, the kind of knowledge we pursue, and still more the mode in which we pursue it, will essentially vary.

It remains to speak of the moral culture which our system contemplates. Giving to the expression its widest import, we include in its objects the personal, social and religious habits of our pupils.

Perfect neatness, in respect of appearance, dress and the arrangement of their rooms and clothing, is steadily enjoined. In their general deportment, and especially in their manners towards each other, they are required to be uni-formly respectful and affectionate. In these particulars they are under the immediate care of the lady of the Principal ; and such is the spirit of this supervision that nothing but the most sisterly harmony has yet appeared among us.

The religious influence at which we aim, while it is designed to be positive and efficient, does not involve the inculcation of speculative theological opinions. The great sentiments of religion which appeal to the conscience and the heart, are those with which we feel ourselves to be chiefly concerned. And these are presented, not with the view of producing a momentary and fruitless excitement, but with reference to a permanent effect on the character and life.

The Principal of the school is Rev. Henry Jones.-There are four assistants; all ladies. The terms of admission are as follows.

For Board,	, Lo	dging.	Was	hing	, Fuel	, Lig	hts,	and Ii	struction	on in all the		
branches of an English Education, with stationary pertaining thereto, for one												
year, those or	ver t	welve	years	of a	ze			-		\$150,00		
For the same, to those under twelve 100,00												
In addition to the above, for Instruction per Quarter in												
Music										\$8,00		
Latin									•	4,00		
French										6,00		
Drawing	and	Painti	ng	•	-	•	•	•		6.00		
Needlew			■.	•	· .	•	•	•		3.00		
						•	•	• •				

The year of the school will hereafter commence on the first Wednesday of November. The first term will continue 22 weeks : after a vacation of 4 weeks, the second term will commence, and continue 22 weeks.

LITERARY NOTICES.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The articles in the last number of this work are full of interest. We should like to make extracts—but what signifies the wish to convey to our readers all the excellence of the numerous publications issuing from the press ? They will discover them without our assistance, and we do not much regret that at present, all our notices must be brief. Short articles, it is said, are the most popular.

THE ESSATIST. A new periodical is about to be established in this city. The object of Mr. Light is to afford encouragement to young writers to come out in *print*. We think it may be advantageous : certainly it will afford an incentive for exertion to juvenile aspirants for fame. We wish the editor success.

NORTH AMERICAN ARITHMETIC. Part 1. By Frederic Emerson. Boston. Lincoln & Edmands. This is a book that children can understand, and which they will like; and that is sufficient eulogy. Mr. Emerson has overcome what was the greatest obstacle to little children, in their use of an arithmetical treatise; he has by the intervention of pictures of things, overcome their dialike to figures; which before seemed to mean nothing they had seen or could comprehend. The work, we should think, would become as popular as it must be useful.

ENTOMOLOGY. Our readers will see, by reference to the advertising sheet, that a course of lectures on Entomology may soon be expected. Perhaps there is no part of natural history with which people, generally, are less acquainted than with the economy of insects. Though they are continually before us, we pay little attention to their habits, but consider them troublesome, or more, actually useless. If we better understood their history, we should doubtless, be convinced, that there is no living thing but has its appropriate use, and that all has been contrived by wisdom. The ladies of the city will now have an opportunity of gaining some knowledge of Entomology, in a manner the most agreeable to their pursuits.

From the refined taste of the lecturer, we may hope to be gratified with the substance of the researches and experiments of the naturalist, without the pedantry which the scientific sometimes think necessary, in order to display their own profound study.

INFANT SCHOOLS. These schools have now been established in the city sufficiently long to test their utility. From the fact that the number of private schools, for the infants of others, besides the *poor*, are constantly increasing, the estimation in which these schools are held, may be better inferred than by any eulogy we could give. From a printed card, lately sent us, we learn an Infant school, on the plan of

LITERARY NOTICES.

the one in Bedford street, has been lately opened at South Boston. Miss Ann Jane Gould, a young lady well qualified for the business, is the principal. Such a school will, no doubt, be successful there.

FATHERLESS AND WIDOWS' SOCIETY. The annual discourse before this society was preached at Park street church on the evening of the 11th inst, by Rev. H. Malcolm. The sermon was all that the warmest friends of the institution, or of the speaker, would have wished. We hope to be able to present a detailed account of the proceedings of this society to our readers next month. The collection taken up was \$252 17.

COLUMBIAN CIRCULATING LIBRARY. The efforts of Miss Nutting to establish in this city, a reading room for ladies, is well known. Circumstances (to use a modern philosophical word, substituted for *fate*) prevented the success she anticipated; but those who avail themselves of the advantages her library offers, will find there is a benefit resulting from experiments that aim at improvement, even though they are in their first object unsuccessful. The additions of books, prints, drawings, &c. which Miss Nutting made to her collection, partly in consequence of her reading room, has rendered her library much more valuable and attractive. We hope the ladies will not permit her to lose by the exertions which she has made in their service. The library is kept at No. 43, Cornhill.

MANNER OF TAKING IMPRESSIONS OF LEAVES.

Hold oiled paper over the smoke of a lamp until it becomes darkened; to this paper, apply the leaf, having previously warmed it between the hands, that it may be pliant. Place the lower surface of the leaf upon the blackened paper, that the numerous veins which run through its extent, and which are so prominent on this side, may receive from the paper a portion of the smoke. Press the leaf upon the paper, by placing upon it some thin paper and rubbing the fingers gently over it, so that every part of the leaf may come in contact with the sooted oil paper. Then remove the leaf, and place the sooted side upon clean white paper, pressing it gently as before; upon removing the leaf, the paper will present a delicate and perfect outline, together with an accurate exhibition of the veins which extend in every direction through it, more correct and beautiful than the finest drawing.

Mrs. Lincoln.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, &C. W. G. C. is entitled to our thanks. We hope to hear often from him. Everallin and H. F. G. in our next. Several poetic communications have been received ; some of which will hereafter appear.

We have on hand, a number of books, which, but for our absence from the city, would have been noticed in this number. They shall receive attention next month. Absence must likewise be our apology for the delay of this number of the Magazine. We regret this the less, as there are two other monthly publications—Neal's and Willis'—issued about the 15th. We propose, next January, to alter the day of publication for our own, and send it out the first day of the month.

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LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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NOVEMBER.

No. XI.

TO CŒLEBS.

I am not astonished that your search for a wife has been unsuccessful; that is, if you really expected to find a fashionable young lady who would permit you to know she ever soiled her pretty, jewelled fingers in the kitchen, or ever studied the economics. Sir, we are too wise for that. We know too well what the gentlemen admire if they do not approve. You may, to be sure, write very sage essays about female influence, and praise industry and prudence, and condemn extravagance, and sentimentalize about the loveliness of the domestic virtues, but after all, you never choose, for a wife, the original of such a hum drum por-You laud merit, but you love beauty, and beauty, trait. too, sett off by elegant apparel. It is a fact, that good sense united with goodness of disposition and constant efforts to be useful cannot obtain for a young lady any higher compliment than that of being a very good girl, which is the same as saying she is neither lovely nor attractive. I mention this to show the absurdity of expecting ladies will display their knowledge of the domestic sciences, when the graces only are necessary to give them eclat in fashionable society, and secure the favor of the gentlemen. The example of your heroine, Rebecca, I have always considered as rather dangerous to propose for the imitation of young

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damsels. It is true she performed the service of drawing water for the camels according to the custom of her country; but it seems she was very glad to escape from the labor, and very willing to wed a *rich* man who sent her jewels and rings, though she had never seen him. But that manner of courtship was like the occupation of the fair Rebecca, a custom of that age and country, and has no parallel in our land. Here, the men, instead of sending rings and bracelets, and an inventory of a fair estate to gain a bride, are sedulously seeking whether they can find one who will help them to gain a fortune !

Spirit of chivalry ! how art thou insulted ; shade of Amadis de Gaul how art thou shamed by the calculating selfishness of this economical era ! What true knight but would have esteemed it an outrage deserving his most potent wrath had he been accused of seeking a mistress because she was industrious ! But the refined and civilized gentlemen of the nineteenth century want wives who will be profitable ! Well, I hope Cœlebs will find such an one. And he most probably will if he really is sincere in his admiration of useful qualities rather than showy accomplishments. I know a number of young ladies who would make excellent wives if they only met with gentlemen who could appreciate the retiring domestic virtues of the sex ; but while the beaux hang with rapture over the syren at the piano, and gather around the belle bedizened with finery they should never complain of the extravagance of women, or the cost of a household establishment.

By the way, this extravagance in dress so loudly anathematised by the stupid or envious, is, at this time, absolutely meritorious. Are not political economists at their wit's end to devise means for the employment of the laboring classes? Are not manufacturers at a stand, and merchants in despair,—and for no earthly reason except that they cannot *sell* their goods? And now that the ladies patriotically determine to use double the number of yards necessary for their dresses, and thus assist in the consumption of the superfluous materials they are denounced as extravagant by shallow thinkers or the impertinent libellers of the sex.

But we are well aware of the terrible consequences which would result to the country should we withdraw our patronage from the merchants, and therefore we prefer to en-

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dure the sneers of the illiberal, and even suffer the accusation of ruining our own husbands and families rather than ruin the nation. Only contemplate, if you have the resolution to do it, the scene that would ensue should all the fashionable ladies in America renounce their ornaments and costly superfluous apparel, and 'nothing wear but frieze,' as many wiseacres are recommending. The gentlemen would, of course, follow the example of simplicity. In civilized communities the men imbibe their taste for the splendid in dress mostly from female influence,-and should all who have the means of indulging in luxury prefer the plain, simple and domestic manufactured, our foreign trade would be annihilated. And what would be the result? Think of the decaying vessels, deserted cities, bankrupt merchants fleeing in despair to the interior and rusticating on farms; and those dainty, delicate young clerks that now show off so gaily at our theatres, with frizzed hair and plaited ruffles and gold chains, transformed into ploughboys-O, horror ! But the worst remains to tell. The revenues of the general government are, as even ladies know, derived mostly from foreign commerce. What would become of our republican government, the most pure and perfect that the wisdom of man ever devised, as our orators assure us, if its revenues should cease ? I have not courage to pursue the inquiry, but I feel a sufficient confidence in the patriotism of my own sex to assure the Con-gress that foreign commerce will be patronized.

As I am so near the subject of political economy I am half tempted to tell my own speculations on the best method of remedying what is significantly termed the pressure of the times. The calamity under which the world is at present suffering, arises from doing too much. In agriculture, manufactures, and every department that requires physical power, too much is produced. Ergo, there is more effective industry employed than is needed for the general prosperity and happiness. Now, if the men, instead of urging industry upon the women, would entirely absolve the gentle sex from work of all kinds, and make it infamous, alias unfashionable for them to do any thing, save instructing their children, and attending to their own personal appearance, there would at once be a reduction in the effective industry of every country which would once more bring the production on an average with the consumption. And this, as I think, is the most rational and honorable way, indeed, the only christian way of remedying the evils of plenty and an over-stocked market which now afflict civilized nations. The men could perform all the labor necessary for the support of the species, and they ought to do it. There is no command of God making it the duty of women to work; there is no fitness in the thing showing it to be Indeed there is the reverse. Labors sanctioned by nature. and hardships and exposures give to man strength, energy, and even masculine beauty, which partly consists in strength of bones, and sinews. But the beauty, the delicacy and the constitution of woman are injured if not destroyed by physical exposures and hardships. Look on the savages. They make their women work-and civilized men, husbands, who insist on female industry, (meaning work-I would not have women idle, only at leisure-fashionably and intellectually employed,) are little better than savages.

Another advantage might be hoped if women were exempt from the necessity of exertion. The respect in which they would be held would diffuse and nourish in society a chivalrous sentiment. How supremely selfish and commonplace the social world has become !—Every man taking care of himself, and caring for nobody else; and women expected to contribute their share to the support of their families, and engaging in business with all the calculation of financiers.

Will this manner of intercourse between the sexes have a tendency to elevate the character, call forth the noblest energies of the human mind, and awaken the kindest and purest feelings of the human heart? I think not.

I appeal to the good husband. When do you feel yourself most invested with the dignity of a man? Is it not when determining that as far as the earthly destinies of your family are in your keeping they shall be made happy? Is it not when meeting the smile of confiding love and thankfulness from your fair intelligent wife, and lovely daughters who, by your exertions, crowned with the blessing of God, are in possession of all the comforts, perhaps elegancies of life?

But I cannot, without giving an article as long as a patriotic dinner speech at the West, even glance at half the advantaTO COELEBS.

ges which would result to society were the female sex priviledged to devote their time to the moral, mental, and fashionable improvement of society. Ah, then it would truly be said of woman's influence over the other sex—

-emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.-

But men will be barbarous while they seek wives for pecuniary profit, for *helps*, rather than the generous and manly purpose of protecting and supporting delicate, gentle, graceful and grateful friends.

"Cœlebs has alluded to absurd modes, and talks about the sacrificing their health to appearances,"-which ladies means, I suppose, that they wear corsets. There never has been, since Don Quixotte fought the windmills, so preposterous a combat as that which modern knights of the quill are waging against these same unoffending things of cloth and whalebone. There is hardly a mortal disease, affecting females, which has not been ascribed to their agency-except the yellow fever. I wonder no wise observer of the effect of tight lacing never discovered that it produces, or at least, predisposes to the yellow fever. It is in vain to attempt argument in this case ;- the anti-corset part of our population have determined not to be convinced by the assertions or arguments of those interested to preserve this fashion for the 'mould of form "

It is in vain that we ladies remark that the fashion of ap parel not being prescribed by nature, it makes little difference to the health, and none to the comfort, in what form it is worn after we have become accustomed to the manner. Different nations as well as the sexes, wear their apparel differently, yet without inconvenience or injury. Even customs of dress that alter the physical form can be endured without danger if gradually imposed. Feet may be compressed, and heads flattened; and on the same principle a lady's waist may be gracefully modelled without those awful consequences so pathetically described and lamented by the anti-corset faction. But still I would not recommend to any lady to carry the science of lacing beyond a reasonable pressure. Nor have we any cause to think it is done. The bills of mortality do not show that a greater proportion of women than men die of consumption, which disease is particularly ascribed to corsets. Out of the same given number of men and women it will be found that the latter

equal if not exceed the former in longevity. Nor do we find that in countries where loose and flowing robes are worn that women are healthier, or that they live longer than in countries where their dresses are more closely fitted.

On the whole there seems no just cause to condemn the ladies for extravagance or absurdity of fashions,—and there is not a man in our country worth having, who might not find a good wife, that is, provided he proved a good husband.

LUCILLA.

REMEMBERED AFFECTIONS.

There are hours, bright hours, when the loved are near— When welcome and smiles in each eye appear; Then the spirit of love breathes out in each tone, And we feel each heart is intwined with our own. Ah, heaven might pass from our thoughts away, Did those moments of rapture their flight delay; But the bright hours fleet, and the loved are fled, And the fruitless sorrowing tear is shed.

Yet think not the soul, when 'tis rudely torn From the few it loves, and is left to mourn; For the world's best joys would exchange its grief, Or seek from those joys to gain relief. One lonely hour to the weeping heart More solace and purer joy can impart, Than days of mirth with the thoughtless train, Whose languid smiles are the smiles of pain.

There's a blest and sacred solitude On which the world should never intrude, When bright to the view fond memory brings A vision of dear departed things : And then as fair as the evening star, Comes the image of friends removed afar ; And the vision that brightens through memory's tears, In the sunshine and bustle of mirth disappears.

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CAMIRE.

CAMIRE.

Translated from the French-for the Ladies' Magazine.

I was one day reproaching a Spaniard, who had just arrived from Buenos Ayres, with the frightful cruelties exercised by his countrymen in their first conquests in America. I trembled, as I recalled to mind, the crimes which had stained the glory of Cortez, of Pizarro, and of many others, who perhaps by their talents, and courage, have surpassed all, which we most admire in the heroes of antiquity. I expressed my regret that so noble, so glorious an era in the history of Spain, should be inscribed in its annals, on pages stained with blood. The Spaniard listened to me with patient politeness—his eyes were filled with tears when I pronounced the name of Las Cases.

"He is our Fenelon," said he, "he is not indeed the author of Telemachus; but he passed through the two Americas, to soften the fate of the unfortunate Indians,-he crossed the ocean to defend their cause, before the council of Charles the Fifth, like your Archbishop of Cambray, who defended that of the Protestants, whom you massacred in the Cevennes: you were cruel persecutors at the end of the reign of Louis 14th. And what were we-what was Europe in the 16th century,-a period rendered memorable by our splendid discoveries, by the progress of the fine arts in Italy, by the rise of new sects in Germany, and by the crimes of every country. The Portuguese, our neighbors, slaughtered the conquered nations on the coast of Malabar, on the shores of Ceylon, and in the peninsula of Malacca. The Dutch were not less cruel. In Sweden the hero of the North, and the Archbishop of Upsal, assassinated the senators and the citizens of Stockholm. At London the funeral piles were kindled for the Lutherans and the Catholics. But I forbear. Let us not reproach each other-we were all barbarians. Let us leave to history, the painful task , of transmitting the crimes of our ancestors ; let us remember only their virtues, and speak of them often, that we may learn to imitate them. You have repeated to me the frightful details of the conquest of Peru. I knew them but too well : permit me, in my turn, to relate to you, in what manner we acquired Paraguay. This recital will be less painful, and perhaps will inform you of some particular circumstances, which historians have passed over in silence.

You have heard in the descriptions of travellers, of that vast and beautiful country situated between Chili, Peru and The gold and silver mines which it contains, are Brazil. its least treasures. The mildest climate, the most fertile soil, the noble rivers, the immense forests, the productions of Europe united with those of America, the abundance of delicious fruits, and of useful animals, give to the inhabitants of Paraguay, almost spontaneously, those productions, which nature has divided with the rest of the world. Sebastian Cabot first penetrated there, in the year 1526, ascending the river which he called Rio De La Plate. The treasures of gold and silver which the natives offered to the Spaniards, soon attracted other adventurers. They founded Buenos Ayres-they constructed forts in the interior of the country, and they at length established themselves at Assumption, situated on the river Paraguay. When the natives beheld our soldiers they abandoned their country. The Guaranais especially, a numerous and powerful people, had retired into their most inaccessible mountains, through paths wholly unknown to us; several detachments had endeavoured to penetrate their retreats, but they perished with hunger, or by the arrows of the savages. All communication was at length cut off between the Spaniards and the Guaranais. The lands were uncultivated, and the colony depending wholly upon European assistance, could not hope to prosper. It was in this sad situation at the commencement of the seventeenth century when Don Ferdinand Pedreros was sent there as Governor. Pedreros, proud and despotic, wished every thing to yield to his laws. Jealous of his authority, and eager to increase his fortune, pride and avarice were the ruling passions of his soul. He soon became odious to the colonists, and the few Indians, who, at distant intervals, came to bring provisions, gladly hastened from him, to return again to their mountain retreats. Among the last missionaries, who arrived at Buenos Ayres, was an old Jesuit, called Father Maldonado. Never was there a more worthy priest; never had the word of a benevolent and good God, been announced by purer lips. It was neither ambition nor remorse, which had led him to the

CAMIRE.

cloister; with a heart alive to the purest feelings of piety and devotion, at the age of eighteen he became a Jesuit. From this moment his whole life was passed in works of benevolence, in seeking out the unfortunate, with the same ardour that an affectionate heart seeks for friends. Left with an ample fortune at his own disposal, which he had wholly dissipated by sharing it with the unfortunate, he had grown old in giving; and when in his sixtieth year, he found himself pennyless, he begged to be sent to America.

"I can no longer give," said he ; "let us quit a country where I am surrounded only by the indigent. In Peru every one has gold, and the Indians are ignorant of the Gospel. I have yet one treasure to distribute, and this Gospel of Peace I will carry to them." When Father Maldonado arrived at Assumption, he was surprised to find, instead of Indians to be converted, Christians to be consoled. This circumstance only increased his zeal. He hastened to visit the colonists,-he knew how to gain their confidence, listened to their complaints, soothed their sorrows, and became their advocate with the inflexible Governor. The good Jesuit was blessed by all, and respected even by Pedreros, who, after his arrival, exhibited greater moderation; for it is the peculiarity of virtue, and perhaps its recompense, to render every thing better which approaches it. One day, as Maldonado was walking alone, at a short distance from the city, on the borders of the river, he heard cries and sobs, and perceived on the shore a child, standing near the body of a man who was lying on the ground. Maldonado hastened to the child, who was about twelve or thirteen-his face was bathed in tears; he was raising with his little hands, and endeavouring to warm by his kisses, the lifeless body of a man, who was apparently between thirty and forty years of age; his hair was wet and disordered, and on his pale face the marks of recent suffering were visible. As soon as the child perceived the good Jesuit he ran to him, fell on his knees, and raising his eyes full of love, pity and despair, he uttered a few words, in an unknown language. Maldonado immediately raised him, and led him towards the body, which on examination was found to be already cold. The unfortunate child watched

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every motion of his companion, and continued speaking to him in his own language, but judging from his sad looks and signs that all hope was over, he threw himself on the dead body, kissed it a thousand times, and then suddenly rising, sprung forward to throw himself into the river. Notwithstanding his age, Maldonado, swifter and stronger than the child, stopped him, held him in his arms, and forgetting that he could not understand him, addressed to him words of consolation. As his words were accompanied with tears, the child understood him, returned his caresses, and pointing to the body, pronounced the name of Alcaipa, and to the river that of Guacolda. Maldonado, who endeavoured to comprehend him, at length discovered that the dead savage was his father, and that his name was Alcaipa; but he could not understand why he stretched his arms towards the river, and called on Guacolda. After many useless efforts to induce him to leave the spot, Maldonado, who would not quit him, saw a soldier pass, whom he despatched to Assumption to procure assistance. The soldier soon returned with a surgeon from the hospital who, on examining the body, confirmed the opinion of the Jesuit, that he was dead. At the request of Maldonado they dug a grave in the sand, in which they laid the body, while the tears and sobs of the child redoubled. He was at length prevailed upon to return home with his new friend, who lavished upon him the most tender caresses; he appeared sensible to the good father's kindness-often kissed his hands, looked at him mournfully, and began again to weep. He passed a sleepless night, and as soon as the morning dawned, expressed by signs, that he wished to depart. Maldonado accompanied him, he turned his steps towards his father's grave, threw himself upon it, kissed it again, and again, and remained prostrate before it for a long time. Afterwards he fell on his knees by the river, performing the same ceremonies there, and returning to the Jesuit raised his eyes to heaven, sorrowfully pronouncing the names of Alcaipa and Guacolda made a sign with his head that they no longer existed, and throwing himself into his arms tried to make him understand, that having lost every thing on earth, he now belonged wholly to him. He soon exhibited signs of attachment to the Jesuit, he loved to obey him, and endeavoured to anticipate his wishes; even a sign from his benefactor was sufficient. Possessing an active mind, and an excellent memory, he in a short time, learned enough of the Spanish language to understand others, and to express his own feelings. The first word that he remembered, and which made the strongest impression on his mind, when he understood its signification, was, 'my father,' which every one used in addressing Maldonado.

"O my Father !" said he, one day. "I feared that I should never pronounce that name again; to you I owe this happiness; I know that you are the best of men, since every one calls you Father." Being now able to answer the questions addressed to him, he spoke of his birth and misfortunes; on the tomb of him over whose memory he still wept, he gave the following recital :---- "My name is Camire," said he, "I am of the Guaranais nation, whom the Spaniards have driven from these beautiful plains, and who now dwell in the forests beyond those blue mountains; I was the only child of Alcaipa and Guacolda. They had loved devotedly from their earliest youth, from the period of my birth they lived but for me; when my father carried me to the chase, my mother accompanied me; when she detained me at home, he refused to join it. If I was pleased, they were happy; and our simple cottage resounded with the songs of joy. At length we were attacked in our forests by a nation of Brazilians; we gave them battle; the Brazilians were victorious, and my parents compelled to seck safety in flight, hastily constructed a little canoe, in which we placed all our possessions, and embarked on this great river, without guide or place of destination, for we were pursued by the Brazillians, and we feared to advance towards the Spaniards. The river had overflowed its banks, it rolled along in its rapid tide, immense trees, the growth of centuries. Our frail bark could not stem the torrent. My father supporting me with one hand, began to swim. My mother, enfeebled by recent sickness, endeavoured also to support me, but her strength, like mine, soon exhausted. Alcaipa, who perceived it, placed us both upon his back, but unable long to bear his double burthen, cried, "we must perish my dear Guacolda, if you have strength enough follow me for a few moments; perhaps, he did not finish. My mother quitted him and disappeared, in a moment, crying "save my son, I die too happy." I wished to follow her, but Alcaipa pressed me in his arms, and with one vigorous effort reached the shore, laid me upon the sand, embraced me, and fell dead at my feet. You know the rest, my Father."

The Jesuit listened to him with sobs; he did not offer consolation, but mingled his tears with those of Camire, who, touched by his sympathy, endeavoured to moderate the bitterness of recollection. His heart was insensibly gained by the paternal goodness of Maldonado; from him he learned to read and write. The pious missionary spoke to him of religion-he described it as he felt it; his eloquence, which was drawn from his own soul soon reached that of his pupil. Camire readily received his precepts, because he saw them enforced by the daily practice of his life : he followed his venerable friend to the hospital, to the abodes of poverty and misfortune; and when seated near the sick, whose sorrows he soothed, when sharing his clothing and his simple repasts with the indigent; at such times the young savage admired his disinterested benevolence. "My son," the Jesuit would say, "I have not yet done enough. My God is the God of the poor, of the orphan, of the afflicted; these are the children of his choice, we must assist them, if we wish to please their Father." Charmed with these divine precepts, influenced with an ardent desire to imitate such pure examples, Camire begged to be baptized :--- his request was readily granted. The ceremo-ny was accompanied with all the pomp of a festival, Pedreros himself standing god-father. The credit and consideration which Maldonado enjoyed in the Colony and in Spain, enabled him to procure for Camire any situation which he desired. He was now sixteen, his education was completed, and more enlightened than the colonists; he understood mathematics, the Latin language, and had read the works of the best Spanish poets and historians; his just and penetrating mind had profited by these advantages; he loved books, formed a correct estimate of their value, and often gathered from them more true philosophy than even the authors themselves had imagined. His patron, astonished at his proficiency, spoke to him seriously of the necessity of choosing some profession, which should lead to the attainment of wealth and honour : he proposed to him the study of law, the military service or commerce, with his usual indulgence, leaving it to his own choice to decide.

"The only error," replied Camire, "which I discover in you, my father, is to believe that this fortune, of which you so often speak, is necessary to my happiness. I think from what I have read, what you have told me of your Europe, where all that nature bestows belongs exclusively to a few favoured mortals, where the poor are condemned to serve the rich, for the privilege of breathing the same air, and gaining a scanty subsistence—I repeat it; I think that in that country, justice is disregarded for the attainment of those distinctions, which rank and wealth confer. But look around us, my father; survey those vast plains, where the productions of nature are spontaneous; those immense forests, filled with the cocoas, the pomegranate, the cedar, and many delicious fruits, which nature produces more easily than we can retain their names; all these belong to me; I can enjoy them, and many years must elapse before Paraguay shall be populous enough, to render a division of these extensive countries necessary, or to assign a master to each As to the professions which you have mentionpossession. ed, I frankly confess to you, that neither of them pleases me. I admire and cherish the courageous man, who, if his wife, his children, or his country are attacked, arms himself, and meets death in their defence; he is not a man of war, as in Europe you erroneously term him; he is a man of peace and justice-it is for these he combats. But I, born a Guaranai; shall I engage my life, sell my blood, to the king of Spain ; at his will to ravage countries and slaughter my fellow-men? No, my Father, the religion which you teach me forbids it; and I am yet to learn how your Spaniards reconcile this profession with their duty as christians. Commerce atfirst pleased me; I thought it noble and generous to cross oceans, to consume life in labour and danger, for the purpose of carrying to remote nations that assistance which they need; to share with the great family of man, all the blessings of our common Parent. But on more minute enquiry—I discovered the object of this generosity. I saw that the most honest did not scruple to convey deadly weapons to the Indian, to intoxicate him with ardent liquors that they might obtain more advantageous bargains. I have seen the poor African exposed to sale, like a beast of burden. To sell men, my Father ! is this commerce ? I cannot be a merchant. Permit me, then, to remain where I am. It is in vain that you smile, and with polished sweetness, insinuate to me that I am nothing. I assure you, that I am something, and thanks to you, something good and happy. I enjoy health and peace of conscience; I am ever ready to appear before a God of justice; my only sorrow is the fear of quitting you. If I should be so unfortunate as to lose you, I should return to my woods, where our trees would suffice for my support, and the remembrance of you would preserve my virtue. We have read much of what men call happiness. I will write a treatise, in which this great secret shall be expressed 'Preserve the soul pure, and learn to rein a few words. nounce every thing superfluous."

Maldonado could not reply to his young philosopher. He acknowledged that the pupil had surpassed the master; and smiling, begged Camire to become his teacher. His wisdom was now to be tested. A few months before, a young niece of the Governor had arrived from Spain; her father, Don Manuel, the youngest brother of Pedreros, had left her an orphan without fortune : she was received by her uncle with more surprise than pleasure. His first impulse was to send her back to Spain, but the representations of Maldonado changed his purpose, and he consented, by an effort of humanity, to suffer the only daughter of his brother to remain in his house. Under such circumstances it will be readily supposed she was not happy : she knew, she felt herself a burthen. She was scarcely sixteen, and was named Angelina; she was worthy of this name from her beauty, her grace, her sweetness, and her intelli-To see Angelina was to love her; vanity never apgence. proached her pure mind; and the passion which she inspired, breathed so much of her own purity, that it exalted him who felt it. She often sought the solitude of the country: taking advantage of the liberty which she enjoyed in the colony, and followed by a single domestic, she wandered every evening to contemplate the works of nature, to breathe the perfumed air, to listen to the evening song of the birds, and to admire the setting sun ;--these were her only pleasures, and these were sufficient to her, for she delighted to raise her thoughts from all that was grand in nature, to their Almighty source. She had often observed in her solitary walks, a young man who at the

same hour repaired to the same place, and kneeling, remained prostrate on the earth, for some time : she had always avoided meeting him, but one evening as she was returning later than usual, a monstrous serpent of the species called Chasseurs, so common in Paraguay, suddenly raised his head, and sprang towards her with the most frightful hissing. Angelina uttered a cry of horror ; her domestics fled, she would herself have followed, but the serpent pursued and had almost reached her, when Camire presented himself, with a noose, which the Peruvians use with so much skill, threw it around the reptile's head, and running forward with swiftness, dragged after him the strangled monster. Then hastening to the assistance of Angelina, accompanied her to her uncle's house, received her thanks, and quitted her with feelings, to which he had hitherto been a stranger. He related what had passed to Maldonado; the joy that the good Father felt, the interest that he took in the fate of Angelina, all he said of her virtues, increased the interest of Camire. The next morning, accompanied by Maldonado, he repaired to the house of the Governor. Pedreros received them with grateful politeness, assured them of the health of his niece, and kept them through the day: there the young Guaranai saw, and conversed again, with the beautiful Spaniard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PETER'S RELEASE.

ACTS XII.

Behold amid the prison's gloom profound, While Herod's guards the massive doors are keeping; By soldiers watch'd, in iron fetters bound, The man of God, serene and sweetly sleeping!

'Tis thus the loved disciple of the Lord Can sink to rest, defying pain and sorrow, While persecution points the glittering sword To mark him as her victim ere the morrow.

For, what is there in death for him to fear? Though he no more may see the morning breaking, Hefeels 'tis but salvation drawing near-That Heaven's bright dawn will follow on his waking. But, who is this that suddenly appears, With light effulgent round the prison beaming ? The captive feels his touch-awakes, and hears A voice whose sound hath more than carthly seeming ! 'Rise! gird thyself; and bind thy sandals on; And follow me without the yielding portals ! Thy chains are broken and the power is gone That arm'd awhile these blind and erring mortals.' It was thine angel, O, thou holy One, That hovered o'er thy servant in his slumber; His labors in thy cause were not yet done-His days on earth had not attain'd their number. Like him, the n n whose truct is fix'd on thee, May ever rest, 'mid threat'ning foes and danger;

But, where, O Lord, can hope or safety be For him, who treads life's path, to thee a stranger ?

H. F. G.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

In the whole range of common expressions, there is none so indefinite as the term accomplishment. "Miss M. has just returned from a fashionable boarding school." Is she handsome? "I have never seen her, of course am unable to answer your inquiry; but report says she is highly accomplished, and how can it be otherwise, the three years that she has been absent, have been devoted wholly to accomplishments." And what meaning should we attach to the term? "Why precisely that which our own mode of life,—habits of thought, or those with whom we associate, choose to give it. If we have moved only in the world of

fashion, we have adopted its ideas with its phraseology; and imagine the young lady who has endured two or three years tuition, accomplished in mind ; and she who has passed through the same term of fashionable dissipation-accomplished in manners. Let us analyze these acquirements. In what do they consist? She plays and sings, but so mechanically, that we in vain watch to see the voice, accompanied by an answering feeling from the heart; she paints, or rather colours, setting at defiance all rules of shade and proportion ; she understands the French and Italian, but will look at you with vacant surprise, if called upon to give the derivation of a word, or a single rule, connected with the grammatical construction of a language she feels so much pride in exhibiting. And what has been her progress, if we advance into the higher branches of intellectual culture, into those which demand persevering application, and patient industry? These have never been thought of, or if thought of at all, deemed wholly subordinate to those, which were to procure for her the envied distinction-the grand aim for which masters have when provided, and money lavished, was to make her accomplished.

I have been too often led to hope for elevation of feeling, purity of taste, and cultivation of mind, in those who have been termed accomplished, and too often been cruelly disappointed, not to turn from such eulogies with suspicion, and with a sickening feeling to regard those showy branches of education, which are so highly valued, to the exclusion of all which tends to raise the female mind above the mere trifles of a day.

What is the meaning which the well informed and cultivated attach to the term? With them it implies the whole range of female acquirements, thoroughly, but modestly understood; nor is this all, with them mental culture alone is not sufficient. The conversation may be classically elegant, the memory stored with the treasures of ancient and modern literature; and the mind, enriched by reflection, may be clear in its views, and vigorous in its decisions; and yet a void may be felt, a painful void, which the highest intellectual attainments alone can never fill. And from what source can this knowledge be obtained? What can purify and perfect the character, complete the work, and give a

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finish to the fabric, which has been constructed with so much beauty and proportion? Mental culture has failed in its highest object, reflection has but half completed its work, if it has never been employed in raising the mind, to the source from whence the intellectual spark at first proceeded ; if it has never dwelt with feelings of the deepest interest on religion as woman's peculiar province; the truths of which she should make her dearest study, the practice of its duties her constant aim. Religion has done more to elevate woman in the scale of being, than every other circumstance combined. To be sensible of this, we need only dwell upon the situation of the female sex, as universally exhibited eighteen centuries ago; or as now seen among the degraded females of Asia, who occupied with childish sports, and ignorant of any higher source of pleasure, are valued only as they may furnish the amusement of a trifling hour ; while their thoughts can never rise even to assimilate with those of their effeminate lord, who, while priding himself on his high prerogative, and his acknowledged superiority, declares, "that Allah who but denied to woman the possession of a soul, has recompensed the defect, by bestowing upon her an angel's form." Let us turn from such degrading scenes,-turn from the favorites of an hour, whose influence is powerful only while their beauty is dazzling, to the enlightened, refined, and pious females, who have claimed the homage of the heart, and the understanding. Look, then, at woman in the scenes of domestic life, mingling in the social circle, kneeling at the domestic altar, ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, and scrupulous in the performance of duty, and say if mere accomplishments can give her that moral grandeur, can procure for her that high respect which she now attracts.

Shall we wonder that men of sense, so often deceived by finding a vacant head, an unfeeling heart, or a disgusting pedantry, where common report had prepared them for all that was estimable in the female character, shall we wonder they turn, with an incredulous smile, from the *accomplished female*; and while they admire at a distance, the few gifted minds, whose talents, as displayed in their writings, have charmed, and whose reputation has borne even the ordeal of criticism, believe them a sort of intellectual phenomena, rather as the exceptions, than as what their sex in general may approach ? Shall we wonder, that they at last turn to the simple, unpretending being, whom they at least imagine will not wound by pretension, disgust by pedantry, or call forth the smile of derision, by her far famed accomplishments, and *real ignorance*? But is it to those whose highest praise is the mere absence of evil that we are to look for the guides of the youthful mind ? Is it from such that we are to expect a beneficial influence to be exerted upon society ? Will their families be the illuminated spots on the intellectual map of the world ? If it is the mother who gives the first bias to the mind, and directs the first impressions of the heart, how great is her responsibility, how sacred her duty to be all that nature and providence designed her !

I would not lessen the value of those lighter acquirements, which render the well-educated woman still more attractive; I would not take from her a single resource which might serve to divert the attention, in moments of weariness; or to unbend the mind after severe application. I would say that these are valuable, but only so long as they retain their proper place, as secondary to higher attainments, and more important duties. Not until accomplishments are weighed in the balance of reason, not until this hackneyed word, so comprehensive, and yet so indefinite, shall be understood to express the highest degree of mental and moral superiority; not till the education of a woman renders her unwavering in the performance of duty, elevates her mind from the trifles of the passing moment, places it on permanent objects of interest, and animates her heart with the pure sentiments of devotion, not until then, can she assume the high station she was destined to occupy, and not till then will it be a boast to say of a lady that she is accomplished.

Portsmouth, Oct. 1829.

L. E.

Beauty and youth are not life's every charm— O, Lady—think you—is not virtue fair ?

It lends a grace that years can never harm-

The mind ne'er feels a blight while virtue governs there.

THE MOTHER AND HER SON.

"My son, my son, my beautiful—my brave— How proud was 1 of thee !" DOUGLAS.

I saw the boy—he knelt in prayer, Like a cherub bowed, by his mother's chair— The innocent one—I see him now, With his waving hair, and bright, bold brow, And blue eyes swimming in light, upturned To drink the holy love that burned In his mother's gaze, as she bent in the joy Of tears and smiles o'er her gentle boy !

I was a pilgrim once and strayed To many a far and classic shore, And many a palace colonade Have wandered o'er and o'er.

I have seen those evening glories shine On the Arno's water and Pisa's vine, When the peasants were gathered in merry throng And the mountains were glad with the vintage song. I have seen that shadowed radiance fall On many a proud and pillared wall-Where Raphael's young Madennas gleam And Titian's saints and seraphim, And cavaliers and peerless dames Are glowing in their gilded frames. O many a blooming lip and brow Are smiling down from that bright row, With sanny rings of golden hair, Like halos clustering round them there ; And plumed casque—and falchion good Discourse of chivalry and feud. I have gazed on all with charmed eyes, As I traversed the stately galleries ; But my heart in its rapture had turned away, From that gaudy throng in its proud array, Had that child's accents met me there-Had I caught one tone of his simple prayer ; Oh what were they in their pride of tint, In the rich robe and bright ornament, In their silent beauty and lordly dress, To him in his living loveliness?

Years—years are passed, and he is not there— He kneels no more by his mother's chair. He is gone ;—and now that lady's gaze, Full oft in fond abstraction strays To a low seat, by the lattice, where The boy at eve was wont to sit,

And watch the sportive swallow flit Out on the twilight air : The household spaniel on the ground Beside him, hushed in slumber sound-

But now the form she seeks is gone— The dog is crouching there alone, And some forsaken book or dress Is mocking her heart's loneliness.

He is a dweller on the deep : The ocean surges rock his sleep ; And sea winds, with their wizard cheer, Are singing to his dreaming ear.

And many a thrilling tone have they, The ocean wanderer loves to hear, When from his home away.

A dark ship, like a night cloud glides Alone o'er Afric's lordly tides, Heaving her bold and breasted sails, To the sweet breath of southern gales, That wander from the wooded shores. To bless that ocean pilgrim's course. And oft times from the headlands, far And flickering like a twilight star, The caffre's bush-fire sends its ray, To guide the lone bark's home-ward way While like that sweet heart stirring lay, That wandering Switzers' bosoms fills With longings for their native hills, The low sounds of the Indian drum, Winged as a weary seabird, come Out on the breeze. A gentle sound That makes the exile's pulses bound, While memory's saddest tears doth fill The eye that wanders homeward still. But now from that high vessel's deck, Light sounds of mirth and music break , And dancing groups, like elfin lights That flit through northern skies at nights, Are moving there all light and free, Making night glad with revelry. And he, the sailor boy, is there Alert the joyous games to share, With lighted cheek and bounding heart-And eyes, that mirth's own fires impart-Thus, for the while, the laugh and lay Have chased his dream of home away.

There is beaming light and balmy gales Where that bark furls her snow white sails— There is not a wave on the mirrored sea Where its dark hull sleeps so quietlySave where the seabird proudly flings The bright spray from its silver wings ; Or where the Indian's paddle falls Swift from its glancing intervals. And all is so still that the waters o'er, Ye can hear the canes on the windward shore Rustling forever the banks along-With a hushing sound, like a nurse's song. And ye can tell by the balmy wind, -Of the bowers of the fragrant tamarind-Ye can tell where the wild accacia dwells, And the citron hangs out its golden bells And there is not a cloud in the sapphire sky To shew where the warder angels lie; And there is not a shade on the sunny sea, Where the day beams bask so brilliantly.

But 'tis not the gleam of the palmwood shore, Nor the starry light of the turning oar-Nor the lulling glare of that vernal clime, In the pomp of its glorious summer time, That will gladden the dream of the sailor boy, Or yield his young bosom one throb of joy-Far-far from his own loved mountain land, With a hectic cheek and a burning hand, In his lonely cabin from all away, He broods o'er vain wishes the live long day. Oh, for his mother's soft fingers now To brush the dews from his throbbing brow---That his flushed and fevered cheek might rest One sweet hour on her faithful breast For tears, like desert springs, would start Then only from his burning heart ; And sleep-sweet sleep, would once again Fall with soft shadows o'er his brain ; And dreams—aye—dreams, like dewy showers, Would gladden hope's forsaken flowers ; And bid Home's ringing welcomes rise, Like sammer music, to the skies !

Away—young dreamer !—thy hope should be Reposed on the rock of eternity ; And not on the wasting sands that fleet For ever away from thy fainting feet. Turm—turn from the blossoms of Earth away, They are marked by the impress of dull decay ; The incense, that breathes in the glowing bower, Is wrang from the bud and the trampled flower. Thou art a pilgrim, who soon must lay Thy burthen down and thy staff away : And a tone of the dust where thy fathers rest Shall still the voice in thy yearning breast ; Turn-turn from the blossoms of earth away-Blest Eden hath flowers far brighter than they.

Down where the cedar its shadow flings O'er a ringing brook's meanderings, That come, like a song, from the woodlands high, Kissing the flowers they wander by : 'Tis there that the weary fawns lie down, When daylight sinks from the mountain's crown ; And one would think that the water lies In watch for the gleam of their soft dark eyes, And passes by, with a lulling song, Blessing their slumbers the whole night long. "Tis there that the Indian nightingale Pipes to the zephyr his evening tale, As if he grieved that its playful mood Should burst on his sleeping solitude. There is the sailor's grave-aye there, In the loneliness of his wild wood lair, Blotted from life's shining page, He makes his final anchorage.

"Singeth the sage —Oh singeth he," Who loves to roam with Memory, And list the "still small voice" that sings For ever of heart stirring things— Of childhood's reckless hours, "when all Went merry as a marriage bell," When hope's strains had no "dying fall," And morn, no weeping tale to tell ? Alas—for all on earth—thou minstrel sage, Whose eyes lower coldly upon Memory's page.

P.

RECOLLECTIONS.

ELEANOR WAKEFIELD.

The smartest girl on the Oak-hill road was Eleanor Wakefield. Ask any of the good people on that road, they will tell you, one and all, that 'the best-learned, nicest-looking, and prettiest behaved girl in all Oak-hill was Eleanor Wakefield, Mrs. Eleanor Graves, that now is.' There were, to be sure, no very beautiful maidens in that village, but there were many fine, blooming girls, and Eleanor was the likeliest of them all.

RECOLLECTIONS.

It was charming to hide up among the heavy branches of the great tree, which stands on the knoll, where all the girls of our town used to meet at the earliest dawn of May day, and watch them as they came up in little companies from Oak-hill Long-meadow, South Village, and Shanoba, as the various corners of the town were denominated. There would not be one homely or ill-natured face, or one awkward figure, or slatternly dress, among them. How neat and light-hearted they would seem, in their little straw, Dunstable, or lace-work cottages, wreathed with cowslips, and here and there a stray violet, or in default of either, when the season was tardy, with garlands of evergreen. What a thrill of glad melody went up through the branches of that old tree, when they all joined hands and danced around it to the tune and the words of "The lovely Spring returns again," which same delightful song was composed and set to music by our old singing-master, before his death, as I have been told, or else have dreamed, or else have imagined. I mean to tell the truth, but this is a tale of 'Auld Lang Syne,' and my memory was once better than it now is.

On these joyous May-days, Eleanor Wakefield was 'in all her glory,' for her step was light as a wood-nymph's, and her voice was 'very sweet and low'—not indeed so deep, full and melodious as Louisa Falconer's. There was not one in that happy circle, whose music thrilled the heart as did Louisa Falconer's glad tones. Her face, too, was so bright and pure, so full of soul, you could not look carelessly upon it. She did not live in Oak-hill, otherwise *she*, and not *Eleanor* had been the subject of my story, for she was, as our town's people used to say, 'a very angel of a girl,' and she had not an enemy, nor a cold friend in the world.

There were many singular events connected with Eleanor's history, all of which I could not now stay to relate. We never wondered at them, because we knew they were true. Had we met them in a novel, we should have pronounced them forced, romantic, and unnatural, but "truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

Ellen's parents were sober and industrious people. They had patiently borne many troubles, and much sickness. Of their happy little group of rosy children, one only remained to them. Their small possession had been gradually wasted by successive misfortunes. They calmly endured still, 'knowing there is a better inheritance, even a heavenly.' This one sweet child, they gratefully and conscientiously nurtured in the good and honest way, 'till now, in Ellen's eyes, their ninth blue summer shone.'

The sun went brightly down behind the mountain, and the evening sky was lit up with gold and crimson, when poor Ensign Wakefield left his home for the purpose of carrying the produce of his little hired farm to 'the seaport town.' Little Eleanor ran out after him, crying 'goodbye, daddy,—mind you get a grand parcel of money for my knitting, and I'll have a whole pair of stockings done by the time you come back.'

That night, as the poor man went on his lonely way, by some unexplained mischance, he fell, and the wheel of the loaded waggon passed over his breast, and the next day, when the tidings of his death were suddenly brought to the widow, she was overpowered by the awful stroke, and in a fit of distraction, she put an end to her own life.

The poor child would have been sent to the alms-house, had not old Deacon Wilson, whose house had been somewhat lonely since his last daughter was married and gone, kindly offered her a home there, saying 'his wife would bring her up handsomely as if she was her own, and there was no need of telling how well that was.' The good lady had, it must be allowed, acquitted herself very honourably in the management of her eight daughters, as also in their disposal. Much of Eleanor's great learning was derived from the Deacon himself, who was wonderfully erudite. He had read, or 'got the drift of' all the books in the town library, and also acquainted himself with the contents of the chest of books his father left him. Besides, whenever 'he went a delegate,' he omitted no opportunity of gaining information; and so, although 'he lived in the country and did not take the papers,' Deacon Wilson was a very knowing man, and in any company, whatever was the subject of conversation, he always found something to say upon it : if the company were awed into silence by his superior information, he could carry on the discourse alone, with marvel-

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ous originality and variety, having, as he said, 'an insight into most every thing.'----

"His talk was like a stream which runs With rapid change from rocks to roses : It slipped from politics to puns, It passed from Mahomet to Moses."

And if ever there was any little matter in history or politics, of which we had not all desirable information, it was always referred to him, without any gainsaying. And when at school, we were studying stoutly for dear honours, the summit of our ambition was, to be 'wise as Tobida,' and 'Deacon Wilson.' But Eleanor's learning was not all derived from her kind patron's edifying discourses. She regularly attended the summer and winter 'town schools,' besides which, Mrs. Wilson instructed her in the various branches of domestic handicraft, so that there was not a girl for five miles round who could turn a handsomer cheese, spin an evener yarn, or knit a smoother glove, than Eleanor Wakefield.-Alas, that such accomplishments should ever be lightly esteemed! And the orphan of Oak-hill was also kind-hearted, obliging, and conscientious. Who was it that would steal into old Nabby Tompkins' lonesome hut in the cold winter morning, by sunrise, when her own work was all done, to build for the widow a good fire, and wash up her hearth, and make her some gruel? Who used to sit the long, dark autumn nights, by the glare of a pitch knot, to watch Tim Jeremy's poor sick child, that almost wore its mother out before it died? Who, neatly attired, and soberly demeaned, regularly took her place in the chorister's seat, every Sunday, whether it were stormy or pleasant, to lead the piercing counter? And who, after she had married the likeliest and most respectable young man in the place, always kept her house and her person so nice and genteel and 'brought her children up to be so pretty spoken, and mannerly ?' It was Eleanor Wakefield, Mrs. Eleanor Graves, that now is.

EVERALLIN.

AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES OF THE U. STATES. 515

CHEERFULNESS.

Laura, to you, on a string of rhymes, A tottering bridge in modern times, I dance along well pleased, you may see, For cheerful your friend is wont to be. And Laura is cheerful, too, I trust, And buries repining low in the dust; For there should sorrow and care be laid Where the hermit house for the dead is made.

Oh, sure the bosoms that warmly beat, Where virtuous love and friendship meet, Are not the home for the damps and gloom That dwell, and should dwell, alone in the tomb. And still in our hearts let sunshine beam, And grief be counted a shadow or dream— A vapour that flits across the sky, But leaves no stain as it passes by.

Have you not seen, as you've roamed the wild, A modest floweret, nature's child, I Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less For flowering in a wilderness ?" And did you not think as you turned to depart, How like that flower is the indicent heart ? Though all, around it, is frowning awhile Its own bright looks are a constant smile.

▲.

AN APPEAL

TO THE LADIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

We give place by request, to a part of an article, which appeared in the Genius of Universal Emancipation, as the production of a southern lady. In addressing her own sex, particularly on so momentous and really appalling subject as that of *slavery*, we presume the writer had no idea of

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advocating female interference or usurpation of authority, in directing the affairs of state. It is only the influence of woman on public sentiment, and this, to be truly salutary, must be exerted with a womanly delicacy and in an unobtrusive manner, that is recommended. Women certainly, have, in our country, a great influence over public opin-'ion but-sub rosa-let us be cautious of making too much display about the matter. The establishment of "female emancipation societies," as has been suggested by the writer, would not, we think, be perfectly in accordance with woman's character. The slave question is not one of humanity merely. It is, and it will, for a long time to come, be considered as political in its bearings. Let us beware of exerting our power politically. We should do no good to the slave, and much evil might result to the free. The influence of woman, to be beneficial, must depend mainly on the respect inspired by her moral excellence, not on the political address or energy she may display.

"It has been frequently asserted, that, to the heart of woman, the voice of humanity has never yet appealed in vain—that her ear is never deaf to the cry of suffering, nor her active sympathies ever unbeeded when called upon, in behalf of the oppressed. If this be true, then surely we have no reason to fear, that she will listen with cold, careless inattention to our appeal for those who are among the outcasts of creation—our African slave population.

It will be unnecessary to enter very deeply into a discussion respecting the merits or demerits of the case before us -for we presume that there are few, especially among our own sex, who will not readily acknowledge the in-justice of the slave system. It is admitted by the planters themselves,-it must be felt by every thinking mind ;--nor is it an outrage merely against the laws of humanity, but it is destructive and ruinous, both in its moral and political effects, alike to the master and to the victim of his oppression. We might bid you look abroad over a large section of our country, and you would behold fields lying waste and uncultivated-here and there a lordly domain rising in proud eminence, surrounded by clusters of miserable tenements, whose still more miserable inhabitants are toiling indolently and unwillingly to feed the luxury of their possessor-and we might bid you listen, for a moment, and you would hear the clank of chains, and the low deep groan of unutterable distress, mingling with the exulting hurras that tell of our country's liberty. We might tell you of more than this-we might tell you of females, aye, females-maidens and mothers, kneeling down before a cruel taskmaster, while the horse-whip was suspended over them, to plead for mercy-for mercy which was denied them : but we do not wish to arouse you to a sudden burst of indignation, or we might tell you of far darker and more fearful tales than these. We wish to impress you with a firm, steady conviction of the manifest injus-tice and pernicious effects attendant on slavery, and with a deep sense of your own responsibility in either directly or indirectly lending it your encouragement. But it may be, that some among you do not behold this subject in the light in which we wish to point it out to you. Many of you have been educated to believe this system natural and right-or if not right, at least a necessa"y evil. You observe the dark countenances of the slaves lighted up with smiles; you hear the sounds of merriment proceeding from their cabins; and you therefore conclude that they cannot be otherwise than happy ;—as if the bitterest things of earth never wore a veil of brightness, or the mask of gaiety never served to conceal a barsting beart !—What ! can the slave be happy ? happy—" while the lash unfolds its torturing coil " above his head ?—happy while he is denied the blessings of liberty—while he is condemned to toil, day after day, week after week, and year after year, with a scanty sustenance for his only reward—while even the few fragments of bliss which he may have gathered up are dependant for their existence on the precarious will of a tyrant ? Happy ! no, never ! He may mingle rejoicingly in scenes of merrimeat, and the loud laugh of unreflecting mirth may seem to burst exultingly that her abode was ever in the bosom of the slave. We appeal to yourselves to know what it is that forms the deepest bliss of your life—and will yes not, one and all of you, answer, that it is the exercise of the social affections ?— Then how can the slave be happy ? How may he garner up his affections like holy things, when one word from his fellow man may lay the sanctuary of his heart all waste, and bare, and desolate ?

But you may perhaps argue—"We admit all the evils of which you so loudly complain ; we acknowledge that the system of slavery is alike disgraceful and unjust ; but it is to men, not to us, that you should appeal—to our statesmen, and to those who are the immediate supporters of the wrongs, the planters themselves. We can only lament over the blot on our country's fair scutcheon, but our tears will never efface it—our power is inadequate to the subtracting of ene single item from the sum of African misery." Believe us, you deceive yourselves. No power te meliorate the borrors of slavery ! American women ! your power is sufficient for its extinction ! and, oh ! by every sympathy most holy to the breast of woman, are ye called upon for the exertion of that potency ! Are ye not sisters, and daughters, and wives, and mothers ? And have ye no influence over those who are bound to you by the closest ties of relationship ? Is it not your task to give the first bent to the minds of those, who at some future day are to be their country's counsellors, and her saviours, or, by a blind persistance in a career of injustice—her ruin !"

PARTING OF FRIENDS.

How oft the tenderest ties are broken— How oft the parting tear must flow; The words of friendship scarcoare spoken, Ere those are gone we love below; Like suns they rose, and all was bright: Like suns they set, and all is night.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

THE THANKSGIVING OF THE HEART.

"The heart gives life its beauty, Its glory and its power: "Tis sunlight to its rippling stream, And soft dew to its flower."

Our good ancestors were wise even in their mirth. We have a standing proof of this in the season they chose for the celebration of our annual festival, the Thanksgiving. The funeral faced month of November is thus made to wear a garland of joy, and instead of associating the days of fog, like our English relations, with sadness and suicide, we hail them as the era of gladness and good living.

There is a deep moral influence in those periodical seasons of rejoicing in which a whole community participate. They bring out, and together, as it were, the best sympathies of our nature. The rich contemplate the enjoyments of the poor with complacency, and the poor regard the entertainments of the rich without envy, because all are privileged to be happy in their own way. Yet enjoyment does not always imply happiness. There is a disposition of mind which cannot by any single word in our language, be expressed. Philanthropy will best signify it ; yet its influence is so different as displayed in different situations that it is called alternately contentment, charity, resignation, These are all but modifications of the fortitude and love. desire to diffuse happiness-a spirit that leads us to rejoice with the joyful, to cheer the unfortunate, and always to look on the sunny side of our path, gathering flowers where the repining (usually the selfish) would see only thorns and gravel. It takes but little to make one happy when the heart is right; but a repining disposition never yet enjoyed a Thanksgiving. There is always some accident or occurrence that mars the festival. The turkey is overroasted, or the sermon has been too long; or perchance the ball dress of a young lady has not been sent home, or the hairdresser has failed in finishing the beau; many are made wretched by trifles light as these. But the heart is not in such troubles. It is sheer selfishness

that makes the grief and vexations of which two-thirds of the world complain. It is chagrin, not sorrow, people feel, and they endure it because they will not cultivate the disposition to be happy. I always consider good examples much more beneficial than wise precepts, and the example of Margaret Lowe was so full of instruction to her sex in that kind of excellence which was the object of the heathen philosophy, and is now of the christian religion, namely, the excellence of being happy, that it seems an appropriate story for the season when all should cultivate such a disposition.

Margaret was one of those favored persons whose wealth of hope had seemed inexhaustible. Hume remarks that this temper is more to be coveted than an income of ten thousand a year; and certain it is that many possessed of that sum are not so happy as was Mrs. Lowe when deprived of all but *hope*. The father of Margaret was once a rich man, but in consequence of becoming surety for a friend he was stripped of all his property, and thrown into the jail where he died.

What a reward to the benevolence that prompted him to assist his friend, and which did in fact give thousands to the very men that oppressed him. There is a defect in our free institutions, or the rights of the individual would not thus be trampled, and his feelings and those of common humanity outraged. Margaret then learned a lesson of resignation she never forgot. It was from her mother. When a mother's example and precepts exactly coincide what a powerful effect they have on her child !

"Your father is dead, Margaret," she said, "and he died in prison—but not in disgrace. The misfortunes that befal us in our attempts to do good should never be regarded as troubles to repine at, or regret : they are only sorrows, and then we should always study to be resigned. Had your father wronged his friend, or been guilty of a dishonorable action, we might with propriety have indulged in mourning and despair. But such gloomy feelings ought only to be cherished by the guilty; and we will thank God that your father was kept from the temptation to evil, that he died innocent."

The mother and daughter knelt down together, and the prayer they breathed was not all complaint. Margaret was handsome and portionless. "It is best for you, my dear, to be without a fortune," said her mother. "You will not now be addressed by any man who does not really believe you will make him a good wife. It will be in your power to fulfil such an expectation; whereas had you wealth, your husband might expect more happiness from that than he would ever have enjoyed. Riches are always overestimated; the enjoyment they give is more in the pursuit than the possession."

It was by such instructions, always given in a kind tone, and with a cheerful countenance, that the mind of Margaret was developed; and when she gave her hand to Thomas Lowe, a fine young man in the employment of a company of merchants trading to South America and the East Indies, she was possessed of every requisite to be beloved as a bride, and better still, of the qualities which secure esteem for the wife. Mr. Lowe was not rich, but he was of a good family, and had enough to begin the world with all the eclat necessary to entitle him to a place in select society; and for a few years Margaret not only mingled in the first circles, but in accordance with her husband's taste, which it must be confessed, was rather too much addicted to show, she was a star in the galaxy of fashion. He was unwise in this, but then he was not selfish in his extravagance. He thought his wife would be happier to be thus distinguished; and she did enjoy it, but it was only because it appeared to gratify him; and when he was about taking his last voyage, which he expected would detain him eighteen months, she begged to retire to the village where she and her mother had resided, and pass the time of his absence in quiet. He accordingly took a pleasant cottage, and left her in the possession of every elegance money could command. But he did not calculate for contingencies ; he did not expect his voyage would prove unfortunate. How few that are in health and rich in hope do arrange either their estates or their minds to meet calamity !

Margaret's mind was, in some measure, prepared; and well for her that it was; for before the eighteen months had expired news came that the vessel in which her husband sailed had been wrecked and lost, and many of the crew had perished.

Her husband, however, she learnt, had escaped; but nothing further concerning him. Another year passed, and

Margaret had exhausted the funds her husband had provided for her support; though these had been, for the last few months, very prudently managed. She had three children, the youngest born after her husband's departure. How was she to be supported-herself and three children ? Her mother was dead—she had no relations. The subject was the talk and wonder of her fashionable acquaintance; for she was a delicate woman, and her husband had always been tender of her as though she were the apple of his eye. True he had not been exactly economical, had not studied thrift, but he had studied her gratification, and did his kindness and generosity deserve to be repaid by the treachery of affection she would have manifested had she made no effort to prevent sinking to that state of dependence which must have been so painfully felt by him when he returned?

Margaret had a true woman's heart, willing, indeed proud, to depend on the man she loved, and who had vowed to protect her ; and she had also a delicacy (or pride) in her affection for him which would not permit her to complain, or to solicit assistance from others, lest some implication of bad management or neglect of his family might be cast upon her husband. The dignity and decision of her character were now unfolded, and the resources within her own power of performance exerted. And she was never so self-satisfied, never happier, even when in the height of prosperity and fashion than now, when she plied her needle for hours after every light in the neighborhood was out : and then lay softly down beside her sleeping children, confident that she had earned enough that day to buy them food for the morrow. Her two eldest boys were of an age to comprehend her when she talked to them of their father. They soon caught her enthusiasm; and to have every thing nice and in order when their father returned, for she confidently expected his return, stimulated them to do a thousand things they would otherwise have thought a task. And then at school how diligently they studied, because they studied with all their hearts.

"If you learn your lesson well, my love, you shall say it to your father when he comes home," was, from their mother's lips sufficient to arouse either of them, whenever they seemed yielding to that mental indolence which at times

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will nearly overcome the energies of the most intelligent children. And then, instead of playing, they worked every spare hour in their little garden, planting seeds and flower roots, and watering them with as much zeal in the rain as the sunshine, that they might grow the faster, and blow by the time their father came home.

They expected him so confidently in the beginning of summer that not a rose was allowed to be plucked from the large bush which grew near the door, and which they wanted he should see in full bloom. Even the baby knew that bush was kept for papa—and would point with his little hand to the garden when asking for a flower. These triffing incidents had a sweet and comforting effect on Margaret's mind. They confirmed her more and more in the resolution to support her children till their father came home; and she felt the enjoyment of their innocent society; their sympathy was a pleasure for which the world could offer her no substitute. Happiness is, in truth, a very cheap thing when the heart will be contented to traffic with nature —art has quite a different price.

But the summer passed away, the roses were gone, and still the wanderer did not return. The villagers began to talk seriously to Mrs. Lowe about her children. They told her she never could maintain them all,—never could bring up boys as they should be brought up; and that it was her duty to place her children with those who would take them.

Mrs. Lowe scarce ever wept but at these solicitations. When the zeal of her well-meaning, but often injudicious friends urged upon her their opinion that her husband would not return very soon, if at all—that it was impossible she could maintain her children, and that she was wearing herself out in the attempt, she would weep bitterly. But the moment she was alone her confidence and cheerfulness returned. She felt certain then—when there was no one by to damp, by a slow shake of the head, or a sad glance of the eye, (I dislike a shake of the head the most) the ardor of her feelings—that Thomas would soon return; and then how glad he would be to see how the children had grown, and how they had improved; and that she had taken care of them. It requires but a few threads of hope for the heart that is skilled in the secret to weave a web of

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happiness. It is true Margaret altered the figures of her web as often as Penelope of old, but the latter never labored more perseveringly to delineate the proud achievements her husband had performed, than did the former to persuade herself of the excellent things her Thomas would yet do.

But this was not to last. Early in October news of the death of Thomas Lowe reached the village of R-----. Margaret was for some days incredulous, but the source from whence the intelligence was derived seemed to admit little There was not a person in the village at room for doubt. all surprised by the news. Every one affirmed that they had for months been confident he was dead : and they wondered Margaret had not foreseen and prepared for it-wondered that she should be so overcome. They knew not what treasures of the heart, what rich fancies had been destroyed, sent seemingly from her very grasp, by the blow. She had connected every bright vision of the future with her husband's return; and the affection of the mother could not immediately gather up the fragments of her shattered hopes, and mould them anew to fabricate fair destinies for her little ones. But she did do this. And she saw her sons handsome, (but that they were in reality) and intelligent, and respected, and rich. Truly the heart was a deep and wonderful power. Does it not seem cruel that stern fate should so often destroy those illusions which are giving happiness to virtue, and connecting success with exertion ?

Margaret had one sorrow which she did not dare to ponder, for she felt yet unequal to devising means to escape it, or of summoning fortitude to endure it. It was the thought how her children were to be supported, for she had not anticipated that she must always do it. From this idea she shuddered and shrunk as from a drawn sword. But these feelings had a salutary effect. They brought her more and more to see how impotent would be her own efforts; till she finally cast all her cares on Him who is peculiarly pledged to sustain the widow, and fatherless. Her warm heart and enthusiastic mind seemed fitted to enjoy in devotion all that happiness which hope gives when it gives us heaven. The earth,—I have no disposition to rail at our planet, or undervalue its blessings, but the earth is a poor barren place when we are, in our wishes and hopes, confined entirely to its chances and changes for our felicity.

> " Take all the pleasures of all the spheres, "And multiply each by endless years, "One minute of heaven is worth them all !"

There are few sensations more painful, than in the midst of deep grief, to know the season which we have always associated with mirth and rejoicing is at hand. The contrast of our former with our present situation is then brought home to the heart so forcibly, so acutely, that we must Margaret felt this depression as the day appointed mourn. for the annual Thanksgiving approached, and it seemed as if her eyes were a fountain of tears. Her neighbors pitied her-they did more, they strove to console her; and many an invitation for her and her children to dine, and spend the day abroad, was urged upon her. But she said she could not go,-her heart was too full of sorrow to permit her to witness happiness, enjoy it she could not ; and she begged to be allowed to stay in the solitude of her own home, where she could indulge her feelings without damping the mirth which the happy and fortunate had a right to enjoy.

Her friends saw she was decided and forbore to urge her; but they made the festivities of the season an excuse for sending her a variety and abundance of good things, indeed nearly enough to stock her larder for the winter. The kind and considerate manner in which these favors were bestowed, and their seasonableness, affected Mrs. Lowe with a deep sense of the protecting care of God, who had thus, as it were, touched the hearts of all the people in her behalf. She renewed her resolution to be resigned. She strove to conquer the weakness of grief to which she had for some days been yielding; and she was so far successful, that on the morning of the Thanksgiving she appeared with a placid, almost smiling face, and her children, who watched her countenance, and took the tone of their feelings from hers, were as gay as birds.

She prepared herself and her children for their dinner with all the exactness in her power. Her mourning habiliments made the delicacy of her complexion appear almost There are but few women that look well in transparent. black : Margaret did. It seemed to remedy the only fault

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which could have been found in her figure, namely, height. She was short, but black apparel always makes a woman look taller than she really is; and Margaret's symmetrical form appeared to fine advantage in her black gown; and her round, white neck, from beneath the folds of her crape handkerchief, seemed like a sunbeam from a cloud. Sorrow had touched her fair cheek, but it was only with its softening power; the blight had not yet fallen. Margaret was pale, but not wasted—anxious, but not careworn; for her troubles had only weighed heavily during the last six weeks. But still the change in her appearance was so apparent that many who saw her were astonished. The sickness of the heart soon and surely displays itself in the countenance.

> "Nor does old age a wrinkle trace More deeply than despair."

Was Margaret destined thus to struggle with adversity, and fade, and wear away in her efforts to support her children ? She was beginning to hope better things, for she was naturally inclined to be happy. As she arrayed her little ones in their new suits, the wearing of which make, in most families, an indispensable part of the privileges of the day, and arranged their bright glossy hair, she thought there was not three lovelier children in the world-nor three better-and why should she complain? There was poor Mrs. Horton had an idiot child, and Mrs. Pool a deaf child, and Mrs. Savage a blind child, and some of her neighbors had sick children, and some had disobedient children-" But mine," said she to herself, " mine are all good and healthy, and happy; and they can learn, yes, they can learn-and I will learn them all I can, and by and by, they will begin to help themselves. O, how many blessings I have to be thankful for ! And I am thankful." And she burst into tears.

Margaret Lowe's next neighbor was Mrs. Savage. She was a kind woman, (notwithstanding her name,) and when her dinner was nearly ready she said to her daughter Jane, "My dear, I wish you would just step over to Mrs. Lowe's and see if you can persuade her to come and dine with us—she must be so lonely there—if Mr. Cummings (he was Jane's intended)' would accompany you, and assist in helping the children along, I cannot but think she would come." The young lady and her lover very willingly obeyed. She pitied Mrs. Lowe from her heart because she was herself about to be married to a Lieutenant in the navy; and who knew but he too might die far, far away from his home, and leave his wife like Margaret to mourn. Such thoughts always came home to Jane's heart when she heard Mrs. Lowe mentioned. As for William Cummings, he had been intimately acquainted with Mr. Lowe,—had sailed several voyages with him, and acknowledged one obligation from him which he said he should never forget. What the service was he had never told; but as he alluded to it during their walk Jane ventured to inquire.

"I cannot tell you, Jane," said the young man---" we were engaged in an adventure which we promised never to reveal without the consent of each other. And though now the matter might safely be told, yet as I never had his consent, I never can reveal it."

"But he is dead," said Jane.

"That does not release me from my promise, love. I vowed never to tell it without his consent."

"Ask his wife, then," said Jane, smiling. "She and her husband, were both one, you know,—if she consents—"

Lieutenant Cummings was ringing at the door of Margaret's house and did not listen to the conclusion of his Jane's argument. No step was heard approaching the door, and after a moment's pause, Jane, being in the habit of calling often, entered without ceremony, and passing through the entry threw open the door of the small room where Margaret usually sat with her children.

"Good heavens !---her husband," cried Jane.

"Ah, it is indeed Lowe !" said Lieutenant Cummings.

And so it was. And a happier group was never seen. There was Mr. Lowe, his two eldest boys, one on each knee, with their bright cheeks laid close to his sunburnt face. They both remembered, or thought they remembered, their father. But the little one was more shy. He clung to his mother's neck, and as Jane and her lover entered, Mrs. Lowe, who had been trying to persuade Charley to kiss papa, had so far succeeded that the child had raised his head from her bosom, and she was holding him towards her husband, her own sweet face all radiant with smiles, though tears were swelling in her bright blue eyes ;--but tears of joy have a very different effect from those of sorrow.

"What a lovely woman Mrs. Lowe is," said Jane, as she and her lover were wending their way home. "And she will now be so happy, to day, for she has a heart made for happiness."

"It will be a real Thanksgiving of the heart to them, or to her," said Lieutenant Cummings.

"And why in particular to her?" inquired Jane.

"Because she has sought her happiness in the performance of her duties; in the cultivation of the benevolent affections; in making others happy. When such exertions are crowned with success I cannot think earth has a more perfect felicity for the human heart."

Would that all who celebrate our annual festival might enjoy such felicity. And who that has ever sought, has failed to obtain it?

> "Many are the sayings of the wise In ancient and in modern books enroll'd, Extolling patience as the truest fortitude. But with the afflicted in his pange their sound Little prevails, or rather seems a tune, Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint; Unless he feel within Some source of consolation from above, Secret refreshing that repair his strength, And faiuting spirits uphold."

NOVEMBER.

Borne on a car of storm-wrought gloom, And ushered by the tempest's song, Her robe like mist from caverned tomb, November sweeps along.

She is a very tyrant throned Her subject days are sad with fear ; Their brightness veiled, and voices toned Like mournets round a bier.

NOVEMBER.

By terrors would she prove her sway, And make all nature feel her power; While from our grasp she rends away Some treasure every hour.

The leaf, she cannot sear, is strown, And every little flower she finds, Spared by the frost, with ruthless frown, She scatters to the winds.

And this is why we dread her chain,— She wields her sceptre to destroy, While Summer's gentle, generous reign, We hail with songs of joy.

A moral nature ever blends— And thus the season's tones express How love, beneficence attends, And hate on selfishness.

The selfish, like November, gather The clouds of fear and storms of wrath, And by their cruel coldness wither Hearts that would bless their path.

Hast thou ne'er dreamed, 'were fortune mine----How I would use the glorious power ! I'd bid the sun of bounty shine, And raise each drooping flower !

How blest to brighten sorrow's face, And drive despair's dark griefs away, And see the orphan's tears give place To hope's benignant ray !'---

But dreamer—while such fancies glowed, And winter's storms were gathering near— Didst thou seek misery's chill abode, And give—the pitying tear ?

CORNELIA.

THE ANNUALS. We have, on our table, quite a boquet of these flowers of art and intellect ; but to think of describing, elaborately, the elegant things is quite out of the question. We have not room ; and besides our fair readers must before this have become familiar with the kind of knowledge such literary notices can impart. They will, we hope, speedily enjoy the more exquisite gratification of possessing one, at least, of these same beautiful annuals-The season will soon make these gifts, which taste has so splendidly embellished, the appropriate offering of friendship and affection. Then every writer and artist who has contributed to make the gift so worthy may hope for separate and individual praise. But we cannot thus particularise, partly because we are somewhat cloyed with the profusion of sweet fancies thus offered to our taste at once ; and partly because, in virtue of our office, we are obliged to be a little critical. Now, were we to proceed in the manner adopted by some reviewers, naming each writer, and reviewing separately each article, we could not eulogize all that these volumes contain ; and besides we should never finish our notices in time for this number of the Magazine. So we will only glance at the different books, and in the order we received them. Those of our readers who feel dissatisfied with this brief survey will, we hope, do justice themselves; and justice requires that they who are endeavoring to improve the public taste, and thus elevate our national character should be generously sustained in their effort. To do this the books must be paid for as well as praised.

THE TOKEN,—Edited by S. G. Goodrich. Boston, Carter & Hendee. We begin with the proface, which is a very sensible exposition of the present management and future plan of the Token. To make it 'strictly American' has been, and will be the aim of Mr. Goodrich. This, in pur opinion, is its most valuable recommendation.

The effect the annuals have in calling forth, by rewarding in some degree, the exertions of native talent, is the chief merit which has hitherto sustained these publications, expensive as they are, in public favor.

The literary department of the Token is respectable : the prose is however superior to the poetry. A few articles of the latter are very good,-such as

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"Napoleon," 'To the memory of J. G. C. Brainard,' 'Song of the Bees," and a few others ; but these have all been extracted by those fortunate reviewers who had the first peep at the book, or the first opportunity of noticing it. We must have one little gem from its mine to enrich our cabinet and break the monotony of a solid page of *leaded* matter. We will take 'Lines,' by Signora, which, without much pretension, are pretty and touching.

> "A cloud lay near the setting sun, As he smiled on the glowing west; And his glorious beams, as he slowly sunk, Fell full on its shining breast; And it sent him back again his rays, And grew brighter, and more bright, Till it seemed, as its glowing colours changed. An embodiment of light. But the sun sunk down at the close of day, And in rain-drops it wept itself away.

A fair young bride at the altar stood, And ha blush was on her cheek; And her voice was so low, that the vows she vowed Seemed scarce from her lips to break. Yet joy sat on her placid cheek, And in her downcast eye, For a long—long life of happincss Before her seemed to lie; But her lord soon bowed to Death's stern doom, And she wept herself to her silent tomb."

The prose articles are generally of a superior character. 'The Sea,' is a beautiful sketch from the pen of one of our most elegant writers, F. W. P. Greenwood. 'The Indian Fighter' is written in the bold, graphic, easy style that so eminently distinguishes Rev. T. Flint, and possesses a thrilling interest for those who admire tales of ' bloody murder.' Such are not our favourites. bat we like them far better than those which aim to be witty at the expense of common sense, delicacy, and we might almost add decency. We allude to the "Height of Impudence," which we think is indeed impudent to intrude its low humour among such graceful and elegant companions as the " Country Cousin," and the " Doomed Bride." The former of these charming stories was written by Miss Sedgwick,---the latter by Grenville Mellen. " Chocorua's Curse " is worthy of being from the pen of Mrs. Child-it is boldly drawn and touched with those true yet seemingly fanciful tints that genius only knows where to place advantageously. We think this lady pecaliarly gifted with the powers of romance writing : had she lived in the 16th century she would probably have rivalled the celebrated Madeline De Sendery. Alas, that the days of romance should be over ! The story of the "Captain's Lady," however, implies that the reveries of romance are not yet quite merged in those of cent per cent. The tale is really witty, and we thank Mr. James Hall for the entertainment he afforded us. The 'Huguenot Daughter'

is written in a pare style; but the story is rather heavy—though the subject did not admit of sprightliness, it might have been less grave. But there is the Utilitarian—(Phœbus, what a name for a love story !) in the very best manner of John Neal, which we think very clever. The closing article, furnished by Rev. J. Pierpont is appropriate and beautiful. "The fashion of this world passeth away" is its burden. That sentence is surely descriptive of an "Annual." And yet who can look on the "Token" in its splendid covering of crimson and gold, and contemplate its rich ornaments of pictured scenes and sentiments and not regret that it is so soon to be laid on the shelf !

We are consoled by the hope of seeing a new one more beautiful.

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

So we expect, next season, that the Token will be vastly improved; in the literary department it surely may be; the engravings it will be more difficult to excel. "The Lost Children," as regards *effect*, is an admirable thing—and the explanation of the scene is finely written. Mr. Willis has, in that little piece, displayed some of the highest attributes of genius; the intuitive perception of the *just* (which is always the beautiful) in character, and the pathos, (call it the *electric power of mind* !) which can convey his own impressions to the feelings of his readers. It is worth a folio of his mawkish sentimental poetry.

THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR, 1830. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea & Carey. In splendid external appearance the Souvenir and Token might be thought to have been designed by the same taste and executed by the same skill. The character of the literary department is also similar, the best articles in both being furnished by the same writers. Miss Sedgwick has given, as she never fails to do, a superior production. "Cacoethes Scribendi" is an exquisite tale, and worth the price of the book. We hope it will be read by every young lady ambitious of becoming an author.

"Love's Falconrie" is a very good story for a courtly one, because it displays the sacrifices which the maintainence of rank, 'or political exigencies often imposes on the great ones of the earth. Then there is "Early Impressions," and the "Heroine of Suli," and the "Ghost," all quite respectable productions, but not exactly what we wish for an American Annual—not American. We do not mean aboriginal—Indian tales are usually so near alike in their catastrophe that when opening one we always expect a tragedy. "The Fawn's Leap" is, however, an exception. It is a well told, and highly interesting story—and ends happily.

There is a few highly finished and beautiful poems in the Souvenir; but they are not, with the exception of the "Gipseying Party," those given as explanations of the Engravings. Such poems are usually written under a feeling of constraint, as a task, and cannot be expected to have much of the inspiration of genius. But there is grandeur in the opening poem, by Charles West Thompson. We quote a few stanzas.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Bird of the heavens ! whose matchless eye Alone can front the blaze of day, And, wandering through the radiant sky, Ne'er from the sunlight turns away,

Whose ample wing was made to rise Majestic o'er the loftiest peak,

On whose chill top the winter skies Around thy nest, in tempests speak, What ranger of the winds can dare, Proud mountain king ! with theo compare, Or lift his gaudier plumes on high Before thy native majesty, When thou hast ta'en thy seat alone, Upon thy cloud-encircled throne ?

Bird of Columbia ! well art thou An emblem of our native land, With unblenched front and noble brow,

Among the nations doomed to stand, Proud, like her mighty mountain woods-Like her own rivers wandering free,

And sending forth from hills and floods

The joyous shout of liberty ! Like thee, majestic bird ! like thee, She stands in unbought majesty, With spreading wing, untired and strong, That dares a soaring far and long, That mounts aloft, nor looks below And will not quail though tempests blow.

My native land ! my native land ! To whom my thoughts will fondly turn ; For her the warmest hopes expand,

For her the heart with fears will yearn; Oh ! may she keep her eye, like thee,

Proud eagle of the rocky wild, Fixed on the sun of liberty,

By rank, by faction unbeguiled; Remembering still the rugged road Our venerated fathers trod, When they through toil and danger prest, To gain their glorious bequest, And from each lip the caution fell To those who followed, ' guard it well !'

Long on each mountain's suncrowned beight, And o'er each forests' shadowy dell May freedom's banner meet the sight,

And freedom's para loudly swell-Till every valley round about, And every stream that wanders free,

Shall echo back the glorious shout, 'This is the land of liberty !'

Long may her happiness be found Based on that firm and holy ground, And like her population's sweep Still spread abroad from deep to deep— Where day declines, where morning springs, The eagle stretches out her wings."

"Lays of the Seasons," by Percival, is a fine spirited poem : the versification happily adapted to the subject, flowing on with a ringing melody that thrills like the music of a flute. We were reminded of the songs of the Spirits in Manfred ;—How temptingly Autamn describes his luxuries :—

> "My horn is overflowing, My fruits all red, And not a wind is blowing But sweets have fed. The vineyard slope is gushing With purple wine, And amber streams are rushing From every vine. Near hill to far blue mountain, Low vale and plain, Wide lake and rock-built fountain, My song of joy repeat agaia."

But the description of a winter morning will be more fully appreciated by us who dwell in this land of frost, than the beauties of a southern autumn.

> "The east is growing bright, The crystal forest flashes, And in the dawning light, Like gold the cascade dashes. The rainbow spans the sky, But all her proudest show, Her deepest tinctures die Before the pomp below. Rock and river, tree and fountain Glitter thick with gems; Rolling hill and craggy mountain Glow like diadems."

There are several other poems deserving of particular praise, but it cannot be expected we should note all the beauties in this very beautiful book. The productions of Mrs. Sigourney, Carey, Embury and Miss Gould—the Mellens, and J. N. Barker are worthy of commendation, especially the "Gipseying Party," by the latter—and "The true Glory of America," by G. Mellen. We would quote from them both had we room. There is a poem—"Night," by Miss E. M. Chandler which, had we never read "Childe Harold," we should have thought fine. It is however something more than an imitation—it is an *appropriation* of the thoughts of the pilgrim bard.

> The tempest hurries onward—how the flash Of the red lightning leaps from cloud to cloud.

Miss Chandler.

From peak to peak the rattling crags among Leaps the live thunder. Byron.

Imitation is the besetting sin of our poets; the fault must be corrected or we shall never reach any high degree of excellence in the art of rhyme.

It remains to speak of the engravings, but then we might as well attempt to inspect the colours of a humming bird while darting through the sunbeams, as to delineate the beauties of a picture by a written description. To be understood or valued a picture must be seen. The Souvenir contains some worth seeing and studying,—beautiful specimens of an art the world does not yet sufficiently appreciate. There is, in the language of pictures, a power to move the feelings, and to inform the judgment which may be made of most efficient service in the education of the young. But if there is no benefit there is certainly much gratification in looking on such finely executed plates as 'The Wife,'—' The Cottage Door,'—and the 'Temple of Egina.' The 'Reconciliation ' is as striking in effect though not so highly finished as the three first named, but it will probably be quite as often contemplated and admired ; and the moral of its teaching, filial obedience, cannot be too highly recommended to romantic young ladies.

THE PEARL, OR AFFECTION'S GIFT. Philadelphia, T. Ash. A very beautiful thing is this Pearl, and the publisher need not fear it will suffer in a comparison with other works of the same class. The improvements in this are more perceptible than in any annual we have seen. The illustrations are happily chosen, and the engravings finely executed. We hardly know which to select for particular commendation where so many are pretty, but the "Father's Pride" we think very beautiful. The arch expression of the happy face is so redolent of the joy of innocence, that we feel the emotion which prompted the address of the gifted author of the explanation ;—(we are glad to meet her in rhyme.)

The picture of "The Storm" is faulty in one respect, and it is a fault which we have before observed in pictures intended to portray grown children. The expression of juvenility is not preserved in the countenance, and there is nothing that distinguishes between the girl of fourteen and four and twenty. The eldest sister appears too old : we should never dream, were it not for the story, but that she was the mother of the little one she is protecting. Indeed, from the array of her head, her large basket, and monstrous foot and ancle, we might think her a market-woman. Compare this picture with the "Little Foreigners," and see how much more appropriately the metherly girl is there portrayed. "Mother and Boy" is an interesting picture, and Mrs. Sigourney has written a poem worthy of the engraving.

> "There's a smile on the earth, and the waters mild, For the sports of a good and happy child; And the sighing leaves on the wind-rocked limb Shall lull him to sleep like a cradle hymn; While nature, with pencil of deathless dye, Writes the name of 'God' for his waking eye. Remember him, babe, ere thy day of care, At morn, and at ere, in thy simple prayer, Breathe the heart's first incense forth fresh and free, And Ho, in thine age, shall remember thee."

The genius of woman is never so nobly employed as when thus consecrated to the service of pure religion by elevating the sweet affections of the heart, and teaching the young that innocent happiness and confident love is the homare God requires of his creatures.

Mrs. Wells has contributed some of her pure and touching poetry to this collection. Mrs. Hughs has written several excellent stories in prose, and on the whole, we think the Pearl well deserving of patronage, and doubt not but it will receive it.

THE YOUTH'S KEEPSAKE. Boston, Carter & Hendee. This is a new annual-prepared for youth, or rather children. It is ornamented with six handsome engravings and several wood cuts. We understand one of its editors is Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, and his name is a sufficient guaranty of the morality and refined taste which must characterize the productions admitted into the literary department. Accordingly, we find some of our most popular writers have lent their aid to this small, but valuable work. Miss Sedgwick has given a charming story ; and there is a short ' History of Bees,' furnished by "A mother,' which we think better for children than a story, because it is true as well as instructive. Mr. Greenwood has contributed an excellent article-" Childhood of Jesus." " The Child's Wish in June," by Mrs. Gilman is very pretty, but the best rhyme is from the pen of Willis. "The Torn Hat" is very fine, better than any poem he has written for the other annuals. It seems breathed from his heart-there is no affectation of sentiment-nothing 'unshadowed,' or 'bewildering '--- it is the expression of deep feeling, in the language and manner of a true poet. Would that we could afford space to extract the whole.

PETER PARLEY'S GEOGRAPHY FOR CHILDREN. With nine Maps, and seventy-five engravings. Hartford, H. & F. J. Huntington--pp. 122. Peter Parley, alias S. G. Goodrich has furnished some of the best books for the instruction of children which have ever issued from the American Press. The manner of story-telling which he has adopted is far preferable to the dialogue ; it is more concise, more natural, and sustains the interest of the book more unbrokes. In the arrangement of the pictorial department also, Mr. Goodrich excels. He has a correct judgment of the effect of such representations, and makes his books intelligible at once to the understanding of a child, not a load of words which he must carry in his memory till some fortunate chance shall reveal how it may usefully be appropriated. The variety of pictures in this little Geography is one of its useful improvements over other books of the same class. Pictures not only illustrate the story, but impress the ideas meant to be conveyed on the mind of the child with a vividness and correctness words never can impart. The division of the matter into short lessons, the mingling of familiar phrases, and comparisons, and the benevolent tone of moral sentiment which runs through the book, are all excellencies of a kind that cannot fail to be appreciated by any one interested in the important question of early education. We hope the Geography will be widely circulatedit should be in the possession of every child in our country.

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER, OR INFANT SCHOOL AT HOME—No. 11. By Erodore. Boston, Carter & Hendee. The first part of this instructive little work was noticed in the August number of the Magazine. The same plan of proposing questions is maintained, and perhaps with more interest in the present book. There are many facts connected with familiar subjects submitted to children by a series of questions which they are to answer. It might puzzle some who are not children to answer them all. The experiments recommended at the close of the book will be found very entertaining and instructive to the young philosopher who is to be taught to render a reason for his opinions. The book is a good one, and Erodore is conferring a benefit on the young, which should encourage him to persevere.

ERRATA. We determined in the beginning to have no errata, for this very good reason,—that we thought it did no good. Not one reader in fifty will ever turn to a previous number of a periodical and correct the errors pointed out. So we left the mistakes to be amended by the discreet reader, (as ours all are) confidently expecting that such would use this liberty entirely in our favor. But in the last number of the Magazine there are so many blunders, that we fear our correspondents will complain and withhold their contributions unless we offer a second reading. We beg leave to amend, and hope our readers will be careful to apply the corrections.

Page 462-line 19, for preventative read preventive.

463-line 9, for surest read secret.

First line in the motto of Morte Liquenda Omnia, for toul read tout; third hne, for tousiours read toujours; fifth line, for at read et; sixth line, for iey read ici.

479-3d line of second stanza; for sequestered read requited. 480-last line of the poem should be read thus:

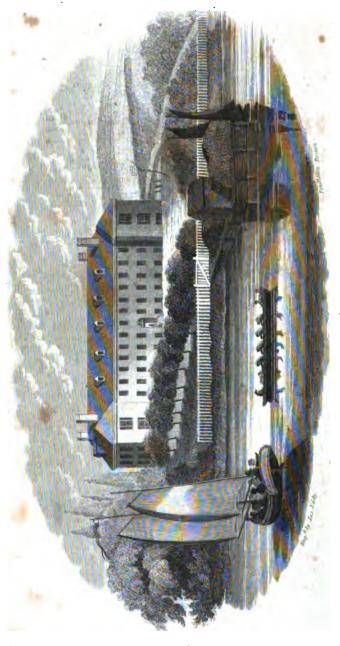
"And die like buds around thee, thou mayest ripen for the skies."

Our readers must likewise supply the necessary punctuation in the fourth stanza. The compositor, it seems, forgot his "pepper box of commas," or had entirely expended them.

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LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER.

No. XII.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

THE FATE OF A FAVORITE.

" This, this is he-softly awhile-Let us not break in upon him : O, change beyond report, thought, or belief."

Lewis Merton was a rich man's only child, and often pronounced, by all who visited at his father's, the finest boy in Boston. In personal appearance he was a fine child, and would have, been an intelligent one, had he not been injured by the indulgence of his appetites. There is small danger of being starved in our land of plenty; but the danger of being stuffed is imminent, and yet hardly a thought is bestowed on the subject by those who direct the public sentiment.

You may indulge any childish propensity with less injury to the intellect than that of gluttony. Eating to excess constantly will deaden or destroy the energies of the mind, while those of the animal are increased, till the immortal becomes perfectly swinish—and yet many tender, delicate mothers seem to think, that to make their children eat is all that is requisite to make them great.

But eating to excess was not the only temptation to which Lewis Merton was exposed. He was always allowed to come to the table, because he was an only child, and of

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course he could not fail to hear his father's eulogies on the good effects of a glass of brandy after dinner, Mrs. Merton eschewed brandy as a lady would do, but she took a little wine for fashion's sake. Miss Temperance Merton was a maiden lady, with a pale consumptive cheek, and her constitution would not endure either brandy or wine. She only sipped annisseed or clove-water. Lewis tasted of all. And in addition to these indulgences his nurse always gave him gin and molasses for a cold, and his good Grandmother insisted that the juice of wormwood infused in rum was the sovereignest thing on earth for worm's—but in justice to his taste I must say that he never approved of her medicine.

Now with all these temptations is it strange Lewis became intemperate ? or that he was in consequence of being intoxicated suspended for the term of six months, during his second year at Yale ? His parents were bowed to the dust with grief and mortification, but their sorrows made little impression on their son. He had, by the indulgence of his appetites, been rendered that most revolting spectacle—a cold-hearted, selfish, sottish being in the season of life when the warm and generous impulses of soul and fancy should have been predominant. These impulses may run riot, and may produce evil consequences; but we feel even then that

Mr. Merton endeavored by every means he could devise, some harsh ones, to correct the bad habits of his son, and his gentle mother wept over her dear Lewis, and while she told him repeatedly that he was her only hope, besought him not to break her heart by destroying himself. Had she only conducted his early training judiciously all this sorrow and fear would have been spared her. Why are not mothers more careful ?

The six months of disgrace were ended, and Mr. Merton ordered Lewis to return to Yale. He was only furnished with money for his expenses on the road, his father, determining he should have no more at command than was necessary. But Mrs. Merton, made her son a parting gift—she little dreamed it was to be a final parting. Lewis bade them

farewell with perfect nonchalance; but instead of going to New Haven proceeded to Hartford, from there to New York, and then to Philadelphia. His father could never trace him farther; though a rumour that a young man answering to the description of Lewis Merton was killed in a duel at Savanna sent the almost distracted parent to that city. But the murdered youth proved to be the son of another, and so Mr. Merton felt some hope that Lewis might return. But two or three years passed without tidings, and he relinquished the hope. Mrs. Merton would not vet despair, though her trouble was fast wearing away her life. The only pleasure she seemed to enjoy was in acts of charity; and she was accordingly applied to often on behalf of the distressed. One case occurred during the spring of 1811 which interested her much, and for a time seemed to steal her from the contemplation of her own sorrows.

Application had been made to several benevolent individuals in Boston on behalf of a lady who, it was stated, had come from New Orleans, expecting to find her husband in this city; but had learned here that he was dead, and in consequence she, too, was near dying.

There was a degree of mystery connected with her story, or all that could be learned, which excited much curi-Moreover she was young and very beautiful, and osity. the men who had seen her were vastly interested in her favor. The ladies were not so much dazzled by her charms ; perhaps they reflect more carefully than do the men-how very fleeting are such advantages-at any rate the personal beauty of one of their own sex never blinds their judgment to defects in character, and they were suspicious of the fair stranger. But finally Mrs. Merton, and a few benevolent ladies, who valued the life of a fellow-being more than the pleasure of pitying a maniac exerted themselves so effectually that the stranger was provided with a comfortable apartment at a decent boarding-house in ----- street. The landlady, Miss Bruce, was a worldly woman, shrewd, and somewhat shrewish, but she was not absolutely hard-heart-She professed to pity the poor lady sincerely, and to ed. be ready to oblige her in every way; she was glad she had an apartment she could spare for her accommodation-and she was glad—though she did not say it—that for the expenses of the first quarter she had ample security.

Mrs. Marie L. was the name by which the stranger was known. She would give no other name; nor would she give the address of any person at the South as her agent or acquaintance.

The story she told was simply this : she had parted with her husband about six months before, when he sailed for Boston, she agreeing to follow him after a certain time, which she accordingly did. That when she arrived here she went to the house where she had been directed, and was told her husband had never been there, but that a package directed to Mrs L. had been deposited there some weeks, left by a man who appeared to be a sailor. On opening the package Mrs. L. found it contained her husband's apparel, his watch and miniature, and a letter from a person signing himself Job Short, and stating that J. L. died on board the vessel in which he sailed from New Orleans, and that with his dying breath he had conjured him, Job Short, to convey the intelligence to Mrs. L., who would be found in Boston. Who this man was, or to what vessel he belonged, Mrs. L. did not know. These were some of the mysteries of the matter, and they gave rise to a variety of conjectures. It was thought strange Mrs. L. did not investigate the subject more thoroughly. Some people surmised her husband might have left money which the sailor had appropriated to himself; and some pronounced the whole affair a hoax. But these last had never seen Mrs. L.—certainly they had never seen her weeping over her husband's picture, and holding his watch hour after hour with her eyes riveted on the movement of the hands as if she were numbering the minutes that must intervene before she should meet him in eternity.

The affair awakened more interest at the time than we should now think it possible a friendless, pennyless wanderer could excite; but then it must be borne in mind there was a mystery in the case. Who does not know the power of the mysterious to create the magnificent? There is nothing contemptible connected with a secret. But weeks and months passed, and Mrs. L.'s story began to lose its novelty. No one, it is true, had discovered any thing

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amiss in her deportment, or indeed had discovered any more than her first appearance indicated, namely, that she was a beautiful, but broken-hearted young creature. Many were dissatisfied with her silence and mystery. Thev called her ungrateful for refusing to repose confidence in her friends; distrusted the purity of her motives-till finally, she was neglected, and as more fashionable charities presented themselves, forgotten. All but Mrs. Merton and one more withdrew their names as contributors to her support at the expiration of the first quarter. These two continued their aid till the babe to which Mrs. L. had given birth a few weeks after her establishment at her lodgings in —— street, was ten months old; they then informed their protegee that their duty to others rendered it impossible they could support her longer, recommended her to try what she could do with her needle, promised to assist her in the sale of her work, and bade her good morning.

It was one of those beautiful mornings in June, that rise on the earth with calmness after a long, dreary, easterly storm; to the sick or desponding the smile of an angel could hardly be more welcome than such a bright day, following a week of gloom. Marie sat by her open window which commanded a view of the harbor, and she was gazing intently on the sparkling waters, watching the vapors as they melted away, or rose upward like the curtain of a theatre, showing the green Islands in all their variety of forms, with a distinctness of outline never observed after the sun has passed the meridian. Such a revealing of the beauties of nature, as the shadows of night and storms are rolled away from the earth communicates a serenity to the mind, and rarely is a heart so abandoned to grief as not to feel its soothing influence. The mind of Mrs. L. was probably buoyed up by the hope which the bland scene before her inspired, for she listened without any apparent emotion to the declaration of the ladies that they could assist her no longer, and she saw them depart, yet gave no symptom of feeling, except it might have been thought that the fond caress she bestowed on her infant boy was prompted by the instinctive impulse with which the desolate-hearted cling to their last comfort.

"I declare I think we have done enough for that wo-

man," said Miss Perry, one of the ladies. "How cold and indifferent, even ungrateful she appears, Mrs. Merton."

"I am not yet quite satisfied with myself," replied Mrs. Merton. "I know Mrs. L. does not appear so deeply affected by kindness as some do; but it is not always those who say 'thank you,' the most eagerly, that are really the most grateful for an obligation. Mrs. L. has doubtless enjoyed prosperity and the hope of a proud fortune, and to such there is a feeling of mortification attending the reception of charity which often makes them shrink from the open acknowledgement of favors. But their hearts jess you. She added after a long pause, "I wish I knew the history of Mrs. L.; if she is only unfortunate I am half inclined to offer her a home in my own house, if it were only for the sake of her lovely babe."

"He is a fine child," said the other.

"O, yes—he reminds me often of my own ; and he may now be an object of charity—poor Lewis !—How tenderly he was reared ? All ! we mothers, when watching our little ones, and gratifying their every want, little think what hardships aud sufferings they may be fated to endure. Poor Lewis !—he never had a wish unattended to. I used to indulge him in every thing. And now perhaps he is in want of all things."

She was endeavoring to dry the tears, that always gushed forth when she named her son, as Miss. Bruce made her appearance.

⁷ We have concluded we can do no more for your lodger," said Miss Perry.

"What in mercy will become of her, then ? she can do nothing for herself," said the landlady.

"O, she must try," replied Miss Perry. "And at the worst she will not starve, you know, as there is provision made for all paupers."

Miss. Bruce knew that well enough, but her pride and interest made it important that Mrs. L. should be supported at her house by the ladies, as she was thereby a gainer in money as well as the credit of benevolence in keeping the poor unfortunate stranger. So she determined to make an effort to interest Mrs. Merton still further in behalf of the sufferer.

" Poor soul ! her heart will break if she is sent to the alms-house; for the other day when I named there was a place where the poor and strangers were sent and taken care of, she shrieked and said she would rather die in the street than go there. And when I urged her to tell the reason of her horror of the place, she said she had lately dreamed three several times, of being in a large building which they told her was a Hospital ; and that a lady who resembled Mrs. Merton came and took her babe away from her, and she thought she was never to have it again. And she is so superstitious as to believe in dreams; indeed she is just like a child herself; and how can she be otherwise, poor thing, only seventeen. And, she says herself, she has never done any thing, and does not understand any thing only to play a little on the harp and work embroidery. I am really afraid she will die if she has to leave my house, for I have always been kind to her, and she feels quite at home with me. It seems unchristian to turn her away, yet I do not see how I can support her wholly at my own ex-There is her babe, too; and she cannot part with pense. that---it would break her heart, for she loves her child as well as a rich mother would. She must keep her child; and if I was only rich she should keep it."

Mrs. Merton was rich; she professed to be a christian, she had been a mother; and the appeal came home to her heart. She beckoned Mrs. Bruce to her, and putting a fifty dollar note in her hand said in a whisper, "take care of the unfortunate lady, and I will pay you."

One of the most distinguishing and beautiful features in the christian religion is its sympathy with human sufferings. It is throughout a system of charity, which would seem to imply that such a spirit will always, on earth, find exercise for its benevolence, and therefore that a perfect equality of condition is never to be expected among men. Nor unless human nature could be differently modified is it probable such equality, (if practicable) would make the world better or happier. The purest virtues and the noblest powers of mind are called into exercise by causes and emergencies which could not occur were there none poor, or weak, or dependent among mankind. Certain it is that, till the perfection of the 'social system' shall make 'all

evil but a name,' the world must prize highly those charities that alleviate misery, even though they may not all be performed from the single motive of doing good to others. We must not expect people will be wholly disinterested. The individual who does a kind action has a right to expect, at least, such a recompense as the approbation of his own conscience will bestow, and this he cannot enjoy unless his generosity has been judiciously exerted. The charities thus performed are twice blest-they bind the rich and poor in fellowship : the poor is saved from despair, for he knows, should his own exertions fail, he has a resource in the compassion of his brother : the rich is prevented from glorying in the wealth of which he feels he is but the stew-And this divine philosophy of doing good, and being ard. content is taught by christianity.

If those who profess to obey its laws only acted consistently with such professions 'a christian' would soon be 'the highest style of man.' The fault is not in the system, but in its followers that there is any cavil respecting the beneficial influence of christianity in the character of men. The religion of the Bible is so truly republican in its spirit, that our people should prize its truths as the basis of their happy government. Christianity does not, it is true, enjoin a perfect equality in temporal wealth, but it enforces the charity which provides for the wants of all; it represses pride, exalts the humble, and opens the gates of heaven to the poor as widely as to the rich.

These truths Mrs. Merton felt as she walked homeward; and they silenced all boastings. "I shall carry none of my wealth to the narrow house," said she. This desolate young creature we have just left will there be as rich as I." "You are gloomy to-day," said Miss Perry.

"No, not gloomy, but rational. I am thinking of the disappointments of life; and how foolish it is to set our affections on the world. My poor boy ! how I did build my hopes on him. I trust my heart is not all selfish, and yet so deeply am I affected by whatever reminds me of the wretchedness he may be suffering that I never relieve a fellow-being without something like a prayer that my wanderer, too, may find mercy. It seems but yesterday since he was in my arms just such a fair boy as Mrs. L. now calls hers. She must love him for he is her all; and she shall keep him with her. I have directed Miss Bruce to take care of them."

Miss Bruce did take care of them, but it was in that managing style which makes profit and the pretence of charity go hand in hand. (Would that Americans were not so often guilty of this meanness !) She reasoned with herself that if she informed Mrs. L. funds were to be furnished for her support she might grow difficult to please ; whereas, if she kept the money in her own hands, and provided for her lodger as if she were a dependent, no such difficulties would occur. And so she kept the money, and permitted Marie to think she owed her support entirely to the charity of her landlady. And the timid young creature became so fearful of offending Miss Bruce lest she should lose the favor of her only friend that she did not complain though the servants frequently treated her with neglect and indignity; and she even refrained from eating enough to satisfy her appetite because Miss Bruce so often repined at the expenses of her household. And when the gentle girl felt her strength daily wasting she bore her pain and sorrows in silence, lest if it were known she was indisposed she should be sent to the hospital. Miss Bruce had all the advantage she could desire to practice an imposition, for Mrs. Merton was absent; she had accompanied her husband to the South, and thence to Washington where they were detained till the following February.

It was a few days after the arrival of the Constitution from her successful cruise in the Pacific, where her brave commander and crew had won such honors for their country's flag that Mr. Merton and his lady returned to Boston. They found the people in the city in a tumult of congratulations and joy. Though the war was not in all parts of the Republic equally popular, there was not an American heart but throbbed exultingly when the gallant deeds of our naval heroes were the subject of discussion. Mrs. Merton heard the praises bestowed on the young officers with a feeling allied to envy. With Lady Randolph she might have exclaimed—

"At every happy mother I repine :"-

And there were moments when her excited fancy would

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fashion strange visions. Might not her Lewis be engaged in defending his country, and striving by some noble act to wipe off the blot from his character? And might he not be successful, and finally return, covered with laurels? Sad and subdued as was her spirit she caught the enthusiasm which hailed our navy as the defence and glory of the country, and every thing connected with the navy became interesting to her feelings.

The United States' Marine Hospital had been for a number of years established at Charlestown; but so little importance had been attached to the institution that it was hardly known except to its immediate officers and managers. The propensity of the Americans, the Bostonians in particular, to be ardent in their zeal is proverbial; their most inveterate foe would never accuse them of luke-warmness. They are always either hot or cold; and in relation to the navy the excitement was many degrees above fever heat. Among other plans to express the high esteem entertained towards the brave men, who had so successfully met the enemy, it was named, in a party of ladies, that if the war continued it would be a good thing to have an association like the Sœur de Charité in Paris, to visit the Hospitals and tend the wounded. The idea was particularly grateful to Mrs. Merton; she found her most tranquil hours were those devoted to doing good, and while she envied mothers who had worthy sons, she felt a deep commiseration for those who had unfortunate or miserable ones.

"They tell me there has been about a dozen poor fellows removed from the Constitution to the Marine Hospital," said she to her husband—" and that they are nearly all of them young men. I should like to go and see them, and perhaps we may do something to alleviate their sufferings. We can, at least, show that we pity their misfortune and honor their courage. Perhaps they all have mothers, and if I could, by assisting the son, save the heart of the parent from desolation"—

. She did not finish her remarks, but her husband knew all that was in her mind, and he consented to go. They found several of the sailors suffering under terrible wounds, but their courage bore them 'stiffly up'—their exulting boasts of the actions they had fought, and their eulogies on "old iron-sides," as their attendants said, were the chief

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subjects of conversation, and that they hardly made a com plaint of the pain of their wounds; it was only the confinement from duty that they cared for. Mrs. Merton was conversing with the attending physician as she slowly traversed the gallery to visit the room of the last invalid, when the doctor remarked that the patient she was about to see was dying with the consumption, brought on by intemperance. Whether the word awoke associations connected with her own son in her mind, or whether the instinct of the mother's heart whispered that it was he we cannot know. Nature speaks often in a mysterious manner; it spoke to her, for in the sunken, wasted, cadaverous, death-struck features before her there was no likeness to the handsome and almost haughty countenance in young manhood's first glow which she had engraven on her memory as the image of her child. Mr. Merton stood near the pallet and was gazing compassionately on the poor wretch; he did not recognize his son-but the moment the eyes of Mrs. Merton met those of the invalid she sent forth a shriek that thrilled through the nerves of all around, and rushing to the bed she sunk on her knees murmuring "Lewis, dear Lewis, my son."

"My mother," he pronounced with difficulty, hiccoughing, as he spoke.—

"You forgive me then all the sorrow I have caused yon, my parents," said the poor, dying man after he had taken a restorative. "There is another I would ask to forgive me. I have sinned deeply. I have betrayed innocence that trusted me—I have abandoned my wife !"

"Your wife, Lewis ?"

"Yes, I stole a beautiful girl from her guardian and married her against his consent, by which she forfeited her fortune. I soon grew tired of the restraint her presence imposed—I cared for nobody but myself; and I contrived a plausible story to persuade her to allow me to sail for Boston and obtain the forgiveness of my parents for my hasty marriage, before she should arrive. I had no intention of going to Boston. I would not subject myself to any fear of restraint or advice in the career I was pursuing. I sailed for South America—but I sent a package, which, If my wife did proceed to Boston, would convince her I was dead." "And what did you think would become of her?"

"I did not think about it, nor care much. She promised not to reveal the marriage without my consent, and she only knew me by the name of Lewis. I hoped the charitable people would provide for her; and if I was suspected of being the man she called her husband, her story would only confirm what I wished my friends to believe—that I was dead."

"Why should you wish to torture us with that fear ?"

"Mother," said the dying young man-"" mother, I would spare your feelings-perhaps I only am to blame. But since I have been confined by this sickness, and have been debarred from drinking I have reflected much on the causes that ruined me. And I felt that if you had not indulged my appetites so completely in my childhood I should never have been so selfishly abandoned. And if my father had not checked me so sternly, when I only obeyed the impulses he had given to my inclinations I should not have left you. I was angry with you, my parents, for I felt as though I had been unjustly treated. You had made me what I was, and then you blamed me for my conduct. I know you did all for my good, but it was evil to me. Forgive me the griefs I have caused you, as I forgive you for the temptations to which you exposed me."

"And may God forgive us all," said the weeping mother—" But Lewis, what was your wife's name ?"

"Marie-Marie de Longueville."

Mrs. L. was immediately sent for; she came exhausted and pale, but quite calm. Why attempt to describe the scene ?—The death of Lewis,—the death-like swoon of his injured wife,—the deep grief of the mourning parents ! yet there was a consolation to his mother, she had seen her Lewis, and she held in her arms his son. The infant she considered her own, and it was soon to be wholly consigned to her care. The poor Marie died the next day.

Mrs. Merton (the name is fictitious) would not like to be recognized; but she wishes to impress on the minds of the ladies, for whom my work is especially designed, two maxims: the first is, never to pamper the appetites of your child, nor by your example give the habits of the young a tendency to evil—the second; always obey as far as possible the impulse of charity, when it pleads in behalf of suffering infancy.

By neglecting the first Mrs. Merton lost her son--by obeying the second she has gained her grandson, the youth who is now the comfort and support of her declining years, and who bids fair to be an honor to his country.

FANCY.

I've seen an eagle sweeping through the sky, With a swift pinion and a piercing eye; I've seen the sun when sinking down in night, Bathe all the clouds in rosy showers of light; I've seen the moon when stealing o'er the hill, The quiet vale with solemn beauty fill; I've seen the lake reflect its borders true. And the mock landscape seem the lovelier view; I've seen the ocean deeply laid to rest, With the soft moon beams sleeping on its breast; While the blue sky with each bright planet given. In the broad mirror, seemed a dream of heaven; I've seen the whirlwind stretch its pinions wide, And o'er the land in fearful terror ride; I've seen the lightning from the tempest spring, And through the night its startling splendor fling; I've seen the rainbow on the thunder shroud, Smile through the shower—God's signet on the cloud: I've seen stern winter bind the joyous wave. And make the lawless mountain stream a slave ; I've seen the voice of spring go forth in might, And bid the latent blossoms spring to light; I've seen pale death, the blush of beauty steal, And the cold brow with deeper beauty seal.

But not the eagle's wing, or scorching glance, Or sun, moon, lake, or ocean's broad expanse; Not the dark whirlwind, or the lightning's gleam; Not the soft rainbow or its peaceful beam; Not icy winter, not the breath of spring, Not the deep spell of terror's pallid king;

CAMIRE.

Not the wide realm that nature calls her own, Can match the power to wizard Fancy known.

Say, can the eagle's wing like Fancy fly? Can his keen vision pierce like Fancy's eye ? Can sun or moon such fairy colors give, As in the golden dreams of Fancy live ? Can the lone lake, which but one landscape shows, Vie with a power that endless beauty knows? Can the smooth ocean, which no man reveals, Can the blue veil, which heaven's deep breast conceals, Match the bold thought that tears that veil away, And pours on farther skies the beams of day ? Can all the forms of beauty and of fear, That nature's wonder-working hand can rear, Match the deep spirit whose superior skill, Can bring or banish all these forms at will ? No !--- Fancy's reign is wider than the waves; Brighter than all the realms the ocean laves-Her works are wilder than the sea and air. Than all the elements can do or dare. And when this "scroll" hath passed away in flame. And all the stars forget its date and name, Still Fancy's joyous wing shall tireless sweep O'er the far shoreless waves of Heaven's ethereal deep. 8. G. G.

CAMIRE.

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A short time, a few visits were sufficient to the young lovers to understand the feelings of each other, to be assured that their affection was mutual. Angelina preserved her secret, but the sincere Guaranai confided every thing to the Jesuit—Maldonado heard him with sorrow.

"O, my son," said he, "how much you afflict me, and how many sorrows you are preparing for yourself? Can you, who know our manners, our customs, our respect for noble birth, our passion for riches, can you think, that the Governor of Paraguay will consent to give his neice to a stranger, to one who is destitute of wealth, and whose project is, after my death, to live among his savage brethren ? The contempt which you have always entertained for the vain idols that men worship, I have not combatted. I have respected it; but, my dear Camire, those who pretend to rise above the errors of humanity, must first renounce love, for that alone places us in dependence on all the prejudices of men, and all the caprices of fortune. I pity you, my child, counsels remedies are useless. I see but one method of succeeding, the avarice of the Governor may induce him to forget your birth, if we can offer him gold, but neither of us possess it, and "--

"Gold," replied Camire, hastily, throwing himself upon the old man's neck; "let us rejoice, I can procure it; the mountains which I formerly inhabited are filled with it. I know the paths which will lead me to it. I will seek as much gold as you wish for; you shall offer it to the Gov ernor, he will give me in exchange the loveliest, the most amiable, and virtuous being in existence; avarice which has led to the commission of so many crimes in the new world, will at least make two beings happy."

The good Jesuit, whose heart palpitated at the word happiness, shared the transports of his son. The next day, he repaired to the house of Pedreros, and understanding "the character of him with whom he conversed, he thought himself justified in using a little address. He began by speaking of the difficulty of establishing Angelina, in a manner suitable to her birth : he insinuated that by sacrificing the last article, she might find a husband, who would esteem himself happy to place a large fortune at her feet ; and even to recompence her uncle for the honour of her alliance, and seeing that this overture did not displease Pedreros, he concluded by proposing his pupil, with a hundred-thousand ducats. Pedreros was not easily seduced. A long experience in the affairs of men, had rendered him suspicious and artful; as he listened to Maldonado, he reflected that Camire was from the country of the Guaranais, where it is said that gold mines are common ; he imagined that his riches could proceed only from this source, and without appearing averse to give his niece to the new Chris-

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tian, replied, "the interests of Spain alone occupy me; I do not wish to increase my own fortune; but I earnestly wish to be useful to my country; your pupil can assist me; let him discover a gold mine, and my neice is his."

When the young Guaranai heard this proposed, his head sunk upon his breast, and tears fell from his eyes. "Oh my father !" cried he, "I cannot possess Angelina. If I discover to the Governor the gold mine which he requires, I must point out to him those mountain paths, of which the Spaniards are now ignorant, and this ignorance alone ensures the safety of my brothers. Shall I, then, be the informer, the traitor, who shall conduct into the bosom of my nation, its enemies and murderers? No, my Father, you would hate me, you would despise your son, and how could I live if deprived of your esteem !"

Maldonado embraced him, pressed him a long time against his breast, approving his noble resolution, and confirming him in the unchanging principle of always sacrificing his interest, his most ardent passions, to the performance of his duty. "Our passions lose their influence, our interests change," said he, " but virtue never changes ; in all times and places, she recompences him who suffers in her cause, she consoles him, she animates him, gives him the purest sources of reflection, surrounds him with a holy respect, accompanies him beyond the grave, and places herself upon his tomb, where the name that she surrounds with a halo of glory, blessed by all affectionate hearts, still calls forth the tears of tenderness, regret, and admiration." The unfortunate Camire sighed as he listened to the Jesuit. Irrevocably decided never to betray his countrymen to obtain his mistress; he promised, he hoped to conquer his pas-From this moment, he avoided meeting Angelina as sion. sedulously as he had formerly sought her, gave himself up wholly to study, and believed that by constantly occupying his mind, he should succeed in recovering his heart. Angelina was at first alarmed by this change, she waited impatiently for an explanation, but never seeing him at her Uncle's house, nor meeting him in the fields, or even at the tomb of Alcaipa; anger and wounded pride, succeeded to sorrow, she believed herself forgotten, and resolved no longer to cherish a passion for an unworthy object. Chance having placed her at church, on some festival, near Camire; she affected during the ceremony, not to turn her eyes on the unfortunate Guaranai, nor even to perceive that he was near her, and left the church without noticing him. This was a painful effort for the mild and tender Angelina; but after this victory, she believed nothing was impossible to her; and flattered herself with soon forgetting the object which incessantly occupied her thoughts.

Camire was in despair; he had felt the courage to renounce his mistress, to absent himself from her presence, but not that of supporting her disdain. His soul was overwhelmed with it : unable longer to endure the torment that he experienced, he hastened to Maldonado. "My Father," said he, "hear and pardon-I cannot conquer my passion; I have employed every argument that virtue and reason can suggest. Angelina destroys them all; I quit you, my Father, I depart : permit me to go to my native woods. I shall return, I hope ; I know not when, but I will return, if the project that I meditate is possible to humanity, I will accomplish it, and you will see me again the happiest, the most innocent of men. Adjeu my Father, my friend, my benefactor, dry your tears, it is not your son who leaves you; it is an unfortunate being, a prev to a fatal passion, which silences the voice of reason, which carries him far from his parent, but which can never change the tenderness and gratitude his heart must always cherish." Saying these words, he departed without listening to Maldonado, who called on him in vain to return, and who, deprived of his society, felt himself alone in the universe. Angelina was still more to be pitied : as soon as she was informed of his departure, she reproached herself as the cause of it, she gave bitter tears to the remembrance of the day, when she had assumed so much indifference towards him ; she waited in vain for his return, but six months had passed since his departure, and the unfortunate Angelina requested of her Uncle to take the veil, in a convent founded at Assump-Pedreros approved her design, and conducted her tion. to the superior of the convent, who gave her the habit of a novice, and agreed with the Governor, to shorten the time of her noviciate. The unfortunate girl herself hastened the moment; she believed that after having pronounced her vows, she should be less unhappy ; that love

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CAMIRE.

would be banished from a heart consecrated to God; she saw at length with a sensation of joy, the wished for moment arrive.

On the eve of the day fixed for the profession of Angelina, Maldonado was returning from visiting the sick, and reposing upon a stone bench at the door of his house, when he perceived some one running at a distance, heard him utter a loud cry, and felt himself pressed in the arms of a young man ; it was Camire, it was his son. The poor Jesuit was overcome with joy. The Guaranai supported him, but could not speak; both entered the house, and when they had recovered the power of speech, "My Father," said Camire, "it is indeed your son, you see him again, and you see him worthy of the name; I have neither betrayed my love, nor my honour; I am, I shall always be faithful to my country, and my mistress-I come to present to the Governor the gold mine which he demands, and this treasure is far from the road which leads to my country. Maldonado shared the transports of his son, and would not destroy his happiness, by informing him that on the following day, Angelina was to take the fatal vow; he hastened to the house of Pedreros to obtain a delay, to announce the immense treasure Camire was about to place in his hands, and to demand the execution of a sacred promise. Pedreros, surprised and charmed, renewed his promise, wrote immediately to the convent, gave orders for every thing to be suspended ; and the next morning, at day-break, commenced his journey with Maldonado, followed by an escort, conducted by the young savage. They travelled the whole day, resting at night under the shade of the trees, and the next morning resumed their route among the desert mountains, which stretched along the coast of Chili. The Governor expressed his surprise ; he had before visited this country without discovering any precious metals there. but Camire advanced with a tranquil air. Arrived at a cavern formed by the barren rocks, Camire stopped, and pointing to the entrance, ordered the workmen to descend. They obeyed. Pedreros, with eyes of avarice, watched eyery movement of the miners. The anxious Priest uttered vows, which for the first time, had gold for their object. Camire smiled, and was silent. At the depth of five or six feet, Pedreros saw the brilliant metal, he uttered a cry of

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joy, sprang forward, and with both hands seized a kind of red earth, filled with particles of virgin gold; the bed was extensive, and several others yet richer, were found under the sand.

Pedreros ran to Camire, pressed him in his arms, called him his nephew, and swore eternal tenderness; by his order they pursued the labour ; four mules were laden, and the mine was not exhausted ; the Governor left a guard under the conduct of his lieutenant, and anxious, he said, to keep his promise, returned to Assumption with Maldonado and Camire. He conducted them to his palace, and as soon as he had placed his treasure in safety, went himself to the convent, ordered his niece to leave it immediately, and to prepare the next day to become the bride of Camire. thousand times more beautiful than on the day when Camire saved her life, she left the convent. As soon as the Guaranai saw her, he fell at her feet. "Listen to me," said he, "most beautiful, most amiable of women. Before you obey your uncle's commands, learn the powerful motives that induced me to leave you. Pedreros required in exchange for your hand a mine of gold. I knew of none but those in my own country; by leading him there, I should have given up my countrymen to the cruelty of your Spaniards. I could not do it, to you I confess it, at the very moment when I saw you resplendent with beauty, I dared to promise that I would sacrifice my love to my duty, and my country. But this love inspired me with better thoughts. I quitted my virtuous Father, I returned to the Guaranais. Jeasily discovered gold; aided by my countrymen, I employed a year in carrying it far from the spot where it was found, in hiding it under the earth, and in collecting riches enough, not to merit, but to obtain you. took this long journey a hundred times ; I would have taken it a thousand, had time been afforded me." Angelina extended her hand, and tears of love were her only answer. The transported lover conducted her to the house of Pedreros, where at midnight Maldonado gave them the nuptial blessing. Their happiness had never been equalled, except by that which the good Jesuit experienced. They vainly imagined that nothing could disturb the harmony of such a union, they enjoyed at once the present, and the future, but their sorrows had not yet ended. The Governor had quitted them to return to the cave ; such abundant riches must have satisfied him, if avarice could have been satisfied ; but, having perceived that the land did not produce gold, he concluded that Camire was acquainted with abundant mines from which this gold had been drawn ; he assembled the colony, reported the orders, which he had received from the king, to continue their discoveries, to subdue the neighboring people, and especially the Guaranais. Then turning to Camire, who grew pale at the in-formation, "My nephew," said he, "in your hands I con-fide the interests of Spain. You are my adopted son, I appoint you my Adelantade, and I charge you in the name of the king, to depart with six hundred soldiers, to discover and subdue the country of the Guaranais'." All the colony applauded his choice, he is saluted as Adelantade, and Pedreros repeats his order to depart in a few days. The unfortunate Camire repaired to Maldonado for advice. The good Jesuit reflected for a few moments, then taking the hand of Camire and his young bride, "My children," said he, "the danger is great." Camire neither can, nor ought to obey; if he refuses he becomes an object of suspicion. You have but one course to take, it is to fly this night to the Guaranais. I will follow you, my children, yes, notwithstanding my age, I will follow you. I will go with the cross in my hand, to preach the gospel to your countrymen. I will convert them as I have converted you, you will be happy, you will live in innocence and peace, and I shall fulfil my duty. I shall serve my God, I shall bring men into the christian fold." They both fell at the feet of the old man; their flight was purposed; Camire furnished himself with a canoe, in which they all embarked, as soon as the shades of evening veiled the earth. Camire took the oars and ascended the river towards the mountains; then landing in the midst of the woods, sunk his canoe, followed the mountain paths, and in a few days arrived among his countrymen. He related to them what he had done for them, and what he owed to the Jesuit. The savages loaded them with caresses, and begged to be permitted to assist in constructing their cottages. These cottages were built on high trees, which they ascended by temporary ladders; a necessary precaution against the wild beasts, and the inundations, to which the country is subject.

Established in their new abode, they felt that until then, they had never known the charms of all that is most desirable; love, innocence and liberty, united. Maldonado, beloved by a mild people, preached the christian religion, and easily converted simple men, who adored his virtues. All the Guaranais received baptism. A short time after, they requested that other Jesuits might be sent, and on condition that they should be the colleagues of Maldonado, willingly submitted to the king of Spain. This proposal was accepted at the court of Madrid; missionaries were sent, and the Guaranais, on the faith of the treaty, approached Assumption, formed into several societies, each of which had its own particular village, over whom a Jesuit presided, who became their Curate, instructed them in Agriculture, in other necessary arts, and governed them as a father. Schools were established, where all the professions and useful arts were gratuitously taught, the Curate who presided over them, before he admitted young pupils, took particular care to consult their inclination. They enjoyed all the advantages of our cities, being destitute only of their luxury, art, and poverty; and it must be acknowledged, that this is perhaps the only empire founded by persuasion, supported by confidence, and regulated by virtue. L. E.

Portsmouth.

TO DR. P+****.

Servant of the Most High ! o'er whose pure mind, The light of inspiration thrown, Marks thee an advocate in virtue's sacred cause. Through the wide range of nature, In the grand and the minute; From the bright orbs, that ceaseless roll Through the rich vault of heaven; To the simple flower, that scents the summer gale. But most of all, from the high powers of th' immortal mind, Deducing arguments, for praise and gratitude To their Great Source, Ruler of countless worlds ! Leading the mind of man up to that God

THE FRIENDSHIP OF WOMAN.

Who fills immensity, governs the Universe; And with his potent arm, lays princes low; Humbles the proud, and elevates the mean. But pointing to him, as a God whose dearest attribute Is mercy; who looks down on feeble man With all the kindness of a parent's love. Thus thou hast smooth'd life's thorny path. Made duty pleasure, chastened the passions, Raised the thoughts above earth's passing scenes, And placed them upon heaven, their native home-Friend of my youth! instructor, guide rever'd ! Who first unlock'd the source of highest hope, . And purest knowledge, to my opening mind, Taught me to feel the glittering toys of earth, Can never fill the mind destined for immortality: Taught me, in those events which human ken - Can never fathom, to trust in humble faith, Bending my will to heaven, as doth a child Trust in the kindness of a parent's heart, Believing all that he ordains, best fitted To promote his final happiness. Yes, I have listened to thee, till my heart Acknowledg'd the supremacy of virtue; And wept that vice and folly, e'er should stain Or warp its purposes, leading it astray, And making it the sport of sinful passion— The meed of gratitude is thine; the meed we owe To talents, when exerted in the cause dearest to man, For which a Saviour died-to lead him to his God.

Portsmouth.

L. E.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF WOMAN.

The science of anatomy informs us that there are in the human heart, (we mean the corporeal seat of life) two principal channels, through which the vital current flows; both as it leaps joyously from the fountain, and as it sluggishly returns from the discharge of its appropriate function. The peculiar construction of these organical features, technically styled the auricles and ventricles, we are not competent to It is our wish only to call attention to the analogy unfold. which here exists between the physical and the intellectual nature of our race; and to speak of love and friendship as the two principal channels through which the current of the feelings flows with fixed and steady course. Nature has denied to woman the physical strength and muscular power which she has generously conferred upon man; but in conformity with her general equitable economy, she has compensated the denial by a larger share of feeling and sensibility. Hence we find in woman, a susceptibility to emotions seldom possessed by the other sex, rendering her the obedient agent of the passions and feelings inseparable from our common nature. The purposes subserved by the general economy of nature, (a term which we here use only as another name for providence) are wise and benevolent : and we can clearly trace the marks of that wisdom and benevolence, in the peculiar favoritism shown to woman in the disposal of those feelings of the heart, upon which love, friendship, delicacy and sensibility, are founded. The shell fish that grows upon the rocks, is conscious of its helplessness, and the means of defence from external dangers, is abundantly furnished by a singular and almost invincible So also with woman. She was not formed for tenacity. independence; but endowed with those peculiar properties which enable her firmly but stedfastly to adhere to her natural protector, and these properties peculiarly active in love, do not remain inoperative in friendship. From the peculiar constitution of woman, therefore, we see more ardency of feeling, greater strength of attachment, and superior purity of affection, than that which characterizes the other sex. Instances undoubtedly have occurred, and may again occur, where both in man and in woman have been found the same fervor, the same zeal, the same warmth of affection, the same indissoluble connections both in love and in friendship. And so also instances have not been wanting of the same delicacy of manner, the same effeminacy of habit, the same constitutional weakness, and the same ardent temperament in both. But isolated facts are not to be mistaken for general principles, nor individual instances for general rules. The effects of a perverted or an injudicious education are to be suspected, when general experience is

contradicted by solitary examples; or at least we are to endeavor to trace the occasional deviations from an established theory, to clear, adequate causes, before we become willing to give up a maxim which accords with the usual experience of mankind. It is not from solitary instances that we infer the susceptibility of woman to the tender and generous affections. Wherever her history is portrayed, we find the same prominent features, differing only in direction. Such, however, is the natural suspiciousness of mankind, that we cannot concede to woman any feelings of regard for the other sex, independent of those of love. But towards her own race, her affection as it kindles into an enthusiastic glow, is marked with all the warmth of love and all the purity of charity. The natural traits of her character are congenial with the emotions of friendship. Open, ardent, unsuspicious, the connections which she forms from feeling, are nurtured by fidelity; and as she is not drawn aside by the temptations of business, the envy of superiority, and the silly struggle for honors and preferments, the attachments which she forms are unalloyed by those base feelings which are too apt to corrode the pleasures of the heart. It is true, that she does partake so much of our common nature, as to share the common fatalities of the world. It is true also, that even in the friendship of woman, the baser passions will sometimes mix their poison and blast the fair prospects of the harvest of hone. The jealousy of love, the rivalry of beauty, the pride of accomplishments, or the fancies of fashion, will sometimes take possession of the heart to the exclusion of all the better feelings. But when reason resumes her seat, and the bitterness of controversy has subsided, there is not that tempest of contending emotions, pride struggling with principle, a haughty spirit with the consciousness of error, an indisposition for concession, with the desire of reconciliation. Woman has no struggles like these with which to contend. Errors involuntarily or unconsciously committed, are wil-The indiscretions of the moment, are lingly atoned for. deeply regretted, and when once she is persuaded of her faults or follies, we know not which the most to admire, the good sense which disposes her to confess her errors, or the candor, openness, and good will with which the confession is made. From these considerations it will readily

be seen, that her sex is constitutionally fitted for the enjoyment of friendship in its highest and most exalted degree. And here too, we may advert to the wisdom of providence in the disposition of the moral as well as the physical world. The pleasures of man are frequently of that isolated character, which renders them independent of external objects. The ingenuities of art, the speculations of science, the flowers of rhetoric, or the subtleties of casuistical and cabalistic lore will frequently wean him from the prosecution of other pleasures, and engross his undivided attention. But not so with woman. She has few pleasures of an isolated or solitary character. Her enjoyments are of that generous kind which invite others to their participation. Her thoughts are of that untravelled nature that confine themselves to domestic scenes of quiet and contentment; and hence when her affections are bestowed, they go with an intensity which amply compensates for their limited extent. It is the electric spark which impetuously leaps from the philosophic jar, not the silent current drawn quietly from the sky by pointed conducters. It is the joyous burst of the waterfall as it precipitously plunges from the highlands into the lake beneath, not the quiet return of the river as it disembogues into the sea. For the confirmation of these remarks, we point not to the pages of history, but to the world around us; for history is doubly unjust to woman. While she trumpets to the world the flagrancies or the vices of the sex, and holds up to reprobation the turgid catalogue of crimes and enormities of some monsters, she casts the shades of oblivion over the thousands who have shone in all their native modesty, the pride and the ornaments of their little circle. But we will not blame the injustice of story; for history was not made for The tulip and the sunflower, the gaudy piony women. and the patrician marigold may adorn the public square; but the rose and the lilly of the valley prefer the silent walk, or secret bower, where they may pour their perfume on the air, and waste away in their own sweetness. The loveliest scenes of nature are those which she seems to dress solely for her own amusement; where the gaze of man is least likely to intrude. And thus it is that woman, as she consumes away in her own loveliness, shrinks from the gaze of the world and buries herself in the affections of her friends. P.

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TO A SOLITARY VIOLET.

TO A SOLITARY VIOLET,

Found in a Grave Yard.

Thou more than beautiful! ab tell me why, Young daughter of the Spring, thou lov'st to shed Thy perfume here, and open thy blue eye, Where silence seems the intrusive step to dread? And nought around but relics of the dead,— While far above extends thy own soft azure sky.

Is it that in such solitude, alone, Thou find'st, young modest one, thy chief delight ? Heaven's breath seems scarcely sweeter than thine own; While softly glowing in love's purple light, Thou shouldst, methinks, the fondest gaze invite : Why, thus enchanting, then, breath out thy life unknown ?

Ah me! how likest to myself thou art In this thy wayward mood; it is thy choice,— "Tis mine—to live from the rude world apart: But thou, so beautiful! no churlish voice Forbids there in such season to rejoice— Nor withered is thy bloom, nor desolate thy heart !

But whose green bed is this on which thy cheek Reposes now so gently and secure ? If, haply, 'tis some human blossom's, speak ! Alas ! so young, and innocent, and pure, Why closed its vermil lips thus immature,— Nipp'd in the rose of life, when winds were cold and bleak !

But what if some fair brow—heaven—lighted eye Sparkling beneath redundant locks of gold— Some matchless nymph, too beautiful to die, Be coldly wrapp'd within the insensate mould ! Say, who shall now the story sad unfold, Or tell who breathed for her the warm yet fruitless sigh ?

Or,—wing'd with joy, and lovely as the day When, dancing in the east, he first appears,— Some youth, perhaps, untimely snatch'd away, Here lies embalmed in a mother's tears;

And she—when all her hopes and withering fears With that sweet light were quench'd—of sorrow doom'd the prey ! Oh down my heart ! a heavier, sadder tale Some whispering spirit pours upon my ear, As now it flutters in the mournful gale; One who to every virtue was most dear— The fond, lamented mother slumbers here ! Ah, when shall virtue, love, o'er tyrant death prevail ?

Never, oh never ! yet even thou, meek Flower, Shall teach a lesson precious in my view— Nay, teach me to defy that tyrant's power! Thy lavish incense is to goodness due;

And though, like man's, thy days are here but few, Thou diest but to revive with him in happier hoar !

MEMOIR OF MRS. EWING.

Memoir of Mrs. Ewing, by her Husband, Greville Ewing. Boston, Lincoln & Edmands. pp. 224.

MRS. Ewing was a native of Scotland, a lady of high birth, distinguished for the graces of her person, the en-dowments of her mind, and accomplished in all that renders woman lovely and beloved. She was, too, a christian of ardent and consistent piety, and her husband has done well and wisely to give her history as an example to her sex. It can hardly, however, be called her history. The writer seems more intent on exhibiting his precious hoarded memorials of this beloved friend, more inclined to dwell on his own sorrows in losing one so prized than on writing a connected memoir. Accordingly, he begins on the very first page to give the conversation and opinions of his wife, and proceeds to quote from her letters, and in an artless and affecting manner to mingle the story of her excellencies, and his own regrets, till he comes to the final catastrophe, and then the narrative assumes an intense and sublime interest. We would earnestly recommend to our own sex the perusal of this little volume-but not as a sectarian production. The worth of Mrs. Ewing's character is not at all enhanced by her change of modes in worship.

She might have been as excellent a christian in the Episcopal communion as she was in the Independent. God is not a regarder of forms—if we worship him in spirit and truth it matters not whether it be in cathedral or the conventicle. Mrs. Ewing's example will be valuable to her sex for its consistent exhibition of the fruits of her faith ; those virtues that exalt the female character while they make it more amiable, more attractive, and consequently more important in its influence. The following is a sketch of her domestic perfections.

"When, through the gracious providence of God, I obtained that union with the subject of this Memoir, which proved the great solace of my life, and one of the most important advantages to my ministry, and to my own soul, for nearly six-and-twenty years; I was aware of her distinguished Christianity, and of her good sense, good temper, and captivating manners; but I had no idea of the number and degree of other valuable qualities, in which I was delighted to find her so eminently excel. Every day we liv-ed together, I was surprised with her elegant, and liberal, yet judicious and effective, domestic economy : her knowledge of business, which not only exempted me from all carefulness about my little temporal concerns, but would have qualified her to manage the affairs of any establishment, however eminent and wealthy; her turn for medicine; her affectionate care of the sick; her ingenuity, and unwearied vigilance, in using means for their comfort and relief; her success in finding employment for the industrious, and in making provision for the poor.

While she incurred no expense unnecessarily, she spared none, where the interests of religion were concerned. She was particularly desirous that I should purchase every book, which could be at all subservient to my assistance, in the study of the Holy Scriptures. The number, or the price, was nothing; utility alone was to be considered. I need not say how gratifying this disposition was to me; how congenial to my habits; how important to any one engaged in the duties of the ministry of the gospel! Every hour of the day, when I betake myself to my library for instruction, for relief, and for comfort, it proves deeply affecting to recall the interesting thought, that I was always urged by her whom I mourn, to extend the limits of such a valuable resource."

There is another trait in the character of Mrs. Ewing highly deserving commendation. She was an accomplished woman; and instead of renouncing the elegancies of sentiment and taste as incompatible with devotion, she

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made her gifts and graces the means of rendering her piety attractive. It is to be lamented that religion should ever have been considered as opposed to innocent gayety and refinement of feeling and manners. Yet we know it is so considered by many accomplished people. They have had too much cause for this belief. A stern, forbidding, unjoyous aspect has been too often assumed as the semblance of inward sanctity. Yet gladness of spirit would seem to be more compatible with christian benevolence; and with what joy should such an one look abroad, on the beauties and wonders of creation when remembering that-' My father made them all.' This was the temper of mind cultivated by the amiable woman whose life we have just read, and no exhibition of her character was more in unison with the perfection of that picture which we should rejoice to see more often exhibited-the christian lady. One extract will show how well she deserves such praise.

"For several years, we spent the summer in the country, on account of Mrs. Ewing's health. We always got a situation so near Glasgow, as to admit of my attending my usual duties to the church, and the academy; and while I could pursue my private studies with less interruption, the health of both was benefitted, and my dear companion at once enjoyed her beloved retirement. and maintained a more extensive correspondence than ever with friends at a distance. For the last four years, she felt herself particularly happy in having got our summer quarters on a farm belonging to her brother, with the place of her birth in view, her native fields to range in, and her nearest relatives within a few minutes' walk. It had been her lot, from her infancy, to reside in remarkably fine situations. She had been accustomed to all the beauties and sublimities of our picturesque country. These she thoroughly understood, and keenly relished, and was early favoured to enjoy with a purifying and enhancing influence, not unknown to any who are taught of God. But to return to the beautiful and classic grounds of the place of her nativity, where every spot was connected with some dear and early association; to gather honey suckles and roses in places which she recognized as the walks and rides of her childhood and youth; to go from field to field, where she was accustomed to see the game springing and starting before her; to visit the Rannan, and the Avenue, and the old gigantic Elms, and the Majestic Wood which towers above the garden, and the Shaw-holm, and the Sheep-park, and Bangor's-hill, and Crookston Castle; nay, even within what we called

our own premises, to pursue daily the more homely paths along the plough-formed ridges, or on the banks of the river Cart, or to the top of the Corker-hill; to mark the agricultural operations of the season, the progress of the crops, the swells of the undulating surface of the neighborhood, the far-stretching vales, the immense ramparts of the bordering hills, and the peaks of the distant mountains in every direction :---all this gave her exquisite delight : I shall ever cherish the recollection :---but often it overwhelms me to see her nimble gait, to hear her lively talk, to think of her conversation, at all times so superior on every subject, and never more so than with a family party, or with her friend alone; to recollect many an advice, many a kind entreaty, many an encouraging hope, which she faithfully tendered : yes, and many a song of joy, many a hymn and psalm of praise, which her clear liquid voice, and her affectionate ardent spirit, compelled me at once to admire, and humbly to accompany! I see, but the form vanishes; I hear, but the sound dies away; I cannot answer, for she waits not my reply; I cannot sing, for the effort deprives me of utterance, and sometimes almost of the power of respiration ! One thing, however, comes to my relief. I never heard her speak as if there was any place which she could not leave, or any friend from whom, at God's command, she could not consent to be separated, at least for the present life. She was pleased with her lot, but she confessed herself a stranger, and a pilgrim on earth. While she adored the Creator, she bowed to the righteous sentence, which hath made the creature subject to vanity. She knew how frail we are; she admired divine workmanship in the humblest wild flower that caught her eye,-yet the sun in the firmament could not tempt her to forget that all these things shall be dissolved. She was ever ready to console herself, and to animate me, with the Christian's triumph: 'Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.' "

THE CHILD AND DEATH.

"Whence comest thou, Death ! Thou couldst not have dwelt on this beautiful earth, Here all is so fair, and so full of mirth— Nor could'st thou remain in the pure balmy air, For birds and bright creatures only are thereNor couldst thou live down in the deep-swelling sea, Nothing is there so ugly as thee— Where, then, frightful being, where is thy home? Why, frowning, to stop my glad sports, hast thou come ?'

'The world is mine!

My dominion is over this beautiful earth, I freeze its bright fountains of hope, love and mirth: With the pure balmy air I mingle my breath, And the deep heaving sea yields its victims to Death. From earth, sea and air I gather my prey, All is mine—all must my sceptre obey; And now from thy mother's green grave have I come, To bear thee, young boy, to that dark, final home.'

"Tis not my home! For my mother has often and often said That the spirit will live when the body is dead: That beyond the dark grave there is a bright home, Where all who love their God may come: I know I shall live with my mother there, I ask it every night in my prayer— She tanght me my prayer, and that I must die— But I know my home is with God on high!"

And when I, too, must meet the tyrant Death, Grant me. O. God ! this ardent child-like faith.

JULIAN.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Translated for the Ladies' Magazine.

Lewis Tieck was born at Berlin, 1777, and is still living. He published his "Phantasms" about the year 1812.

THE FAIR ECKBERT.

(Phantasms, Vol. I-Part 1.)

In the region of Hartswald in lower Saxony there dwelt a Knight, who usually went by the name alone of "the fair Eckbert." He was about forty years of age, hardly of middle size, and short, light-brown hair, lay uncurled and thick on his pale, sunken countenance. He lived very quietly by himself, and was never involved in the feuds of his neighbors; moreover one saw him but seldom on the outside of the wall that encircled his little castle. His wife loved solitude even as much as he, and both seemed to love each other from the heart; their only regret, that it was the will of Heaven to bless their nuptials with no children.

But seldom was Eckbert visited with guests; and when it did happen so there was scarcely any alteration on their account in his customary course of life; there frugality dwelt, and economy herself seemed to regulate every thing. Eckbert was then serene and good-humoured, except that there was discernible in him a certain reservedness, a silent dissocial melancholy.

None came so frequently to the castle as Philip Walther, a man to whom Eckbert had unlocked his heart, because he found in him about the same way of thinking, to which he also was the most addicted. This person resided properly in France, but oftentimes he abode more than half of the year in the neighborhood of Eckbert's castle, collected herbs and stones, and employed himself in classifying them; he lived on a little property, and was dependent on no one. Eckbert accompanied him often on his solitary excursions, and with every year there arose between them a more intimate friendship.

There are hours, in which it tortures a man, if he should have a secret before his friend, which even there he had concealed with much solicitude; the soul feels then an irresistible impulse to pour itself out, to unlock its inmost nature to a friend, whereby he may become still more our friend. In these moments sensitive souls yield themselves up to the knowledge of one another; and sometimes it happens, too, perhaps, that one shrinks back with instinctive horror from the acquaintance of the other.

It was already Autumn, when Eckbert was sitting on a misty evening with his friend and his wife Bertha around a blazing fire. The flame flung a bright splendour through the apartment and played above on the ceiling : the night looked grimly in at the windows, and the trees without were agitated by the humid cold. Walther regretted the long walk back which he had got to take, when Eckbert proposed to stay with him and pass half of the night in cordial conversation, and then sleep in an apartment of the house till morning. Walther consented to the proposal, and now wine and the supper were brought in, the fire replenished with fuel, and the conversation of the friends grew more lively and familiar.

When the supper was carried out, and the servants had again retired, Eckbert took Walther's hand and said: Friend, you would like to hear my wife relate the story of her youth, which is strange enough, I assure you. Gladly, said Walther, and they seated themselves again around the fire.

It was just about midnight, the moon peeped at intervals through the clouds that were flitting past her. You must not consider me obtrusive, Bertha began; for, my husband says, that you nobly think it wrong to conceal any thing from you. Only deem not my narrative a mere tale of fiction, however strange it may sound in your ears.

BERTHA'S HISTORY.

I was born in a village; my father was a poor shepherd. The domestic economy was not the best managed by my parents; they oftentimes were totally ignorant where they should obtain bread. But what grieved me still more by far, was my father and my mother's quarrelling frequently about their poverty, and then bitterly reproaching one another. Besides I heard what was constantly said about me, that I was a simple, stupid child, who knew not how to do the most insignificant thing, and was really in addition to all this both awkward and helpless-I let every thing fall out of my hands, I learnt neither to sew nor spin, I the ld be of no assistance in the household concerns, I only understood extraordinarily well the wants of my parents. Oftentimes I sat in the corner of the room and filled my imagination with such thoughts as these : how I could help them, if I were to become suddenly rich; how I would shower them with gold and silver, and take delight in their amazement ; then I beheld spirits hovering over me, who disclosed to me subterraneous treasures, or gave me little pebbles which transformed themselves into precious stones :

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in short, the wonderful phantoms engaged my attention so much, that when I was now obliged to rouse myself in order to render some assistance, I appeared so much the more awkward, because my head swam with all these strange fancies.

My father was always very much provoked with me, because I was so entirely an useless burden to the family; he treated me thenceforth frequently very cruelly, and it was seldom, that I received a friendly word from him. I was about eight years old, when some serious regulations were now made for me to do, or learn to do, something. My father believed, it were only caprice or laziness in me to be satisfied to pass my days in idleness; he pressed me with menaces indescribable, but since they were still ineffectual, he corrected me in the most cruel manner, and added besides, that my punishment should be repeated every day as long as I continued to be such an useless creature.

The whole night long I wept heartily; I felt myself so extraordinarily deserted, I had so much compassion on myself that I wished to die. I trembled at the break of day, I knew nothing at all what to commence; I wished myself all possible skillfulness and could by no means comprehend, wherefore I were more simple than the rest of the children of my acquaintance. I was near despair.

When the day dawned, I arose and opened, almost without knowing it, the door of our little cot, I stood upon the open fields, directly upon that I was in a wood into which the day had hardly yet peeped. I ran continually, with-out looking round. I felt no fatigue, for, I was always thinking my father would yet recover me, and stimulated by my flight would treat me still more cruelly. When I got out of the wood, the sun was already rather high in the heavens and I saw something dusky before me which a dense fog concealed. Now I was obliged to climb a hillock, now pursue a pathway that wound between rocks, and I now conjectured that I must be in the neighboring mountains, on which I began to tremble with fear in my loneliness. For, in the plain I had never yet seen a mountain, and the naked Wort Mountains, when I had heard any thing said concerning them, had always been a terrific sound to my childish ear. I had not the power to return to the Hercynian forest, but even my anguish impelled me onward; often did I look around me terrified, when the wind rushed through the trees over my head, or a distant wood-cutting sounded through the stillness of the morning. When the colliers and mountaineers at last met me and I heard a strange accent, I had almost fainted away through terror.

I passed through several villages and begged, for, I now felt the sensations of hunger and thirst; I succeeded very well with my answers, when I was questioned. Thus I had wandered on about four days, when I fell upon a small foot-path which led me off farther and farther from the great high road. The rocks about me here now assumed another far stranger shape. There were cliffs, so piled one upon another, that it had the appearance as if the first gust of wind would fling them confusedly about. I knew not whether I should go farther or not. I had in the nighttime always slept in the wood, for it was just the finest time of the year, or in the remote cottages of the shepherds. But here I met with not a single human habitation and could not expect to meet with one in this wilderness; the rocks were even formidable; I was often obliged to pass close by a dizzy precipice, and at last the path terminated abruptly under my feet. I was quite inconsolable, I wept and screamed, and in the rocky valleys my voice reverberated in a terrifick manner. Now the night came on, and I searched for a mossy spot on which to rest. I could not sleep; in the night I heard the strangest sounds, now I thought they were those of wild beasts, now of the wind which roared through the rocks, and now of a strange bird. I prayed and fell asleep towards morning.

I awoke, as the day shone in my face. In front of me was a steep rock, I climbed upon it in hopes of discovering from thence the end of the wilderness, and perhaps descrying dwellings or men. But when I stood on the summit, every thing as far as my eye could reach was enveloped in a misty vapour, the day was gray and lowering, and no tree, no meadow, not even a bush could my eye detect, with the exception of some herbs which lonely and melancholy had shot up in narrow clefts of the rocks. It is impossible to describe the ardent desire which I felt to see a man, were it only to be obliged to tremble through fcar of him. At the same time I experienced the sensations of a racking hunger, I sat down and resolved to die. But after some time the desire to live impelled me to rise, I jumped up and passed the whole day long in tears and broken sighs; at its close I was hardly conscious of myself, I was weary and exhausted, and scarcely wished to live, but still feared death.

Towards evening the country round about appeared to become more friendly—my thoughts, my wishes revived; the desire to live was rekindled in all my veins. I now thought I heard the rushing of a mill in the distance, I quickened my pace, and how well, how nimble did I feel when I at last reached the termination of the barren rocks and saw woods and meads lying before me with pleasant mountains in the distance. I felt as if I had entered a Paradise from the grave—the solitude and my helplessness seemed now by no means fearful to me.

Instead of the anticipated mill I came up with a waterfall, which diminished indeed my joy very much; I drew with the hand a draught out of the brook, when suddenly methought I heard at some distance a low cough. Never have I been so agreeably surprised as at this moment; I approached and beheld at a nook of the wood an old woman, she seemed to be resting herself. She was clothed almost entirely in black, and a black cap covered her head and a great part of her face, in her hand she held a crutch. I approached nearer to her and begged for her assistance; she let me sit down near herself and gave me bread and some wine. Whilst I was eating, she sang in a shouting tone a sacred song. When she had finished, she told me I might follow her.

I was very happy at this proposal, so wonderful did the voice and the air of the old woman appear to me. With her crutch she proceeded rather quick, and at each step shi made such wry faces that at first I could not help laughing. The wild rocks retreated constantly behind us, we passed over a beautiful meadow and then through a pretty, long wood. When we got out, the sun was setting, and I shall never forget the appearance and sensations of this evening. Into the softest red and gold every thing was dissolved, the trees stood with their tops in the blushings of the evening sky, and over the fields there lay the most bewitching splendour, the woods and the leaves of the trees stood still, the pure sky looked like an open paradise, and the purling of the fountains, and from time to time the rustling of the trees sounded through the serene silence as if in mournful joy. My young soul caught now for the first time an obscure perception of the world and its circumstances. I forgot myself and my guide, my spirit and my eyes revelled among the golden clouds.

We ascended now a hillock which was planted with birch, on the top of which one looked down into a green vale full of birch, and in the middle of this, among the trees, there lay a little cottage. A smart barking welcomed us, and there soon sprang up to the old woman a little nimble dog; then he came to me, examined me on all sides, and returned with friendly countenance to the old woman.

When we were descending the hillock, I heard a wonderful song, which seemed to come out of the cot like that of a bird; it sang thus:

> The solitude of the wood, Which rejoices me To-morrow as to-day. Forever, O how it rejoices me, The solitude of the wood.

These few words were constantly repeated; if I should describe it, it was almost as if the winding-horn and shawm were playing through one another in the distance.

My curiosity was extraordinarily excited ; without waiting for the permission of the old lady, I entered the cottage. The twilight had already commenced, every thing was tidily arranged, several cups were standing on the dresser, various vessels on the table; in a splendid cage there hung a bird at the window, and it was really he who sung the words. The old lady panted and coughed, she the emed hardly able to fetch her breath; now she stroked the little dog, now she conversed with the bird, who replied to her with his customary song; in fine she did just the same as though I were not present. Whilst I was thus contemplating her, I was seized with many a shuddering fit, for, her countenance was in a perpetual motion, and she shook besides from old age, her head, so that I was unable throughout to know what was her real look.

When she recovered herself, she lighted a lamp, spread a little table and served up the supper. Now she looked around her after me, and invited me to take one of the twisted reeden chairs. So I sat down opposite to her, and the light stood between us. She folded her bony hands and asked grace audibly, whilst she made her wry faces, so that I came very near laughing again; but I was on my guard lest I should make her angry with me. After the supper she returned thanks, and then she showed me a bed into a low and narrow chamber,-she slept in the room. I remained not long awake, I was half stupified, but I awoke sometimes in the night and then I heard the old lady cough and speak to the dog and at intervals to the bird who seemed to be in a dream and was continually singing only the single words of his song. That together with the birch, which rustled before the window, and the song of a distant nightingale made so strange a medley, that I did not always feel as though I were awake, but as if I were only in another, yet stranger, dream.

In the morning the old lady awoke me and directed me soon afterward to the work. I was obliged to spin, and very soon I understood also, I must take care of the dog and the bird. I was soon initiated into the mysteries of housewifery, and all the objects round about me became familiar to me. I felt now as if every thing must be so. I thought nothing of it at all thenceforth, except that the old fady had something strange about her, the dwelling was situated oddly and far remote from all men, and there was something extraordinary about the bird. His beauty always indeed struck me, for his feathers glittered with all possible colours, the most beautiful light-blues and fiery red alternately shone on his neck and body ; and when he sung he puffed himself so proudly that his feathers appeared still more maguificent.

Oftentimes the old lady went out and did not return until evening, when I went to meet her with the dog, and she called me "Child and Daughter." I became good to her from the heart, as our mind grows attached to every thing, particularly in childhood. In the evening hours she taught me to read, I readily understood it, and it was afterward in my solitude a source of endless pleasure; for, she had several old-written books, which contained wonderful stories. The recollection of my manner of life at this time is still even now strange to me: visited by no human creature, domesticated in a family circle so small, for the dog and the bird made the same impression on me which elsewhere only longer-acquainted friends produce. As often as I called the dog by name at that time, I have never been able to recollect it unto this day.

Four years I had lived thus with the old lady and might be about twelve years of age, when she at last placed greater confidence in me and revealed to me a secret. The bird, for instance, laid every day an Egg in which a Pearl or a Precious Stone was found. I had already constantly remarked, that she managed the cage privately, but I never concerned myself about it. She committed to me now the charge, in her absence to take these eggs and preserve them carefully in the various vessels. She left behind for me my food and stayed out now longer, weeks and months at a time. My little wheel buzzed, the dog barked, the wonderful bird sung, and besides every thing was so quiet in the country round, that I do not recollect a single hurricane or tempest of thunder and lightning. Not a single man lost his way thither, not a wild beast came near our dwelling, I was contented and worked from one day to another. The man would be perhaps quite happy, if he could pass away his life unto its close thus undisturbed.

Out of the few things which I read I formed to myself quite wonderful ideas of the world and men, every thing was taken from myself and my society. When the story was of merry men, I could not represent them to myself in any other way than as little wolf-dogs; magnificent women looked always like the bird, all old ladies resembled my wonderful old lady. I had read also something of love, and now it sported with myself in strange stories of my imagination. I fancied to myself the most beautiful knight in the world, I adorned him with all excellencies without really knowing how he looked after all my pains. But I could have real compassion on myself if he loved me not in return; for, I recited long pathetick speeches in thought, sometimes also aloud in order only to win him.-You smile! we are now indeed all of us beyond this time of youth.

THE WHITE CLOUD.

What next; what next; thou changeful thing, With the feathery breast and the silver wing, That seem'st like a lonely bird to fly To some distant home o'er the clear blue sky ? I saw thee suspended a moment ago, By a hand unseen, like a wreath of snow, Withheld from the fall that might give it a stain So deep it could never be blanched again. And once thou hast shone in a cluster of flowers, As pure as they'd bent from the heavenly bowers, Defying this valley of shadow and blight To sully or wither their leaves of light. Thou hast looked like a king, that with sceptre and crown, From his palace of ether his looks sent down. While he walked the skies with a pomp and pride As setting at nought all things beside. I've seen thee, too, pass over my head Like a beautiful ship with her sails all spread. That, laden with treasures too pure and bright For an earthly touch, or a nortal's sight, Was proud to some far-off port to bear Her viewless riches through seas of air. Thou'st taken the form of a youthful maid In a stainless and dazzling robe array'd, Who hung, as in sorrow o'er us who toil Where under each flower is the serpent's coil, While her hand was raised as to point the way From venom and night to an endless day; And written in pearls on her azure zone The name of pitying Mercy shone. Again, thou hast seemed as the spirit of love His manule had dropp'd from the realms above, And 'twas floating along, as a sign to show To those who should look from the vale below, That their garments must be of a spotless white, Before they can enter a world of light.

Beautiful changeling ! now, even now I see thee dissolving, I know not how... Thine atoms are fading; and one by one Melted and lost in the rays of the sun. Vapour deceitful ! cloud of the morn ! Like thee are the hopes that of earth are born. Their forms are varying, high and fair; But melted by light—torn to pieces by air ! Bright vision of falsehood ! thou shalt teach The soul in her search for joys, to reach To a world of truth, where deceit is o'er—. Where changes and clouds shall be known no more !

H. F. G.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

MRS. HALE.—I am seriously but not desperately in love with a young lady of this city, and have several times been on the very threshold of the declaration, yet something always occurred so mal-apropos to my feelings that I have never yet actually come out with my story. I am not a bashful man, and it seems strange to me, on reflection, that I have not yet told my love; were I superstitious, I should think my genius, whether sylph or gnome remains to be proved, had repeatedly interposed to prevent me from committing myself. Such a thought, foolish as it may appear to commercial men, had actually occurred to me, when, as I was endeavoring to banish the demon of ennui, that for sometime past leagued with the fog and villainous east wind, was nigh making me as mad as Lear, by turning over the pages of 'Sketches of Naval Life,' (an excellent book, by the way, which I heartily recommend to the perusal of all my countrymen) my eye was arrested by 'virtuous women,' 218th page, vol. 2d, and as all excellencies in female character instantly remind me of my own chere amie-that is to be, I read to the end of the chapter. I will quote it, beginning however, with the beginning of the adventure.

"We stopped in the streets of Marseilles, and a lady, rather advanced in years, was handed in by a genteel looking man, who, however, did not accompany her. She took some knitting from her bag, and as the stage rolled on, over the smooth roads, made

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her fingers fly, her tongue generally keeping them company. I found her excellent company. She discovered that I was an American, and said she had just seen Lafayette in Paris: his reception and journey through America were familiar to her and seemed to please her very much. We engrossed the conversation at length, and it became personal. I told her all about my walk to Marseilles, and in return, she described her mode of educating her children and grandchildren, for she was a grandmother I discovered. The carriage came to a long hill, halfway between the cities, where it was necessary for all to walk. We fell in company and jogged on together, behind the stage. I made a second offer of my arm at a rough part of the ascent, which she declined, remarking however that woman was a feeble being.

'Yes,' I said, 'they are physically weak, but surely you cannot call those feeble, who form our childhood and afterwards give a character, whether of joy or sorrow, to all our life !' Sentimental enough; but remember I was in France. I said no more, however, for she took up the conversation, and for more than half an hour, I scarcely had time or inclination to say a word. In the most animated parts of it she would get right before and stop me; lay one hand on my right arm, and with the other gesticulate with the eloquence of a lawyer.

The subject was virtuous women and their influence; she turned to me, at last, and said—

"I see you listen attentively and take this to yourself; I mean it for you: think of my advice when you are three thousand miles from this, and you will often thank me for it. You say you are single; now let me impress this strongly on you-when you wish to change your condition, wherever it may be, never have a particular hour for visiting. If you do all will be prepared for you; the house in nice order, and every one with looks prim and composed; but take them by surprise as much as possible. Go one day before déjune, (at ten o'clock;) another day, in the afternoon; and then again, in the evening; and you will find more of the real character of a lady in two such visits than you will in twenty of the usual kind. 'An acquaintance of mine was paying his addresses to a young lady, whom he considered an angel in temper, and the house was so nice and well-ordered; but one day he happened to ring at an unusual time. No one answered, and he opened the door at last, as he was of course on familiar terms. At that moment a side door flew open and the young lady appeared, her face red and inflamed, but she disappeared as soon as she had seen him. Her mother followed in tears, and was going to disappear, too, when he stopped her-"Madame, do tell me what is the matter ?"

"O, my daughter," she replied—" my daughter, she wanted a new hat, and because I only told her to wait a few days, she flew into a passion and has abused me."

He went home and wrote a polite note to the young lady, but was cured of his love. Try, added Madame Rigney, for that was the name of my adviser, try also, by all means to take a short journey with the lady of your intended choice. From the events of one day you will discover more of her real disposition than you will in a month at her father's house."

Mrs. Hale, I laid down the book, and determined to follow the advice it contained, visit my charmer unexpectedly, and persuade her to take a ride with me, but the season will render the last manœuvre not very easy to accomplish. If it was only a fashionable time for excursions I think I could succeed. But the unseasonable calls I am resolved on making.—And yet, should I find her unworthy my esteem it would pain me excessively. May there not sometimes be adequate causes for the pettishness of a lady, even a young lady? And supposing my Delia should institute a regular, (or rather irregular) system of espionage, on my conduct, how should I bear the scrutiny? These thoughts, I confess, trouble me, and so, Madam, as your zeal in the cause of your sex is well known, I have ventured to intrude, and would ask your advice in this dilemma.

D. *****.

Ed.

Our advice is, that D. *****, before expecting perfection in his lady fair, should thoroughly examine his own heart and conduct, and be certain that he *merits* a faultless bride. To our readers, young ladies, it may be well to suggest that, as the gentlemen are becoming very critical, it will be well and wise for the ladies to be prepared for the scrutiny by *always* keeping the house and the temper in that perfect equanimity and order which shall baffle all these evil surmisers. The ladies can easily do this, and we have no doubt but they will.

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TIME'S FESTIVAL.

Old Time once held a festival To bless the opening year, The feast he spread was free to all; From lowly hut, from lordly hall, He bade his guests appear; But for useful thrift he has long been famed-So lest his revel might be blamed For luxury and art, The only requisite he named Was to come with a happy heart. 1.00 Who gathered to that scene of mirth With joy's benignant brow? Time looked for none of the mighty of earth-The potentates of lofty birth, Before whom nations bow-He knew that crowns had thorns of care-But the smiling courtier—came he there ? Or fashion's brilliant throng ? The proud, the brave, the rich, the fair ? The lords of wit and song ? When Time had scanned the number o'er That came to share his feast, 'Tis said, he declared that never more Would he hold his court on the old-world's shore. Or bid a titled guest-So we opine they would not join, Where the happy ones were sure to shine !--And then his brightest days, Full on Freedom's mighty shrine Time turned their glorious rays. And thus Columbia was ordained The home of the happy hearted; Not here the soul in seeming chained-Not here the smile by flattery feigned Not here is true-love marted-But life's bright path is free to all, Yet should Time hold a festival To bless the coming year, And only bid the happy call—

Who, think you, would appear ?

CORNELIA.

LITERARY NOTICES.

FUGITIVE POLTRY. By N. P. Willis. Boston. Pierce & Williams. The poems that make up this thin, delicate-looking volume, have all, or nearly all appeared in different publications, and have therefore nothing of the charm of novelty to recommend them ; they depend on their own merits and beauties for public favor. And they have beauties and merits sufficient to entitle them to much praise, were we not so often painfully conscious that the writer has not ' done what he could,' that he has a mind, a genius which should be more worthily and loftily employed than in stringing such puerile, affected rhymes as make up at least, one half these pages. Mr. Willis would be thought a lover, and he has as many favorite fair ones as would fill a harem, but the affectation of all this sentiment is so apparent, that not one of the maidens but might reply with truth—

> "He thinks so much of his own dear sel' He has nae love to spare for me."

How we wish Mr. Willis would forget himself, and transfer the warmth of his fine fancy, for such he really has, and the energies of his mind to subjects which would not only give him a lasting fame, but elevate the character of his country's literature. An American should not live merely for himself; his country, in her peculiar and rapid progress requires the aid of all her gifted sons; and there never was a field where the real inspirations of the muse had a fairer chance for immortality. Our songs are to be made, the strains that shall have the spell of power to bind our sympathies to the land of our birth are unsung. We have had enough of the sublime in our odes on Liberty, Independence, §c. but we rarely have the simplicity and feeling which touches the heart.

Our writers are usually for elevating their subject by a lofty style, and in hymning the *violet* they are pretty sure to make the strain as similar as possible to Byron⁺ "Darkness. "It is this inflated" metaphorical, artificial manner of writing which prevents what are intended for national songs and ballads from becoming popular. Now, from some descriptive poetry Mr. Willis has written, we think, would be lay aside his affectation of the pretty idle fellow, and the young man, and really be in earnest to deserve the praise he covets, he might obtain it. And so, instead of commenting on the volume before us, and carping at its faults, we shall take the liberty of advising the author to correct, or at least atone for them by writing, what he can do, a better book. The following sentiment from a favorite of his, L. E. L. (not his dog) contains a moral which he would do well to treasure and apply.

" Ever from poet's lute hath flown The sweetness of its early tone, When from its wild flight it hath bowed, To seek for homage mid the crowd ; Be the one wonder of the night, As if the soul could be a sight ; And all its burning numbers speak, Were written upon brow and cheek; And he forso th must learn its part, Must choose his words and school his heart To one set mould, and pay again Flattery with flattery as vain ; Till mixing with the throng too much, The cold the vain, he feels as such ; Then marvels that his silent lute Beneath that worldly hand is mute. -Away ! these scenes are not for thee : Go dream beneath some lonely tree ; Away to some far, woodland spring, Dash down thy tinsel crown, and wring The scented unguents from thy hair ; If thou dost hope that crown to share, The laurels bards immortal wear,-Muse thou o'er leaf, and drooping flewer, Wander at evening's haunted hour ; Listen the stock dove's plaining song, Until it bear thy soul along. Then call upon thy freed lute's strain, And it will answer thee again.

A UNIVERSAL PRAYER; DEATH; A VISION OF HEAVEN; and a VISION OF HELL; &c. &c. - By Robert Montgommery. Boston. Charles Ewer. The book before us is written in blank verse, in a strain of solemn thought befitting the subjects of the different poems ; and it has some beautiful passages, but we do not think it entitled to very exalted praise. The celebrity this author acquired by his production entitled "Omnipresence of the Deity." doubtless has had the effect to make this work more favorably received than it otherwise would have been. The circumstance also of finding one so young dedicating his powers of mind, and all the gifts of his genius to the service of virtue and his God, makes the criticism which searches for the trivial faults of style and language seem almost impions. Neither do the palpable imitations that so frequently occur in the work, appear so much like plagiarisms as they would were the subjects discussed other than they are. The lefding truths of our religious belief permit not the sports of imagination, and they have so often been the theme of grave discussion that we think it almost impossible they can be represented in a new garb. And so in truth it is. And we think the poet deserving of credit for the attempt, even had he been less successful. There

are a few minor poems in the book, and among these the one entitled "Beautiful Influences," has some fine passages. We give one extract.

> Are there not hours of an immortal birth,— Bright visitations from a purcer sphere, That cannot live in language ? Is there not A mood of glory, when the mind attuned To heaven, can out of dreams create her worlds ?— Oh! none are so absorb'd as not to feel Sweet thoughts like music coming o'er the mind : When prayer, the purcet incense of a soul, Hath risen to the throne of heaven, the heart Is mellow'd, and the shadows that becloud Our state of darkon'd being, glide away ; The heavens are open'd! and the eye of Faith Looks in, and hath a fearful glimpse of God !

THE VISION OF CORTES; CAIN AND OTHER POEMS. By W. Gilmore Simns jr.; Charleston, S. C. James S. Burgess. The author of these poems has, at present, more fancy than judgment, or he would not have published this volume, when it is so evident, from many passages in the book, that he could have written a better one. We cannot commend him much for what he has done, but we earnestly advise him to cultivate, with all his might, the powers of mind he possesses; and he will hereafter produce something more worthy of that fame which, we rejoice to see, is sought eagerly by the young men of our country.

FIRST LESSONS IN INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY: or, a Familiar Explanation of the nature and operations of the Human Mind. First American Edition. Adapted to the use of schools. By Rev. Silas Blaisdale. Boston, Lincoln & Edmands. pp. 357. From the hasty examination we have been able to give the above work we should think it well adapted to its design, which is, for an elementary, or work designed for schools, its best commendation. We have not space for a long article, or extracts; but we think the Rev. gentleman who prepared this edition for the benefit of youthful minds, is deserving of much praise for his judicious labors.

A CATECHIEM OF NATURAL THEOLOGY. Portland, Shirley & Hyde. This book is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Nichols of Portland. It has obviously been prepared, by its excellent author, for the benefit of the young, for Sabbath Schools; and we cannot too highly applaud its object, or recommend its execution. The style is remarkable for its simplicity, and beautiful adaption to the subjects discussed, and the plates by which they are illustrated render the whole perfectly intelligible to a child, while men may study it with advantage. Such books must be popular. It should be immediately introduced into every Sabbath school in the nation.

A GEOGRAPHY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE. With a Sketch of its Natural History, for Schools. With a map and cuts. By Cranmore Wallace. Boston, Carter & Hendee. This little work was intended more particularly for the use of children residing in New Hampshire. Its plan, is designed to enable the young scholar to begin with what is remarkable in the place of his remidence, to proceed thence to the geography, or rather topography of neighboring towns-next to take a survey of the country in which he dwells; and then of other parts of the state in succession, till he can combine all the parts as a whole. There is no doubt of the utility of this plan. Children must have a standard of comparison in their minds from something which they have seen, or they will never understand what they read. They must be made to comprehend the geography of their own town, know the length of a mile by measuring it with their little feet, before they will understand the descriptions of places by their divisions or distances. Mr. Wallace has prepared a work that will be very useful, in schools especially, to the children of his native State, and it may be recommended as a pattern for other works of the kind which every State in the Union should furuish to the young.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

The present number closes the second volume of the Ladies' Magazine. The editor, while recollecting the almost despairing feelings with which she commenced the work, is sensible that her most fervent gratitude is due to those friends and patrons who have so generously sustained her in the arduous undertaking. She still solicits their aid. The causes that at first determined her to come before the public as a writer, still render her exertions indispensable. The author might grow weary, the mother must continue her efforts. No exertions will be spared by the editor and publishers, to render the literary character, and typographical execution of the Ladies' Magazine for the ensuing year, worthy the patronage of the public. The course intended to be pursued will be more fully stated and shown in the first number, of the next volume, which will be issued as early as possible in the month of January.

"Boston, Dec. 15th, 1829.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

 M^{*****} will find a note directed to him at the Boston Post-Office. Several communications and books have been received which will receive attention hereafter. \checkmark

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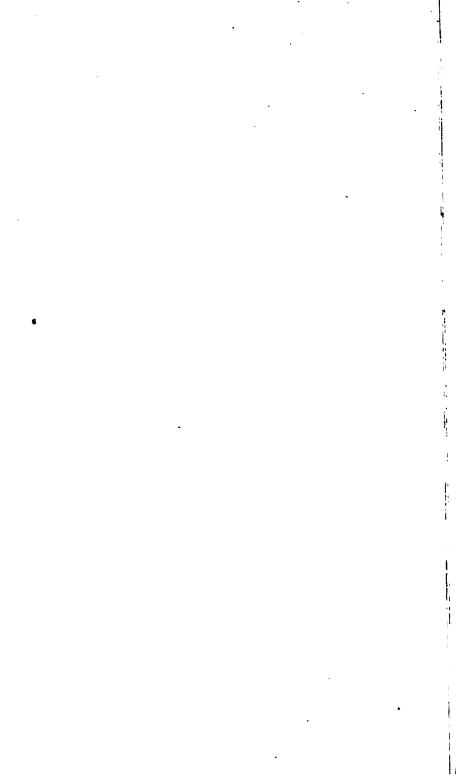
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